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VOLUME IV

THE FIRST DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND HER HUSBAND AS FIGURES IN LITERARY HISTORY

BY

HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY

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HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY, PH.D.

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TO
G. v. S.

PREFACE

This book was first written as a doctor's thesis at Harvard, and it stands now in substantially its original form. Consequently I must make acknowledgments to many Cantabrigians who assisted me at various times in my efforts. For suggesting the subject credit belongs to Dr. James B. Munn, whose intimate acquaintance with the works of Elia gave me the hint that was ultimately developed into this work. While still in the thesis stage, it was greatly benefited by the advice of Professor Kittredge and Dr. Bernbaum; since it has become a book Professor Neilson and Dr. Maynadier have united to improve it. The two latter have read the entire proof, assisted by Professor Bliss Perry, under whom the dissertation was written. To all these gentlemen I owe most extended and hearty thanks, but especially to Professor Perry for his tireless interest and sympathetic criticism, which have continued from the very beginning of my task to its present completion.

The chief difficulty thrown in my way was that several of the Duchess's volumes exist in only one copy on this side of the Atlantic, and discovering them has not always been an easy task. The search was profitable, however, and I wish here to express my gratitude to all those who had any share in it. Most of all I am indebted to Mr. Henry E. Huntington of New York City for permitting me to use his extraordinarily fine library. His collection of Margaret Cavendish's works, besides supplying several useful details, furnished me with the only available copies of *The World's Olio* and *Natures Picture Drawn by Fancies Pencil.* Mr. Huntington's

librarian, Mr. George Watson Cole, showed me unfailing consideration during my research, and Mr. George D. Smith of New York made possible this entire opportunity. A chance to examine the *CCXI Sociable Letters* I owe to the efficiency of the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland and to the good services of Mr. John B. Dempsey of that city.

For various and sundry other favors in connection with preparing this study I am under obligations to Dr. John J. Parry, to Mr. Andrew Keogh, Librarian of Yale, to Mr. Richard W. Goulding, Librarian at Welbeck Abbey in Nottinghamshire, and to Mr. George van Santvoord.

H. T. E. P.

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THE FIRST DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND HER HUSBAND AS FIGURES IN LITERARY HISTORY

INTRODUCTION

Students of English literature know of Margaret Cavendish, first Duchess of Newcastle — if they know of her at all — as "a dear friend" of Charles Lamb's, frequently mentioned in the *Essays of Elia*. As we all love Lamb for himself, it is not unnatural that any person for whom he expresses admiration should be of some general interest, and the more one comes to learn of his "dear friend's" character and peculiarities, the more fascinating a study she proves to be. There can be no doubt that Margaret Cavendish is an unusual and engaging personality, whatever one may think of her as an authoress. Her thirteen volumes are various and varied, in subject matter as well as in artistic excellence; she is at times stimulating and readable, more often, it must be admitted, verbose and tiresome. The worst feature of her work is its length, which proves discouraging to the uninitiated and exasperating to those who do peruse her books. Among the Duchess's many words, however, there may be discovered upon occasion much valuable and delightful matter.

Her most famous and important single work is the *Life of William Cavendishe*, which purports to be a historical biography of her husband and from one point of view lives up to this claim. As such, it has been frequently reprinted and edited, and in 1906 Professor C. H. Firth of Oxford published

the definitive edition. Professor Firth's wide reading and vast knowledge in the Civil War period have enabled him to assemble many remote passages to illuminate the Duchess's work, so that little now remains to be done for the *Life* by historians. It is possible, however, to look at the biography more as literature than history, which is the attitude assumed in Chapter I of this book. So regarded, it appears to be an early species of "glory-story," in which the truth is so colored as to distort authentic facts, and hence it is perhaps not unjustifiable to class the work as an embryonic novel. Its authoress herself, no doubt, would have been profoundly outraged at such an idea, but in any case her book *is* literature and all discussion of Margaret Cavendish must inevitably have its beginning with this biography.

When one does begin to discuss the *Life*, he finds his interest not wholly devoted to the Duchess; it is also decidedly intrigued by the protagonist, Newcastle himself. He becomes to the reader more than a mere puppet or figurehead; he proves to be a very real flesh-and-blood man, a fine example of the Stuart aristocrat, the English Cavalier. Apart from the *Life*, Cavendish is interesting from a literary point of view. He too was an author; he wrote proclamations, treatises filled with political advice, books on horsemanship, and plays. He was also a patron of letters, as is shown by his literary productions; three of the five plays in which the Duke had a share were largely written by his protégés, so that his position as a writer is inextricably entangled with his position as Mæcenas. Chapter II attempts to cover both these subjects, and if some confusion results, it is because of the difficulty inherent in this web of cross-relationships. At all events Newcastle appreciated art and, though he only dabbled in it, he has a distinct position as patron and author — not to mention the fact that he furnished his wife with the material from which she built her masterpiece.

The Duchess's works all have a place in literature apart from their intrinsic value, for Margaret Cavendish was one of the first Englishwomen to attain recognition as a writer. This in itself is no small claim to fame and is a sufficient reason for discussing her lesser books, which is done in Chapter III. As has been said, however, these volumes are for the most part extremely tedious, and because of this quality, coupled with their scarcity, they are little known to-day. Nevertheless, delving in them has its compensations, for it is of absorbing interest to see how one woman began written composition and how she continued it. Her works have no sources but her own imagination, and their influence is too nebulous to compute. Still the Duchess did write at a time when women were just entering the field of literature. Her enterprise may have encouraged more talented authoresses, and if her results are not tangible, that is no cause for denying them; tradition often works more subtly than the eye of science can perceive.

The chief pleasure in perusing Margaret Cavendish's writings (both the *Life* and the minor works) is in seeing what light they cast upon the character of their author. What sort of person was this woman of whom Charles Lamb thought so highly, but who was so ridiculed by Horace Walpole and Sir Walter Scott? Whence grew the Newcastle legend? The answer is to be found largely in the Duchess's own books, most of all in her *True Relation of my Birth, Breeding and Life*, where she recounts her life from the quiet home circle of the Lucas family through her probation as maid of honor to Henrietta Maria, until she at last found a safe harbor in her husband's arms. Here the truth may easily be reached and the Duchess's famous peculiarities may be analyzed and explained. Exaggeration and myth set aside, Margaret Lucas's heredity and environment account for even the most surprising occurrences of her life. When her history is considered step

by step and its gradual growth is minutely observed, each specific act seems the inevitable outcome of all that has preceded it. The Duchess emerges from the test a fallible mortal like the rest of us, only a trifle more warped and lopsided than modern psychology tells us that we all are. In Chapter IV the course of her development has been traced in an effort to rationalize the eccentric figure which tradition has built up, and to substitute for it a more human personage, whom we may come to love and understand.

This book, then, is a sketch of the Duchess of Newcastle first, and only secondarily of her husband; the Duke's life must be included in any account of his wife's career, and no literary study could ignore his accomplishments in authorship and the encouragement of authorship. Yet, just because this is a literary study, Margaret Cavendish must necessarily have a more prominent place in it than her lord, her right to future reputation resting, as it does fundamentally, upon the importance of her books. Even her strange personality depends upon her life as an authoress, and the notoriety which she has achieved has been gained in works of art, not in chronicles of fact. It is the imaginative mind which is fascinated by the Duchess's inconsistencies, just as the Duke appeals to the more practical historians. Both interests have their place, and it would be the part of rashness to rate either above the other. Up to this time Newcastle has been treated merely with a cold regard to facts; his wife has been lauded or condemned with a total lack of reasonable moderation. The present book is an effort to consider their artistic significance sanely and without bias.

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM CAVENDISHE

I

"THE FIRST BOOK" (1593–1644)

If William and Margaret Cavendish, first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, deserve any place in the history of literature, their first claim rests on the wife's biography of her husband. *The Life of the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince, William Cavendishe, Duke, Marquess and Earl of Newcastle, Written by the thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, His Wife* was printed in London by A. Maxwell in 1667. The following year appeared a Latin translation by Walter Charleton, later to be known as President of the College of Physicians; and a second English edition in 1675 bears witness to the volume's immediate popularity. That it has maintained an audience to our own day is shown by frequent reprintings, the last and best-edited by C. H. Firth (1906).[1] Indeed, it has always been regarded by historians as the chief document relating to Newcastle's by no means insignificant part in the Civil War. It was written, too, in a period when fictitious material was beginning to masquerade as veracious record, and it may therefore be considered as a literary product as well as an authentic history. With whatever

[1] The other modern reprints are: 1872, ed. M. A. Lower; 1886, ed. C. H. Firth; 1903, *The Cavalier in Exile*, Newnes' Pocket Classics. An edition in Everyman's Library (No. 722) came out in November, 1915. Hazlitt's *Handbook to the Popular, Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*, 1867, p. 416, says, "His life was also written by W. Pomfret," but I can find no further trace of such a work.

genre we choose to classify it, however, critical opinions have, for the most part, been extremely favorable to this work. A single dissenting note is struck the very year following its publication, by Samuel Pepys on March 18, 1667–1668: "Stayed at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shews her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." But the diarist had already made up his mind about the Duchess on extraneous evidence, nor is he to be trusted implicitly as a critic of literary matters. Even the unfriendly Horace Walpole admits that it is "amusing to hear her sometimes compare her lord to Julius Caesar, and oftener to acquaint you with such anecdotes, as in what sort of coach he went to Amsterdam."[1]

Yet at the other end of the scale is to be found the most extravagant adulation. Perhaps the authoress's rank had its share in producing such a letter as that addressed to her by the University of Cambridge, in which it is asserted that "hereafter, if generous and highborn men shall search our library for a model of a most accomplished general, they shall find it expressed to the life, not in Xenophon's Cyrus, but in the Duchess of Newcastle's William."[2] Again in 1691, after the death of both Duke and Duchess had removed any such artificial stimulus, Gerard Langbaine in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets* refers his readers to the life of the Duke, "already writ in Latin and English, by the Hand of his Incomparable Dutchess; who during his Life-time, describ'd all his Glorious Actions, in a stile so Noble and Masculine, that she seems to have antedated his Apotheosis."[3] And much nearer our own day the gentle Elia held that "no

[1] *A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, ed. Park, 1806, III, 189–190.

[2] *Letters and Poems in Honour of the Incomparable Princess, Margaret, Dutchess of Newcastle*, 1676.

[3] P. 386.

casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."[1] The consensus of opinion has evidently approved this biography. Wherein lie the causes of its popularity and its real value?

The First Book deals with William Cavendish's history up to his flight from England after Marston Moor, the material being derived at first hand from the Duke himself or, even more often, from his secretary, John Rolleston.[2] The authoress spares us a long account of her hero's pedigree and is content with furnishing a background for his birth and upbringing: his father was Sir Charles Cavendish, youngest son to Sir William of the same name; his mother Catharine, the second daughter of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle. By the death of an older brother in infancy, he was left heir to the family title and estate. The Duchess with a self-confessed[3] neglect of dates does not state the year of her Lord's birth, but Cokayne's *Complete Peerage* says that he was baptized on December 16, 1593, at Handsworth, and Anthony à Wood confirms it.[4] In a letter to Secretary Nicholas from Antwerp, April 2, 1659, Cavendish himself writes, "For age I am in less than a year of you,"[5] and as Nicholas was born on April 4, 1593, the passage is added proof for a later date in that year. All this evidence is needed, for Collins in his *Historical Collections*[6] put it as 1592, which the usually reliable Firth accepts, perhaps misunderstanding "aetatis suae 84" on Newcastle's tomb. This same error is repeated in the *Dictionary of National*

[1] "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" in *Essays of Elia*, Boston, 1860, p. 275.

[2] "To his Grace, the Duke of Newcastle," dedication to the *Life of William Cavendish*, ed. Firth, 1906, p. xxv.

[3] "The Preface," Firth, p. xlv. The dates given throughout are from other sources.

[4] The article on Walter Charleton in *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. IV, Col. 756.

[5] *Egerton Mss.*, 536, f. 336, in Firth, p. 207.

[6] London, 1752, p. 25.

Biography, whence it has become generally prevalent, — but it is an error none the less.

William and his younger brother Charles spent much of their boyhood with their aunt, Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury,[1] and her husband, the Earl Gilbert. This Gilbert was not only Sir Charles Cavendish's brother-in-law twice over[2] but his closest and most intimate friend, for they had been brought up together in the same family, because of the marriage of Sir William Cavendish's widow with George Talbot, Gilbert's father. In connection with this uncle and aunt we first hear definitely of our William Cavendish, by a letter from him to his father, written sometime in 1604, when he could not have been more than eleven years old. In that year Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, then a child of three or four, journeyed from Scotland to London and on the way was entertained at Worksop, the Earl of Shrewsbury's home. It was perhaps because of this royal guest's tender age that Shrewsbury deputed the actual reception to his young nephews, but at all events he did so, as is shown by the following letter, composed in by no means contemptible French:[3]

> Monsieur & Pere Jay pence que cestoit mon debuoir de vous escrire par ce presant porteur quel Honnorable entretsnement Monseigneur le Duc et sa compaignee ont receu a Worsop & comme mon frere & moy auons Receu beaucoup d'honneur nous gouuernant si bien que ses messieurs les escossois s'en estonnoient, principallement en la langue françoise en laquelle Monsieur le Presidant, son gouuerneur est perfect, comme aussi plussieurs gentilshommes de sa suite

[1] Cavendish afterwards gave a portrait of this lady to St. John's College, Cambridge, of which she was the "second Found'ress." See the letter of acknowledgment in *Letters and Poems in Honour of the Incomparable Princess, Margaret, Dutchess of Newcastle*, 1676.

[2] Henry Cavendish, his eldest brother, married Grace Talbot, Gilbert's sister.

[3] An English translation of this appears in the *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 118 (*Hist. Mss. Comm., 13 Rep., App., Part II*), but I am indebted for the French original to Mr. R. W. Goulding, Librarian at Welbeck Abbey.

auec les quelz nous auons eu beaucoup de conferance, Je feray fin pour vous suplier, de vous en informer dauantaige semblablement pour baiser tres-humblement les mains de Monseigneur mon oncle, & de Madame matante, au quelz Je rends graces de Lhonneur quilz me font de mestimer capable dentretenir tel prince et en ceste veryte Je demeureray

Vře tres humble & tres-obeissant
filz Guillaume Cauendysshe

(Addressed: —)

A Monsieur & Pere
Monsieur Cauendysshe.

It may be seen that the boy's education began early, both as to specific knowledge and, what is of greater importance, as to how to use it. The future court politician was in training even from his cradle.

In two homes, then, the future Duke of Newcastle was reared and in each he was shown unbounded affection. On the whole, life seems to have been made too easy for him; when he was sent to St. John's College at Cambridge, his tutors "could not persuade him to read or study much, he taking more delight in sport than in learning; so that his father being a wise man and seeing that his son had a good natural wit, and was of a very good disposition, suffer'd him to follow his own genius. . . . One time it happened that a young gentleman, one of my Lord's relations, had bought some land, at the same time when my Lord had bought a singing-boy for £50, a horse for £50, and a dog for £2, which humour his father Sir Charles liked so well, that he was pleased to say, That if he should find his son to be so covetous, that he would buy land before he was twenty years of age, he would disinherit him. But above all the rest, my Lord had a great inclination to the art of horsemanship and weapons, in which later his father Sir Charles, being a most ingenious and unparalleled master of that age, was his only tutor, and kept him also several masters in the art of horsemanship and

sent him to the Mews to Mons. Antoine, who was then accounted the best master in that art."[1] Such an education was delightful enough, no doubt, and eminently suited to produce a fine gentleman of the time, but it must, also, have encouraged expensive tastes, ill fitting the youth to encounter those difficulties which were to beset his path in later life.

This Cavalier training came to a climax in 1610, for young Cavendish was made a Knight of the Bath when James I's oldest son was created Prince of Wales. Two years after this honor he went to travel abroad with Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Duke of Savoy, and "the honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country" evidently took Cavendish into high favor. On March 28 he writes from Amiens of "Sir William Candishe, son and heir to Sir Charles his father, and by his mother heir to the Barony of Ogle, a young gentleman very nobly bred, and of singular expectation."[2] And at Lüneburg on May 9, "From Bologne to Lyons I spent just three weeks, staying in no place longer than was meet for some care of our horses, save only at Troyes, where I rested a day and a half upon a little indisposition ⟨which⟩ William Candish had contracted, first by the extre⟨me of cold⟩ and wind, and then of heats, being loath to leave ⟨behind⟩ so sweet an ornament of my journey, and a gentleman himself of so excellent nature and institution."[3] The Duke of Savoy also conceived a fancy for the lad, and having urged him in vain to stay after the Ambassador's return, presented him on his departure with a Spanish horse, a richly embroidered saddle, and a rich jewel of diamonds. Within the twelvemonth[4] our travellers were back in London, where for the next few years Cavendish lived, attending at court. In 1616

[1] Book III, Section 8, Firth, pp. 104–105.
[2] *Sir Henry Wotton's Life and Letters*, by Logan Pearsall Smith, II, 2.
[3] Ibid., II, 4.
[4] Ibid., I, 123.

the Earl of Shrewsbury died and left his nephew his executor; nor did Sir Charles Cavendish long outlive his friend, as he was buried within the year. The widowed Lady Cavendish wished her eldest son to marry, whereupon he satisfied both himself and her by his choice of Elizabeth, daughter and heir to William Basset, Esq., of Blore in the county of Stafford, and widow of Henry Howard, third son of the Earl of Suffolk. This lady, of whom little is known, seems to have led a very troubled life until her death in 1643. We find occasional allusions to her ill health and once an extensive list of remedies to ease her labor in childbirth;[1] the fact that she was the mother of ten children, five of whom died in infancy, may explain this, and indeed she seems to have been a poor harmless drudge, destined to be worn out by the highest function of woman. After their marriage in 1618, they went to live at Welbeck in Nottinghamshire, only coming up to town occasionally that they might wait upon the king. On August 10, 1619, James stayed with them in the country during a royal progress.[2]

We have now come to Cavendish's first advancement, and here it is necessary to distinguish carefully between what the Duchess states and what recent investigations have revealed to be the facts. Says our chronicler:

> About this time King James, of blessed memory, having a purpose to confer some honour upon my Lord, made him Viscount Mansfield, and Baron of Bolsover;[3] and after the decease of King James, King Charles the First, of blessed memory, constituted him Lord Warden of the Forest of Sherwood and Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, and restored his mother, Catharine, the second daughter of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle, to her father's dignity, after the death of her only sister Jane, Countess of Shrewsbury, publicly declaring that it was her right; which title, after the death of his mother, descended also upon my Lord, and his heirs general, together with a large inheritance of £3000 a year in Northumberland.

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 120–123.
[2] Nichols's *Progresses of King James I*, III, 559–560.
[3] An estate in Derbyshire not far from Cavendish's home at Welbeck.

But Cavendish was not made Baron of Bolsover in the 1620 patent creating him Viscount Mansfield, that honor coming with the title of Newcastle eight years later. Shortly after, on December 4, 1628, the Barony of Ogle was revived in favor of his mother (Lady Jane Ogle, her sister and joint heir, had died several years before), and on her death in 1629 it descended to her heirs general.[1] This shows why Newcastle chose to have his new Barony of Bolsover created by the royal patent, and how he comes to be styled Baron of Ogle in right of his mother; for it seems that he waived all right to the latter Barony by his first creation, that he might take it by descent as an old Barony in fee, together with the family estate of Ogle.[2] The title, Baron Ogle of Bothal, which has sometimes figured in connection with that of Viscount Mansfield, does not seem to rest on a sufficiently secure basis, but may be due to a confusion of two later baronies.[3] There is a tail to the Viscount kite however. Witness a state letter from John Woodford to Sir Francis Nethersole on November 7, 1620:[4]

> The parliament is now resolved . . . for the accomodating of your disputes between the heyrs of the late Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir William Cavendish, a nephew of the Earl of Devonshire who hath been intitled to some of those lands by the Countess of Shrewsbury,

[1] Collins's *Historical Collections*, p. 24, and *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 120.

[2] *Biographia Britannica*, article on William Cavendish.

[3] Cokayne's *Complete Peerage*, VI, 22, note *a*, says: "The creation of this Barony is given in 'Courthope,' and almost all other peerage writers [including Banks's *Dormant and Extinct Baronage of England*, III, 547] but the Viscounty of Mansfield is given (as the sole creation) in the 'Creations 1483–1646' in the ap. 47th Rep. D. K. Pub. [p. 105]. Neither is the Barony mentioned in his M[onumental] I[nscription], where all his titles seem fully set out." Collins also gives the "Ogle of Bothal" title, p. 25.

[4] *State Papers* (*Foreign: Germany, States*), XIX, 189, in *The First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, 1910, p. 12. The author's name is not given on the title-page, but this book is by T. Longueville. It is a comprehensive but unscholarly memoir and the only secondary work of which the entire bulk is devoted to William and Margaret Cavendish.

prisoner in the tower, as an expedient to create the said Sir William, at the request of the heyres above mentioned, Viscount of Mansfield, which is newly done by patent.

As a pendant to this bargain may be added an extract from a letter of the new Viscount Mansfield to Buckingham. It is dated February 27, 1626–1627:[1]

May it please your Grace,

Accordinge to your Lop commands I have treated with my cosen Pierepont, and as effectually as I coulde, his answer in his own wordes are these: he sayeth that Doctor Moore treated with him in King James his times about Honor and tolde him that if he woulde be a Baron he might and for 4000£ . . . . For my parte I never herde that a Baron was under 9 or 10,000£, but for my one experience, I had little more than in the quittinge of an olde debt.

Apparently traffic in peerages was well understood in that day, and if Cavendish did not in cold blood put his money down on the table, there was "value received" for his honors in the cancelling of old claims or obligations.

The Duchess, unconscious of this political chicanery, goes on to mention her husband's appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, a post which he kept during the minority of "the now Earl of Devonshire." She expatiates on his abilities in this office and also as Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire [2] and then comes quickly down to 1628, the year in which he was created Earl of Newcastle by Charles I.[3] At this time he was made Baron Cavendish of Bolsover and, as his wife claims, also of Bothal

[1] *State Papers* (*Domestic*), Charles I, LV, No. 26, in *First Duke and Duchess*, pp. 13–14. There is no reason to suppose Buckingham was jealous of Newcastle, and Lodge's statement to that effect (*Portraits*, ed. 1850, VI, 2), may be due to a confusion between the elder Buckingham and his son. Cavendish's relations with the second George Villiers will be discussed in another place.

[2] For details about this period see *Hist. Mss. Comm.*, *12 Rep.*, *App.*, *Part I*, pp. 303, 325, and especially pp. 443–445 concerning the punishment of a criminal and Newcastle's gifts to the surviving relatives.

[3] "His arms were S, three Buck's Heads caboshed, Arg. attired O. A crescent for difference."— Banks, III, 547.

and Heple.[1] These latter titles have not been satisfactorily authenticated, but her mere statement, being so nearly contemporary, ought to decide the matter; besides, to any but an extreme hero-worshipper great subsequent honors might easily cause the less to be forgotten.

Now "in the year 1638, his Majesty called him up to Court, and thought him the fittest person whom he might intrust with the government of his son Charles, then Prince of Wales, now our most gracious King, and made him withal a member of the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council." Thus the Duchess, but again there is a seamy side to her story. This appointment seems to have been the result of five and a half years of deliberate scheming on Cavendish's part. We first find the matter mentioned in a letter from Francis, Lord Cottington to Newcastle, dated December 13, 1632:[2]

> The King is now well though he still keeps his chamber, and my Lord Deputy [i.e. Strafford] is precisely sent for, so that you will have one friend more here. You are appointed to attend the King into Scotland which I conceive might be a good motive for your friends to put it to a period.

In accordance with this suggestion, when the royal visit to Welbeck occurred in May, 1633, Newcastle made a sumptuous feast, which reached its climax in a masque written for the occasion by Ben Jonson, and which cost, according to the frequently exaggerative Duchess, upwards of four thousand pounds.[3] He

[1] Cokayne, VI, 22, has this note in connection with his Marquessate: "Also according to Doyle's 'Official Baronage,' Baron Bertram and Bolsover and, according to Beatson's 'Political Index,' Baron of Bothal and Hepple. Heylin asserts that he was a Baron of Bertram together with the Marquessate of Newcastle. No mention, however, is made of any of these Baronies in the 'Creations 1483–1646,' tho' in his Garter plate his Baronial titles are given as 'Ogle, Bertrum and Bolsover.'"

[2] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 122–123.

[3] Sir Edmond Moundeford writes on June 25, 1633: "Our King is well, his entertainment great at his journey; the Lord of Newcastle most famous for his meat, the Bishop of York most famous for his drink."—*Hist. Mss. Comm., 10 Rep., App., Part II*, p. 143.

also attended Charles on his Scottish journey, and of that, with many other important things, we hear in a letter written to Strafford, the Lord Deputy of Ireland:[1]

Welbeck, the 5th of August, 1633.

My most honoured Lord,

I heartily congratulate your Lordship's safe arrival in Ireland, next I am to beg your pardon for not presenting my service to you by letter all this while; but in good faith, my Lord the reason was, I daily heard you were going. I give your Lordship humble thanks for your noble and kind counsel; the truth is, my Lord, I have waited of the King the Scottish journey both diligently, and, as Sir Robert Swift said of my Lord of Carlisle, it was of no small charge unto me. I cannot find by the King but he seemed to be pleased with me very well, and never used me better or more graciously; the truth is, I have hurt my estate much with the hopes of it, and I have been put in hope long, and so long as I will labour no more in it, but let nature work and expect the issue at Welbeck; for I would be loth to be sick in mind, body and purse, and when it is too late to repent, and my reward laughed at for my labour. It is better to give over in time with some loss than lose all, and mend what is to come, seeing what is past is not in my power to help. Besides, my Lord, if I obtained what I desire, it would be a more painful life, and since I am so much plunged in debt, it would help very well to undo me, for I know not how to get, neither know I any reason why the King should give me anything. Children come on apace, my Lord, and with this weight of debt that lies upon me, I know no diet better than a strict diet in the country, which, in time, may recover me of the prodigal disease. By your favour, my Lord, I cannot say I have recovered myself at Welbeck this summer, but run much more in debt than ever I did, but I hope hereafter I may. The truth is, my Lord, for my court business, your Lordship with your noble friends and mine have spoken so often to the King, and myself refreshed his memory in that particular, so that I mean not to move my friends, any more to their so great trouble, but whatsoever pleases his Majesty, be fully contented, and look after some other little contentment within myself, which shall well serve me during my life, and if the King command me, I am at all times ready to serve him; if no

[1] *Strafford's Letters*, I, 101. A previous letter of Newcastle's to Wentworth (I, 43) evidently refers to the writer's altercation with Lord Savile. See also *Calendar of State Papers* (*Domestic*), *1628–1629*, p. 186.

commands, pray for him heartily. For, by my troth, my Lord, I know no man in the whole world more bound unto his Majesty than myself. For that point to try your Lordship's friends in my behalf, I humbly thank you for the motion, and I desire your Lordship to follow it. For the King's particular liking of my proper person, I think my Lord of Carlisle would do best, or what doth your Lordship think to his Lady, for further I would not willingly have it go; but I assure your Lordship I am most confident of the King's good opinion of me; and about my Lord Savile's business and mine, his Majesty pleased me extremely, being never moved by me or any friend in my behalf that I desired. My Lord Treasurer used me extreme well and extraordinary kindly; my Lord of Carlisle for your Lordship's sake, but the greatest news is my Lord of Holland courted me extremely; and so to conclude with this business, I intend to be quiet and not press the King at all, but to leave his Majesty to his own time, and rest quietly here in the country; and this I assure your Lordship is my resolution and my full intention, and except it be to the purpose, their greatest friendship is to let me rest here. I humbly thank your Lordship for your noble favours to my old servant; for my groom, my Lord, I beseech you keep him, and I am sorry your Lordship will use such ceremony with me. For La Roche, I always told your Lordship my opinion of him, and in good faith, he is no such horseman, neither for anything I ever saw, but got a great reputation with doing little: I would your Lordship had taken Porter, but I know not how he is disposed of. I assure your Lordship that horse you pleased to accept, I thought him the fittest horse in the world for that purpose, but your Lordship doth not write how you approve of him. My Lord, in a word, I desire no man's favour and love more than yours, or would be more beholding to any man sooner; for I protest to God, I honour and love you heartily, and I vow without any end or particular in the whole world; your Lordship's favours to me are merely your own goodness for I shall never be useful to you in any kind, which makes my obligation, such that I must ever be faithfully,

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

W. Newcastle

This letter is extremely interesting as showing the alternate waves of hope and depression so characteristic of the office-seeker: now, he will strain every nerve to the utmost; again, the cost seems far greater than the end desired. Newcastle

finally succeeded in his aim, but the affair was to cause him much more anxiety before it was terminated. On July 19, 1634, Strafford wrote Newcastle from Dublin:[1]

> I have not got word from my Lord of Carlisle concerning your Lordship, which certainly comes from no other cause than the universal negligence, which possesseth him in all his own affairs and in all other things, but in doing civilities and courtesies to his friends, but I have given my brother charge to renew it unto him very effectually and this being of the King's at your house, I see will be a very fit time to get from him his judgment. But upon the whole matter my opinion is, that attending upon the King two or three days' journey, after his going from Welbeck, you should yourself gently renew the motion to the King, as one resolved to take it only as a personal obligation from himself alone; and therefore if his Majesty should be inclined to grant you that desire, which ariseth merely from a singleness of affection, you should receive it and value it, as the highest honour you can have in this world to be always near him. On the other side, if in his wisdom he should not conceive it fit, you should wholly acquiesce in his good pleasure, and beseech him to reckon of you as a servant of his, ready to lay down your life, wherever he should be pleased to require it of you; and be sure to express it plainly, that if he in his grace toward you shall think good to take you so near him it shall be your greatest comfort; but to have it by any other means or interposition, which might expect any of the obligation from his Majesty, it would in no degree be so acceptable unto you, that covet it not for any private bettering of your fortune, but merely as a mark of his respect and estimation of you, and that you might have the happiness to spend your life near that person which you did not only reverence as your sovereign, but infinitely love and admire for his piety and wisdom.

This second visit of the King to Welbeck occurred on July 30, 1634.[2] According to the Duchess, Charles was so pleased

[1] *Strafford's Letters*, I, 274. Other epistles from Strafford to Newcastle may be found in the *Letters*, I, 410, and II, 256, 281. Also in Ellis's *Original Letters*, Series II, Vol. III, pp. 281–286.

[2] See a letter from Sir John Coke to Newcastle under this date, urging him to scatter a multitude of miners assembled at Welbeck to present Charles with a mutinous petition, "that their Majesties may peaceably enjoy the honour you intend them without distraction or trouble."—*Hist. Mss. Comm., 12 Rep., App., Part II*, p. 60.

with his previous entertainment that he asked Newcastle to repeat it for Henrietta Maria, who was making a northern progress. The King was to be with her, and Cavendish, in the midst of court intrigues, naturally wished to put his best foot foremost. He and his wife resigned Welbeck to the sovereigns and moved to their other estate five miles distant, at Bolsover in Derbyshire. Here a feast was held. The country gentry came to wait on their Majesties, and Ben Jonson wrote another masque for this occasion, *Love's Welcome, the King's and Queen's entertainment at Bolsover.* This magnificence was doubtless very pleasing to Charles, but it did not accomplish Newcastle's purpose at once and plunged him into the further expense of £14,000 or £15,000. Nevertheless he did not give up his design, for two years later we find him writing to his wife of his varying success at court.[1] On April 8 he feels that the King is favorable despite contrary intrigues; a week later he names various other applicants, who he expects will be unsuccessful; but by May 23 we read, "I am very weary and mean to come down presently. I was yesterday with the 'B.B.'[2] and for anything I find it is a lost business."

Persistency was successful, however, and on March 19, 1637–1638, Secretary Windebank wrote him of his official appointment to the long-coveted post of tutor to Prince Charles. Strafford's suggestions had been only too well followed, and, in accordance with his letter to Newcastle already quoted, Windebank added to the more formal announcement this statement:[3]

> His Majesty hath expressly commended me to let your Lordship know, that you have no particular obligation to any whatsoever in this business, but merely and entirely to the King's and Queen's Majesties alone: who of their own mere and special grace and goodness have made this choice, and vouchsafed you this honour.

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 127.
[2] An abbreviation for "Bishop."
[3] *Clarendon State Papers*, II, 7–8.

Newcastle's reply was conventional enough, but Strafford's letter of congratulation to him demands consideration. It is of June 1 and runs:[1]

> My very good Lord,
>
> May all honour and joy crown your Lordship's leaving, as the taking upon you this new employment: and certainly a mighty mark of his Majesty's estimation of you, that intrusts you with the keeping of so precious a jewel, indeed the dearest pledge of all which can be desired or hoped, by King or people. . . .
>
> My Lord, I right well know your own wisdom sufficient to direct your course in the new world you are to come into, yet I trust the excess of my affection may be well interpreted. Your Lordship hath this charge put upon you immediately by the King, so (as it may be thought) careful, you should so understand it, as to be jealous your Lordship should have the least apprehension any other creature had any share with him or you in this business. Good my Lord consider seriously what might be the true English of this, in my opinion it is certainly and easily understood, the reading of it very plain. As his Majesty thus shews your obligation to be only his, consequently instructs you, that as well in justice, as discretion, your acknowledgment ought not to divide into several streams, but intirely pour forth themselves before him and to him.

Evidently the Deputy was anxious to have it thought this appointment was spontaneous on Charles's part, which must have pleased Newcastle tremendously, and by the advice given the new tutor to abstain from court politics Strafford assured his sovereign of at least one loyal, unselfish retainer. So by a slight but diplomatic perversion of the truth, this matter was at length settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The only information which we have as to Cavendish's actual experiences with his pupil is contained in three contemporary letters.[2] The eight-year-old Prince[3] evidently refused

[1] *Strafford's Letters*, II, 174.

[2] Facsimiles of the first two are given in Airy's *Charles II*, 1901, facing p. 8.

[3] Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, 1851, V, 265.

to take his prescribed medicine, and Henrietta Maria sent him a reprimand:

> charles I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you because I heere that you will not take phisike I hope it was onlei for this day and that to morrow you will doe it for if you will not I must come to you: and make you take it for it is for your healthe. I have given order to my lord newcastell to send mi worde tonight whether you will or will not therfore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe and so I rest
>
> your affectionate mother
> Henriette Marie R.
>
> To my deare
> sone the prince.

Later Charles addressed his governor, who was then sick, and humorously touched on the question of medicine again. This letter, written in a round hand, between double-ruled lines, shows real affection and no little wit on the Prince's part:

> My Lord,
>
> I would not have you take too much Phisick: for it doth allwaies make me worse, & I think it will do the like with you I ride every day; and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make hast to returne to him that loues you.
>
> Charles P.

One other note from the Prince to his tutor survives:[1]

> My Lord
>
> I thank you for your New Years guift; I am very well pleased with it, especially with the brass Statues. On Munday by three of the clock I shall be glad to meete you at Lambeth.
>
> Charles

During Newcastle's tutorship occurred an event about which we may safely follow the Duchess, as she is backed up by Clarendon and Rushworth.[2] At the time of the insurrection in Scotland, Newcastle lent his monarch £10,000 and furnished a volunteer troop of horse, which his popularity in the north

[1] Ellis, *Original Letters*, Series I, Vol. III, p. 287.

[2] Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Book III, § 23, and Rushworth's *Collections*, II, ii, 929–930 and 946.

country enabled him to raise.[1] It was known as Prince Charles's troop, and when, during a march over the Scottish border, the Earl of Holland put this company in the rear, Newcastle ordered his Prince's colors lowered, rather than have them so subordinated.[2] King Charles apparently learned that the cause of this occurrence was Holland's jealousy, for he commended Newcastle, shortly after made him a member of the Privy Council, and ordered that the troop should be commanded by no one but himself. Thereafter a duel was to be fought between these two Earls, but Holland did not appear at the rendezvous, Charles learned of what had happened, and peace was restored.[3] The Duchess does not mention her Lord's opponent by name, in accordance with her husband's instructions[4] not to particularize about his enemies, and it was probably for this same reason that the bracketed words in the following sentence were carefully inked out before publication:

> Thus they (the troop) remained upon duty, [without receiving any payment or allowance from his Majesty,] until his Majesty had reduced his rebellious subjects, and then my Lord returned with honour to his charge, viz. the government of the Prince.

His position was not to continue for long, however. In 1641, when Newcastle learned that the Parliament, now in complete control of affairs, had resolved to displace him, he forestalled them by voluntarily resigning. Our authoress does not probe further into the causes, but they seem to lie in the fact that the so-called "Army Plot" had been discovered. The responsibility for this plan to bring the army south, that it might support Charles by overawing Parliament, rested chiefly

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*, I, 163–164.

[2] See *Hist. Mss. Comm.*, *12 Rep.*, *App.*, *Part V*, I, 512, 517.

[3] See also *Hist. Mss. Comm.*, *12 Rep.*, *App.*, *Part II*, p. 240, and *Memoirs of the Verney Family*, I, 322.

[4] "The Preface," Firth, p. xliii.

upon Suckling and Jermyn[1]; and as Strafford was now in the tower and Northumberland still invalided, the conspirators settled upon Newcastle as commander. When these facts became known to Parliament, it was impossible that Prince Charles should remain longer in his governor's hands, and the inevitable result followed.[2] Newcastle retired to the country, perhaps not altogether unwillingly, for during his three years of office he had run £40,000 in debt.[3]

Yet he was to get only a few months' leisure before the King had more work for him to do.[4] Early in January, 1642, Charles wrote Newcastle bidding him hasten to Hull and take command there. A commission had previously been given him in expectation of future trouble, because in that town were assembled all the ammunition and supplies for a Scotch campaign. Newcastle arrived on January 14 and had himself proclaimed as Governor, but when Parliamentary troops headed by Hotham and a Royalist force under Legg appeared before the walls of Hull, the mayor refused admittance to both. Within three days the House of Peers sent for Newcastle to appear before them,[5] and the vacillating Charles ordered him to obey. Cavendish was cleared as acting under royal commission, but Hull with its precious contents was irretrievably lost to Charles.

Not long after, matters became so desperate that the Queen was forced to flee the country, while her husband repaired to York. Thither Newcastle was summoned and put in charge

[1] "Mr. Jermaine named my Lord of Newcastle." — *Welbeck Mss.*, I, 12, and also 20, 22.

[2] S. R. Gardiner's *History of England, 1603–1642*, IX, 313; Firth, p. 8, n.

[3] Firth, p. 6, n., quotes a letter in the record office by Thomas Wiseman.

[4] The King seems to have been on very close terms with Newcastle. The Duchess states that Charles even created peers at her husband's request (Firth, p. 101) and Cavendish certainly exerted what influence he possessed (*Hist. Mss. Comm., 12 Rep., App., Part II*, pp. 120–121).

[5] Clarendon, Book IV, § 215.

of his titular stronghold, with jurisdiction over the four northern counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham. Almost the first problem that presented itself was a mutiny of train-band soldiers in the Bishopric of Durham, which demanded his immediate presence; "where at his arrival," says the Duchess, "(I mention it by the way, and as a merry passage) a jovial fellow used this expression, that he liked my Lord very well, but not his company (meaning his soldiers)." This uprising was quickly subdued, with the result that most stringent rules were enforced as to church government there; Dr. Cosin, Dean of Peterborough, was to censor all sermons and see that they were leavened with good Royalist sentiment. At about this time £500, with a consignment of arms under the escort of Davenant and Cook,[1] was received from her Majesty in Holland, while a shipload of ammunition and weapons came from the King of Denmark. Thus encouraged, Newcastle resolved to raise an army. Charles approved, of course, as it would mean no personal inconvenience for himself, and sent the Earl a commission as general, with power to confer knighthood or coin money. A regiment of foot and a troop of horse had already been raised,[2] but Charles saw fit to detain the latter when it escorted Henrietta Maria's ammunition to him. Newcastle's popularity and family connections in the north[3] now enabled him to get together an army of 8000 horse, foot, and dragoons, which was later enlarged to 100,000 men, according to an almost incredible

[1] *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, ed. Green, p. 121.

[2] In Book III (Firth, p. 90) the Duchess says that Charles appropriated both regiment and troop.

[3] Compare Mrs. Hutchinson, I, 164: "He had, indeed, through his great estate, his liberal hospitality, and constant residence in his country, so endeared them to him that no man was a greater prince in all that northern quarter; till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court, where he ran himself much into debt, to purchase neglects of the king and queen and scorns of the proud courtiers."

statement by the Duchess. Among the number were 3000 that the general had chosen for his own regiment. "They were called White-coats, for this following reason: my Lord being resolved to give them new liveries, and there being not red cloth enough to be had, took up so much of white, as would serve to clothe them, desiring withal, their patience until he had got it dyed; but they, impatient of stay, requested my Lord, that he would be pleased to let them have it undyed as it was, promising they themselves would dye it in the enemy's blood. Which request my Lord granted them, and from that time they were called White-coats,"[1] or sometimes "Newcastle's Lambs."

No sooner was this high-spirited force organized than there came to its general a plea from the Yorkshire Royalists that he would come to their assistance. Lord Fairfax and his untrained Parliamentary troops had driven Charles's supporters into the town of York, where they laid siege to that meagrely defended stronghold. After negotiations which lasted through September and October, 1642,[2] Newcastle decided to grant their request, publishing first a declaration "for his resolution of marching into Yorkshire, as also a just vindication of himself from that unjust aspersion laid upon him for entertaining some Popish recusants in his service." As a matter of fact he pleads guilty to the latter offense, but with eminent success defends himself for committing it.[3] His march to York was repeatedly interrupted by the enemy, most notably at Piercebridge on December 1, but nevertheless it was accomplished in an unusually short time. "It cannot be denied," says Clarendon, "that the Earl of Newcastle, by his quick march with his troops, as soon as he had received his commission

[1] Firth, p. 84. [2] Letters reprinted by Firth, pp. 188–191.

[3] Rushworth, III, ii, 78–81. Charles had instructed him to employ Catholics (Ellis's *Original Letters*, Series I, Vol. III, p. 291).

to be general and in the depth of winter, redeemed or rescued the city of York from the rebels, when they looked upon it as their own, and had it even within their grasp."[1] Once arrived, he had a tax levied to support his army, rather than that the soldiers should forage for their own supplies, which was stringently forbidden.

It was winter and Newcastle might well have stayed within the walls of York, but he hastened out to attack the enemy at Tadcaster, although a little more deliberation would have made for greater efficiency in the end. As events turned out, it took three separate expeditions to subjugate the West Riding, notwithstanding that his forces were greatly superior to those of Parliament. The Duchess, of course, is so completely blind to any deficiency of her Lord's that she can only admire his activity and daring. Indeed, the first mishap was due to no fault of his. Tadcaster stood on the west bank of a river, accessible from York only by a stone bridge, which Fairfax had broken down and afterwards fortified. Since this position was exceedingly difficult to attack, Newcastle planned a simultaneous movement from two sides of the town. He himself led the foot from the east, but the Lieutenant-General who was to appear on the west with the horse failed to arrive at his appointed hour. In Drake's *Eboracum*[2] it is stated that this delinquent was the Earl of Newport. The Duchess, of course, does not mention his name, but clearly says that it was the "then Lieutenant-General of the army" and in another passage assigns that office to "first Earl of Newport, afterwards the Lord Eythin." Lord Ethyn, better known as General King, was appointed to the position sometime in January, partly as a result of this error on Newport's part.[3] A curious mistake

[1] Clarendon, Book VIII, § 84. [2] I, 193.

[3] See Ellis's *Original Letters*, Series I, Vol. III, pp. 295–296, and Firth, p. 18, n. 1.

has been recently made[1] in identifying this "Lieutenant-General" with Lord Goring, General of the Horse, and a pretty moral pointed as to having intemperate and jealous officers in any army. Newcastle's subordinates were unwisely appointed no doubt,[2] but Goring must be acquitted of this particular blunder. The real reason for it is even more obscure, although difficulties in Newport's march[3] and a letter forged by the enemy[4] make concrete our authoress's charges of "neglect or treachery." Surprisingly enough, however, Newcastle's single attack coupled with a shortage of ammunition[5] (this latter extenuating circumstance is not mentioned by our historian) caused the rebels to evacuate Tadcaster. "My Lord" entered the town and garrisoned it, thence moving on to Pomfret, where he repeated this performance.

During his stay at Pomfret an important episode occurred very detrimental to Royalist hopes and significantly not mentioned in the *Life*.[6] Sir William Saville was sent to capture certain manufacturing towns in the West Riding, of which Leeds and Wakefield soon submitted. At Bradford, however, he was severely repulsed, and a few days later Sir Thomas Fairfax took charge of the local forces, Leeds was recaptured, and about five hundred prisoners were taken. Meantime Newark in Nottinghamshire had been garrisoned, and on January 27, 1642–1643, Newcastle returned to York to obtain some ammunition which he had had sent from the north. Its dilatory arrival cannot offset General King's splendid defense of the convoy when it was attacked at Yarum Bridge.

[1] *First Duke and Duchess*, p. 80.

[2] Henrietta Maria had a hand in the appointments of both King and Goring. See Clarendon, Book VI, § 264, and *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, pp. 149–150.

[3] Sir Henry Slingsby's *Diary*, ed. 1836, p. 86.

[4] Drake's *Eboracum*, I, 193.

[5] Letter of Lord Fairfax, December 10, 1642, in Rushworth, III, ii, 92.

[6] Firth, p. 17. n. Cf. *Catalogue of the Thomason Tracts*, I, 208, 213.

On February 22 Henrietta Maria [1] landed at Burlington in the East Riding. All accounts agree as to the difficulties attendant on her arrival and as to a subsequent bombardment of the house where she lodged. Newcastle had marched down to meet his Queen, and afterwards he escorted her safely back to York. She "graciously accepted" £3000 sterling from him, but the arms she had brought she sent on to Charles, who in true Stuart fashion "was pleased to keep with him for his own service" their guard of 1500 men. The Queen's arrival aided Newcastle in winning over Sir Hugh Cholmley, Governor of Scarborough Castle, and thus gaining that stronghold by peaceful means.[2] The Duchess, as we might expect, credits her husband with this entire exploit, nor does she mention his subsequent failure to enlist the Hothams on Charles's side.[3] These negotiations, which began in March of this same year, accomplished nothing for the King but resulted in the ultimate execution of those unfortunate officers as traitors to Parliament.

A second expedition from York was begun in March, 1642–1643, when Lord Goring was sent with some horsemen to intercept the enemy's march. He met them on Seacroft Moor and there, according to all accounts, effected a complete rout. Newcastle then ordered out another party, which had like success at Tankerly Moor, and finally took the field himself with his main army. He passed by Leeds to besiege Wakefield, which soon capitulated. While his troops were still surrounding this town, their commander left them for some days to treat with Hotham and to bury his first wife, who had

[1] She had planned to come before, but Newcastle dissuaded her until the situation grew somewhat better. See *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 145.

[2] Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, I, 122.

[3] For an elaborate account of these proceedings, see *First Duke and Duchess*, pp. 89–98; *Welbeck Mss.*, I, 105–109; and *Clarendon State Papers*, II, 181–183.

died on April 17.[1] The recently victorious Goring and Sir Francis Mackworth — these names were printed in the margin of the *Life*, but carefully inked out before publication — were left in command at Wakefield, while Newcastle went on to fresh successes at Rotherham and Sheffield. The former is chiefly notable because this town was plundered contrary to treaty[2] (this, of course, is unmentioned by the Duchess), the latter for some iron works near by, which were thenceforward employed to cast Royalist cannon. Shortly after came news that the Fairfaxes had retaken Wakefield with all its garrison. Newcastle was discouraged as well as angry and immediately retired to York again. On June 4 the Queen set out for Oxford accompanied by an escort, which, as usual, Charles kept for his own service. The Duchess, prone to overestimate her Lord's losses in the good cause, gives the number as 7000, but it is unlikely that accurate figures would have exceeded 4500 to 5000.[3] Her Majesty had difficulty in getting even this number, for "notre général et tous les gentilshommes du pais sont contre. Cette armée est appelée l'armée de la royne, mais j'ay bien petit pouvoir et je vous asseure que, si j'en avois, tout iroit mieux qu'il ne va."[4]

The third expedition to drive the rebels from Yorkshire was commenced this same month, when Howley House, a well-fortified stone building, was battered down by cannon and captured. "The governor, having quarter given him contrary to my Lord's orders, was brought before my Lord by a person of quality, for which the officer that brought him received a check; and though he resolved then to kill him, yet my Lord would not suffer him to do it, saying, it was inhuman to kill

[1] *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 188; and Firth, p. 116.

[2] Rushworth, III, ii, 268. See Rev. John Shaw, Dedication to his sermon, "The Three Kingdoms Case," in *Yorkshire Diaries*, I, 136, 385 (Surtees Society).

[3] *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 222; and Firth, p. 23, n.

[4] Baillon's *Lettres inédites de Henriette-Marie*, p. 135.

any man in cold blood. Thereupon the governor kissed the key of the house door, and presented it to my Lord; to which my Lord returned this answer: 'I need it not,' said he, 'for I brought a key along with me, which yet I was unwilling to use, until you forced me to it.'" After this victory Newcastle moved on to Bradford, which had previously given him much trouble, but on his way met the enemy drawn up on Atherton or Adwalton Moor, prepared to give battle. They had so very much the advantage of position that for a time success seemed to be theirs, until Newcastle rallied his troops and with the aid of his own regiment turned defeat into victory. Indeed Adwalton Moor was the Earl's most brilliant achievement in his entire northern campaign. The enemy fled, Bradford was occupied, and Lady Fairfax captured, although Newcastle's unfailing courtesy set her at liberty almost immediately. Secondary effects were even greater: Halifax, Leeds, and Wakefield were abandoned by the Parliamentarians, who retired to Hull, their only remaining stronghold in Yorkshire. After three attempts, then, Newcastle had practically cleared the rebels from that county and was now prepared to go on to further activities in other fields. The Duchess tells us that her husband sent a letter to the Governor of York bidding him intercept Fairfax's retreat towards Hull, but a post's neglect prevented the complete annihilation of those fugitives.

Meanwhile, as news had come from Lincolnshire of uprisings there, General King was sent down to adjust matters. Before his arrival, however, the King's forces suffered a defeat and their commander was killed, which brought Newcastle himself south as well. His first capture was Gainsborough, a garrison but recently fallen to the enemy. The Earl of Kingston, its previous commander, was being taken as prisoner to Hull on a pinnace, when some of "my Lord's" forces shot at the pinnace in an effort to stop it and killed Kingston

by mistake. Our historian definitely places the blame in remarking that, "by the way," these forces were under command of Lord Ethyn! Another incident connected with this capitulation was even more unfortunate. Gainsborough surrendered upon fair terms, but, for some reason or other, they were not carried out. The Duchess, always ready to explain away anything disagreeable, states that some prisoners in the town first began to plunder, after which the besieging forces joined in, "although it was against my Lord's will and orders." After having garrisoned Gainsborough, Newcastle also occupied and garrisoned Lincoln "with intention to march towards the south, which if it had taken effect, would doubtless have made an end of that war."

But this plan did not take effect, and its failure was the turning point in Newcastle's military career. His motives for return are so mixed as to defy analysis. The Duchess, we may be sure, sets forth only defensible ones, chiefly a persistent demand from Yorkshire that he come back to drive the disturbing enemy out of Hull.[1] On the other hand we have evidence that Newcastle did not care to go south, where he must subject himself to a superior. Charles had repeatedly desired his presence; witness Sir Philip Warwick's mission to the north for this very purpose early in that summer. "But I found him very averse to this, and perceived that he apprehended nothing more than to be joined to the king's army, or to serve under Prince Rupert; for he designed himself to be the man that should turn the scale, and to be a self-subsisting and distinct army wherever he was."[2] That there was reason for Cavendish's fearing slights in the south is evidenced by letters he had received from Captain John Hotham in the previous April:[3]

[1] This was undoubtedly correct, for it is corroborated by Sir Henry Slingsby in his *Diary*, p. 99. [2] Sir Philip Warwick's *Memoirs*, 1813, p. 268.

[3] *Welbeck Mss.*, I, 701. No doubt this caused Charles's reprimand to Newcastle at that time, of which we hear in the Queen's *Letters*, pp. 181, 191–193.

> But now to give you a taste that all is not as you think at Court, I shall freely tell you this, that within this four days some very near her Majesty spoke such words of contempt and disgrace of you as truly for my part I could not hear them repeated with patience, and you will plainly see, if they dare it, you will have a successor. . . . The words were these: "that you were a sweet General, lay in bed until eleven o'clock and combed till twelve, then came to the Queen, and so the work was done, and that General King did all the business." They were spoken by my Lady Cornwallis in the hearing of Mr. Portington, a fellow cunning enough; and this to my father and another gentleman with many words of undervaluing, which he said were spoken by others.

Letters from Henrietta Maria to Newcastle on June 18 and August 13[1] show persistent demands on Charles's part for Newcastle's presence, demands which the Queen herself opposed. "The truth is that they envy your army," she writes under the latter date. So it may be seen that there were undoubtedly personal reasons why Newcastle preferred to stay in Yorkshire. Nevertheless when he had achieved the great victory of Adwalton Moor and fate had brought him into Lincolnshire, his loyalty perhaps asserted itself, so that he had every intention of continuing to the south.[2] Then came the summons from Yorkshire to return, and Newcastle could conscientiously send word to Charles, "that it was impossible for him to comply with his commands in marching with his army into the associated counties, for that the gentlemen of the country, who had the best regiments, and were amongst the best officers, utterly refused to march, except Hull were first taken; and that he had not strength enough to march and

[1] *Letters*, pp. 219, 225.

[2] The King "showed us letters from the Earl of Newcastle, wherein he offered to join his Majesty with a detachment of 4000 horse and 8000 foot, if his Majesty thought fit to march southward, and yet leave forces sufficient to guard the north from any invasion." — Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. George D. Sproul, New York, 1903, p. 228.

to leave Hull securely blocked up."[1] This explanation was deemed sufficient by S. R. Gardiner,[2] but we must agree with Professor Firth[3] that Newcastle's withdrawal had in it something of *il gran rifiuto.*

Whatever the cause, in August, 1643, he marched back to the north, his good fortune ended. After capturing the small town of Beverley, he invested Hull by request of the Yorkshire gentry. They promised to send ten thousand men for that purpose, but no more was heard of them, although we may be sure the Duchess chronicles this disappointment. Sir Philip Warwick,[4] who had been dispatched north again at this time, states that General King was supposed to have advised the siege. Warwick goes on to relate an episode that throws a good deal of light on the commanding general and his way of waging war:

> I went down to see his trenches and works, and found (the season having been very wet) his men standing ancle deep in dirt, a great distance from the town; so, as I conceived, those without were likelier to rot than those within to starve; and by assault there was not the least probability to carry it. Upon my return to him, relating but faintly and modestly my thought, (for he knew I had not the least part of a soldier to warrant a discourse upon that subject) he merrily put it off, saying, "You often hear us called the Popish Army; but you see we trust not in our good works."

This siege began on September 2, but it was raised on October 11,[5] which latter event the *Life* attributes to the Royalist defeat at Winceby or Horncastle in Lincolnshire. The contributory cause, nearer home, was a successful sally made by the Hull garrison, in which many of Newcastle's

[1] Clarendon, Book VII, § 177. This message must have been sent before the siege of Hull, despite Clarendon's assertion, which has been a source of further error in *First Duke and Duchess.*

[2] *English Historical Review*, 1887, pp. 172–173; and *History*, I, 229.

[3] "Editor's Preface" prefixed to the *Life*, p. xi.

[4] *Memoirs*, pp. 294–295.

[5] Rushworth, III, ii, 280–281.

guns were taken and some of his fortifications destroyed.[1] It is instructive to contrast our historian's complete suppression of this failure with her full account of an earlier sally that was brilliantly repelled. At all events the siege was ended; Newcastle returned to York and soon after was elevated by Charles to a marquessate.[2]

During November he took the field in Derbyshire on hearing that the Parliamentarians were stirring there. From his headquarters at Chesterfield in that county; a force was sent back to York to ensure the Mayor's reëlection, for he was Newcastle's candidate, but not overpopular in the city. After Wingfield Manor, a small hostile garrison, had been taken, the general marched on to inspect his family estates at Bolsover and Welbeck. On this occasion he tried to persuade Colonel Hutchinson to surrender the garrison of Nottingham, but the attempt was unsuccessful and the Duchess ignores it.[3] Again he was called back to York, however, this time because a great army of Scotch were reported to be invading England. Warning of this attack had been given several months before by the Marquis of Hamilton, but Newcastle then sent to Oxford for instructions and refused to break the treaty with Scotland by garrisoning Berwick or Carlisle.[4] The Duchess does not tell us about this but makes much of the Yorkshiremen's further false promises and of Cavendish's difficulty in raising more troops. Colonel John Bellasis was left in charge of York, while the main army marched north to Newcastle, where it arrived on February 2, 1643–1644. Just one day later

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, I, 138. Mrs. Hutchinson says that Cavendish was "forced to rise with loss and dishonour from the unyielding town." — *Memoirs*, I, 333.

[2] "By the Queen's interest, he is now, from Earl, made Marquis, as we see." — Carlyle's *Cromwell*, ed. S. C. Lomas, I, 131.

[3] Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*, I, 288–293 and 369–378 (Appendix).

[4] Warwick, pp. 296–297; and Burnet, *Lives of the Hamiltons*, ed. 1852, p. 310, in Firth, p. 33, n. 1.

the Scotch appeared, 22,000 strong and amazed to find the town already occupied. Newcastle's sorties compelled them to keep quartered up in the hills, but consequently when the Duke wanted a pitched battle he always had a disadvantageous position. This campaign was well conducted, however, in spite of trying conditions: the English were far outnumbered; they were comparatively unaccustomed to severe winter weather; and, continues the Duchess, "there was so much treachery,[1] juggling, and falsehood in my Lord's own army, that it was impossible for him to be successful in his designs and undertakings." Presently the enemy moved to Sunderland, and Newcastle countered to Durham. This time luck was with him, for a great snowstorm prevented any interference with the manœuvres.[2] His object was to cut off the Scots' supplies by his cavalry, and so well did he succeed that sometimes they were entirely without meat or drink, while they never had more than twenty-four hours' provisions on hand.[3] A minor incident in this period was the Earl of Montrose's obtaining some forces for an expedition into Scotland; the Duchess says he was given two hundred men by her husband, but Wishart[4] states they were "ad centum equites, sed equos strigosos et male habitos (non imperatoris culpa, sed aliorum invidia)."

What the outcome of this fencing with the Scotch would have been, it is difficult to say, but presently news came of a great misfortune in Yorkshire. Bellasis was a man of so much more valour than prudence that he had attempted the defense of Shelby, an untenable town. He was defeated by the Fairfaxes, his army routed, and himself taken prisoner. This put an entirely different face on the situation farther north, for

[1] King, who was Newcastle's most efficient general, was at this time accused of favoring his countrymen, the Scotch. See Warwick, pp. 307–308.

[2] John Willcock's *Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger*, p. 137.

[3] Rushworth, III, ii, 615.

[4] *De Rebus Auspiciis Caroli*, 1647 ed., chap. iii, p. 32.

now Newcastle was between two hostile armies and safety was the first consideration. Consequently, on April 13[1] he commenced a retreat to York, which was successfully accomplished in six days despite the enemy's constant harrying of his rear. Next day Fairfax and Leven joined forces to besiege the city, being later joined by Manchester with a Rebel army from the "associate counties."[2] Newcastle was indeed in a sorry plight by this time. For some months past he had been writing the King for reinforcements against his rapidly increasing opponents, and the intrigues against him, of which we have heard something, must have been a constant source of discouragement. It looks as if he had even threatened to resign, judging from a significant royal letter, dated at Oxford, April 5:[3]

New Castell

By your last dispach I perceave that the Scots are not the only, or (it may be said) the least ennemies you contest withall at this tyme; wherefore I must tell you in a word (for I have not tyme to make longe discourses) you must as much contem the impertinent or malitius tonges and pennes of those that ar or professe to be your frends, as well as you dispyse the sword of an equall ennemie. The trewth is, if eather you, or my L. Ethen[4] leave my service, I am sure (at least) all the Northe (I speake not all I thinke) is lost. Remember all courage is not in fyghting; constancy in a good cause being the cheefe, and the dispysing of slanderus tonges and pennes being not the least ingredient. I 'l say no more, but, let nothing disharten you from doing that which is most for your owen honnor, and good of (the thought of leaving your charge, being against booke)

Your most asseured reall
constant frend
Charles R.

[1] April 13, Old Style, bringing the juncture of Fairfax and Leven on the 20th, O. S. Newcastle's letter after this occurrence (Warburton's *Prince Rupert*, II, 434) is dated April 18, but this is N.S., so that there is no real contradiction. [2] Rushworth, III, ii, 615.

[3] *Harleian Ms. 6988*, art. 104. Entirely in the King's hand. Reprinted in *First Duke and Duchess*, p. 121.

[4] King seems to have felt very deeply the charges of treachery which had been brought against him.

Encouraged by such a personal appeal together with promises of present assistance, Newcastle, putting his shoulder to the wheel afresh, made ready to defend York. First he ordered his cavalry under Sir Charles Lucas to Derbyshire or Nottinghamshire, where they might be well quartered and best harass the enemy.[1] Then having sent renewed dispatches to Charles, he instituted a strict surveillance upon provisions. Even with this precaution, as months wore on, food and ammunition began to fail, until there came grateful news that Prince Rupert was marching north to relieve the city. York could not have held out much longer apparently, for in early June we find Newcastle engaging the enemy in useless negotiations,[2] that with their quibblings and cross purposes could only have been meant to gain much-needed time. On the 16th[3] there occurred an episode upon which the Duchess lays considerable emphasis: a mine was sprung under St. Mary's Tower, so that numbers of besiegers could pour into the Manor Yard. For a moment confusion ensued, but my Lord led his White-coats against the invaders and repulsed them, killing or capturing 1500. As a matter of fact the assault had been prematurely hastened because of jealousies among the Parliamentarians,[4] while their actual loss was not above 300 in all.[5]

At last on July 1, when Rupert's forces with Newcastle's own cavalry, now under the command of Goring, appeared before York, the enemy withdrew precipitously. The town was saved, and if well enough had been let alone, it might have been possible to recover much lost ground. Prince Rupert,

[1] Clarendon, Book VIII, § 20.

[2] For the documents see Rushworth, III, ii, 624–631.

[3] Gardiner says the 17th, but it was Sunday, the 16th. See Rushworth, III, ii, 631; and Drake's *Eboracum*, I, 202.

[4] Markham's *Fairfax*, p. 148; and *Baillie Letters*, II, 195.

[5] Rushworth, III, ii, 631. Slingsby, who was there, estimates the strength of this storming party at 500, of whom 200 were captured. See *Diary*, p. 109.

however, encouraged by King Charles's ambiguous commands, wished to pursue the besiegers that he might defeat them in a pitched battle; Newcastle's advice was to wait for reinforcements from the north or for rumored divisions among the rebels.[1] These considerations had been discussed in dispatches[2] on the day of Rupert's arrival and the question came up again on the morrow, as is vividly related in some notes of Clarendon's on the northern campaign:[3]

> The next morning the Marquis went out of the city to attend the Prince, and found him upon his march and the enemy having placed themselves upon a hill; and when the Marquis overtook the Prince they both alighted, and after salutations went again to horse, and the Prince said "My Lord, I hope we shall have a glorious day." So the Earl asked whether he meant to put it to a day, and urged many reasons against it; the Prince replied "Nothing venture, nothing have" etc. Several persons had that morning reported that the Prince had an absolute commission to command those parts, and that the Marquis's power was at an end. When Major-General King came up Prince Rupert showed the Marquis and the Earl a paper, which he said was the draught of the battle, as he meant to fight it, and asked them what they thought of it. King answered "By God, sir, it is very fine in the paper, but there is no such thing in the fields." The Prince replied "Not so" etc. The Marquis asked the Prince what he would do? His Highness answered "We will charge them tomorrow morning." My Lord asked him, whether he were sure the enemy would not fall on them sooner; he answered, No; and the Marquis goes to his coach hard by, and calling for a pipe of tobacco, before he could take it the enemy charged, and instantly all the Prince's horse were routed.

Thus began the famous battle of Marston Moor,[4] by which northern England was lost to Charles's forces. The details of this fight may concern us no more than they do the Duchess,[5]

[1] Sanford's *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion*, p. 591.

[2] Rupert and Newcastle did not meet till the morning of the fight. See Cholmley's *Memorials* in *English Historical Review*, April, 1890, p. 345.

[3] *Clarendon State Papers*, No. 1085. Reprinted by Firth, p. 39.

[4] Sometimes known as Hessom Moor and so called by the Duchess.

[5] A very readable account is given in Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, pp. 252–259, where Newcastle is referred to as "that always unfortunate gentleman."

for, as we have seen, Newcastle practically resigned his command to Rupert and fought that day as a private gentleman. "And though several of my Lord's friends advised him not to engage in battle, because the command (as they said) was taken from him: yet my Lord answered them that happen what would, he would not shun to fight, for he had no other ambition but to live and die a loyal subject to his Majesty." He bore himself valiantly we may be sure, and when he had no sword left, killed three men with his page's half-leaden one, refusing to deprive any of the other capable fighters.

His White-coats also distinguished themselves, for they, "being veteran soldiers, and accustomed to fight, stood their ground, and the fury of that impression of Cromwell, which routed the whole army besides; nor did the danger nor the slaughter round them make them cast away their arms or their courage; but seeing themselves destitute of their friends, and surrounded by their enemies, they cast themselves into a ring, where though quarter was offered them, they gallantly refused it, and so manfully behaved themselves, that they slew more of the enemy in this particular fight, than they had killed of them before. At last they were cut down, not by the sword, but showers of bullets, after a long and stout resistance, leaving their enemies a sorrowful victory, both in regard of themselves whom they would have spared, as in the regard of the loss of the bravest men on their own side, who fell in assaulting them. A very inconsiderable number of them were preserved, to be the living monuments of that Brigade's loyalty and valour." [1] Again, "This sole regiment, after the day was lost, having got into a small parcel of ground ditched in, and not of easy access of horse, would take no quarter; and by mere valour, for one whole hour, kept the troops of horse from

[1] James Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars of England, Scotland and Ireland*, 1676, p. 61.

entering amongst them at near push of pike: when the horse did enter, they would have no quarter, but fought it out till there was not thirty of them living; those whose hap it was to be beaten down upon the ground as the troopers came near them, though they could not rise for their wounds, yet were so desperate as to get either a pike or sword, or piece of them, and to gore the troopers' horses, as they came over them, or passed by them. Captain Camby, then a trooper under Cromwell, and an actor, who was the third or fourth man that entered amongst them, protested he never, in all the fights he was in, met with such resolute brave fellows, or whom he pitied so much, and said 'he saved two or three against their wills.'"[1]

Newcastle stuck to his post till the very end, but when he saw that all was lost, rode back to York late at night, with his brother and one or two servants. The next day he announced to Rupert that his resources were at an end and that he intended to leave the kingdom; "I will not endure the laughter of the court" is said[2] to have been his valediction, a farewell quite in keeping with the character of this Cavalier, as we have come to know him.

The question now arises whether Newcastle was justified in fleeing from England. The Duchess, of course, expatiates upon his devotion to the King and the very gray prospects before him at home. She intimates that Rupert thought there was sufficient justification for flight, since the Prince agreed

[1] William Lilly's *History of His Life and Times*, ed. 1822, pp. 178–180. Lilly also says (pp. 177–178): "There was some animosity at or before the fight betwixt the Earl of Newcastle and Prince Rupert; for Newcastle being General of his Majesty's forces in the north, a person of valour and well esteemed in those parts, took it not well to have a competition in his concernments: for if the victory should fall on his Majesty's side, Prince Rupert's forces would attribute it unto their own General, viz. Rupert, and give him the glory thereof."

[2] Warburton's *Prince Rupert*, II, 468.

to inform Charles that her husband "had behaved himself like an honest man, a gentleman and a loyal subject." That he carried out his promise may be inferred from the King's subsequent letter, full of gratitude and affection, without a single word of criticism:[1]

> Right trusty and entirely beloved Cousin and Councellor Wee greete you well. The misfortune of our Forces in the North, wee know is ressented as sadly by you as the present hazard of the losse of soe considerable a porcion of this our Kingdom deserves: which also affects us the more, because in that losse so great a proporcion fals upon your self; whose loyalty and eminent merit we have ever held, and shall still, in a very high degree of our royall esteeme. And albeit the distracted condition of our Affaires and Kingdom will not afford us meanes at this present to comfort you in your sufferings, yet we shall ever reteyne soe gracious a memory of your merit, as when it shall please God in mercy to restore us to peace, it shalbe one of our principall endeavours to consider how to recompense those that have with soe great affection and courage as yourself assisted us in the time of our greatest necessity and troubles. And in the mean time if there be any thing wherein we may expresse the reality of our good intentions to you, or the value we have of your person, we shall most readily doe it upon any occasion that shalbe ministred. And soe we bid you very heartily farewell. Given at our Court at Oxford the 28th day of November 1644.
>
> By his Mat^s^ command
> Edw. Nicholas

Decidedly a Stuart knew how to reward and how to promise as well.[2]

On the other hand there is room for grave criticism of Newcastle's flight. Since York itself held out for nineteen days after both commanders fled, its resources could not have been completely exhausted.[3] Rupert collected 6000 men and joined Montrose at Richmond;[4] the Marquis might have gone

[1] Ellis's *Original Letters*, Series I, Vol. III, pp. 303–304.

[2] The Queen also wrote to the defeated general with no lack of generosity. See *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 261.

[3] Heath, p. 61. [4] Warburton, II, 470.

with them had not his jealousy at being subordinated to a youth of twenty-two prevented. The truth is that Newcastle had been supreme for so long, that now, when success for the Royal cause depended on complete coöperation among all its supporters, his Cavalier spirit would not admit of the necessary team-play. Lack of discipline is said to have ruined the Northern Army, and that may have been a model in little for the Stuart cause. When a general is courageous, daring, and spirited, but at the same time jealous, improvident, and unrestrained, his soldiers will be patterned after him, and his party will inevitably suffer in the long run. "Like master, like man," the saying goes, and to push back this comparison farther, in not a few respects did Newcastle resemble his sovereign; they were men of the same generation, they had been brought up in much the same environment; and when the pinch came, they were prepared to meet it in the same way. Individual differences, with Charles's unusual responsibilities and problems, caused the distinctions. For while both were pleasure-loving, selfish, and determined, the King abounded in a trickery and deceit entirely foreign to the nobleman; but while the Stuart fought to the last ditch and met his destruction, game to the very end, the fair-weather Newcastle turned his back at the first hint of misfortune to seek security and peace amid more grateful surroundings.[1]

That he was not completely acquitted in his own day is plain from contemporary evidence. Shortly after the event John Constable wrote to his father, Sir Henry, Viscount Dunbar, from Amsterdam:[2] "For the news that is here stirring,

[1] It is rather amusing to find Newcastle fifteen years later (January 23, 1659) writing to Nicholas: "There are many noblemen, or at least lords, that are comed over to Paris it is true, but those lords that can take such sudden apprehensions of fears so far off, I doubt will hardly have the courage to help our gracious Master to his throne." — Letter in *Egerton Mss.*, Firth, p. 207.

[2] *Calendar of State Papers* (*Domestic*), *1644*, Charles I, p. 378.

first Prince Rupert is here mightily condemned for his rashness, but the Marquis of Newcastle much more for coming away." Again, before leaving England, the Marquis spent two days with Sir Hugh Cholmley, Governor of Scarborough, who told him quite significantly,[1] "that for my own part, though the place was in no defensible posture, I meant not to surrender till I heard from the King, or was forced to it." Finally Clarendon lays his share of obloquy on the delinquent and in the course of the attack launches into one of his famous character-portraits, which is easily the most important single testimony as to Newcastle that we have:[2]

> This may be said of it, that the like was never done or heard or read of before; that two generals whereof one had still a good army left, his horse, by their not having performed their duty, remaining, upon the matter, entire, and much the greater part of his foot having retired into the town, the great execution having fallen upon the northern foot; and the other, having the absolute commission over the northern countries, and very many considerable places in them still remaining under his obedience, should both agree in nothing else but in leaving that good city and the whole country as a prey to the enemy. . . .
>
> All that can be said for the marquis is, that he was so utterly tired with a condition and employment so contrary to his humour, nature and education, that he did not at all consider the means or the way that would let him out of it, and free him forever from having more to do with it. And it was a greater wonder that he sustained the vexation and fatigue of it so long, than that he broke from it with so little circumspection. He was a very fine gentleman, active and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding; in which his delight was. Besides that, he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour and ambition to serve the King when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who

[1] *Memoirs of Sir Hugh Cholmley*, 1787, I, 50.
[2] Clarendon, Book VIII, §§ 76, 82, 85, 86, 87.

were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him. He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness; and the Church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the Crown; and religion, as it cherished and maintained that order and obedience that was necessary to both; without any other passion for the particular opinions which were grown up in it and distinguished it into parties, than as he detested whatsoever was like to disturb the public peace. . . .[1]

He liked the pomp and absolute authority of a general well, and preserved the dignity of it to the full; and for the discharge of the outward state and circumstances of it, in acts of courtesy, affability, bounty and generosity, he abounded; which in the infancy of a war became him, and made him for some time very acceptable to men of all conditions. But the substantial part, and fatigue of a general, he did not in any degree understand, (being utterly unacquainted with war,) nor could submit to, but referred all matters of that nature to the discretion of his lieutenant general King, who, no doubt, was an officer of great experience and ability, yet, being a Scotsman, was in that conjuncture upon more disadvantage than he would have been if the general himself had been more intent upon his command. In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle; in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger; in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day when his troops begun to give ground. Such articles of action were no sooner over than he retired to his delightful company, music, or his softer pleasures, to all which he was so indulgent, and to his ease, that he would not be interrupted upon what occasion soever; insomuch as he sometimes denied admission to the chiefest officers of the army, even to general King himself, for two days together; from whence many inconveniences fell out.

From the beginning, he was without any reverence or regard for the Privy Council, with few of whom he had any acquaintance; but was of the other soldiers' mind, that all the business ought to be done by councils of war, and was always angry when there were any overtures of a treaty; and therefore, (especially after the Queen had landed in Yorkshire and stayed so long there,) he considered any orders he received from Oxford, though from the King himself, more negligently than he ought to have done; and when he thought himself sure of

[1] Cf. the opinion of George Con, the Jesuit, in Gardiner's *History of England, 1603–1642*, VIII, 244. Also see M. Montégut in *La Duchesse et le Duc de Newcastle*, pp. 279–283.

Hull, and was sure that he should be then master entirely of all the north, he had no mind to march nearer the King, (as he had then orders to march into the associated counties, when, upon the taking of Bristol, his majesty had a purpose to have marched towards London on the other side,) out of apprehension that he should be eclipsed by the Court, and his authority overshadowed by the superiority of prince Rupert, from whom he desired to be at distance. Yet when he found himself in distress, and necessitated to draw his army within the walls of York, and saw no way to be relieved but by prince Rupert, who had then done great feats of arms in the relief of Newark, and afterwards in his expedition into Lancashire, where he was at that time, he writ to the King to Oxford, either upon the knowledge that the absoluteness and illimitedness of his commission was generally much spoken of, or out of the conscience of some discourse of his own to that purpose, which might have been reported, that he "hoped his majesty did believe that he would never make the least scruple to obey the grandchild of King James": and assuredly if the prince had cultivated the good inclinations the marquis had towards him, with any civil and gracious condescensions, he would have found him full of duty and regard to his service and interest.

But the strange manner of the prince's coming, and undeliberated throwing himself, and all the King's hopes, into that sudden and unnecessary engagement, by which all the force the marquis had raised and with so many difficulties preserved was in a moment cast away and destroyed, so transported him with passion and despair, that he could not compose himself to think of beginning the work again, and involving himself in the same undelightful condition of life, from which he might now be free. He hoped his past meritorious actions might outweigh his present abandoning the thought of future action; and so, without farther consideration, as hath been said, he transported himself out of the kingdom.

II

"THE SECOND BOOK" (1644–1667)

The Second Book of the *Life* deals with Newcastle's sixteen years of exile and his return at their completion. The prevalent atmosphere is indicated at once, when his steward tells him there is only £90 with which to adventure. From then on, the

question of money became a pressing and predominant one, for our Cavalier had no conception of how to economize. He had been accustomed all his life to have everything he could desire, nor are the habits of years easily broken. Certainly Newcastle was not experienced in the art of self-denial, so that his existence became a continual struggle to provide the wherewithal for his comfort. Borrowing on insufficient security, cajoling creditors by his pleasing manners, robbing Peter to pay Paul, he soon became an adept in how to live on nothing a year. Upon his first arrival in Germany, a wagon had to serve him for a coach, until credit procured an elegant carriage and nine Holsatian horses. Seven of these were later given to Henrietta Maria, but from this time, at least two horses were always an essential part of his establishment; and it is to be noted that even when in dire straits the fine gentleman could not forgo some kind of conveyance nor be expected to take to the legs with which Nature had provided him.

On July 4, 1644, Newcastle set sail from Scarborough and four days later landed at Hamburg. With him were his two sons, his brother, and a company of Royalists, among them General King, who is said to have counselled the flight.[1] On the voyage his oldest son Charles, Lord Mansfield, fell sick of the smallpox, and not long after Henry, the younger brother, had an attack of measles, but both recovered. From July, 1644, to February, 1644–1645, the Marquis remained at Hamburg, thence setting out for Paris that he might present his respects to the exiled Queen. He took boat to Amsterdam, and, from there on, his journey assumed the nature of a triumphal progress. At Rotterdam he tendered his service to the Prince of Orange and to the Queen of Bohemia (in whose honor Wotton wrote, "You meaner Beauties of the Night"); at Brussels he was visited by the Marquis of Castle Rodrigo

[1] This statement is made by Sir Hugh Cholmley. See Firth, p. 42.

and Count Piccolomini; at Cambray and Peronne he gave the watchword for the night. Arrived at Paris in April, he went to wait on Henrietta Maria, when for the first time he laid eyes upon Margaret Lucas, a lovely girl of about twenty-two, "I being then one of the Maids of Honour to her Majesty; and after he had stayed there some time, he was pleased to take some particular notice of me, and express more than an ordinary affection for me; insomuch that he resolved to choose me for his second wife. For he, having but two sons, purposed to marry me, a young woman that might prove fruitful to him, and increase his posterity by a masculine offspring. Nay, he was so desirous of male issue that I have heard him say he cared not (so God would be pleased to give him many sons) although they came to be persons of the meanest fortunes; but God (it seems) had ordered it otherwise, and frustrated his designs by making me barren, which yet did never lessen his love and affection for me."

Margaret Lucas was born at St. John's near Colchester in Essex "about the latter end of the reign of King James the first,"[1] as it has been the custom for her biographers to say. This assertion comes presumably from her own remark that when her father died (September 25, 1625) she was still an infant, and indeed farther than this it is difficult to go with security. Those of a more exact turn of mind have guessed the year 1624, but an interrogation mark has been necessary after that date.[2] A twelvemonth earlier seems even more likely. We know that her death occurred on December 15, 1673, and the most nearly contemporary evidence is that of Anthony à Wood, who states that she was fifty years old at that time.[3] Cokayne remarks that she died in her fifty-seventh year,[4] but that would run her

[1] Ballard's *Memoirs of British Ladies*, p. 209.

[2] *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, which gives her death as 1674.

[3] The article on Walter Charleton in *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. IV, Col. 755.

[4] Also Cokayne puts their marriage in April instead of December, 1645.

birth back to 1617, too early for her to have been an infant in 1625, or such a very "young woman" twenty years later. Moreover, in her *Poems and Fancies*, when telling her own story under the likeness of a ship, Margaret writes, that

> In a calm of peace she swims alone,
> No stormes of war at that time thought upon
> But when that she had past nineteen degrees
> The land of happiness she no longer sees
> For then rebellious clouds foule black did grow,
> And showers of blood into those seas did throw.[1]

The rebellion broke out in 1642, and taking her simile at its face value, 1623 may be accepted tentatively as the year of her birth, although as yet we have no absolutely conclusive testimony.[2] Her early life was all spent in the quiet home circle, until she left for Oxford to become a lady-in-waiting at Henrietta Maria's court. Here again we find a confusion as to dates. The Queen joined Charles from the north on July 13, 1643, and was with him for nine months, till April, 1644, within which period the future Duchess must have become attached to her Majesty. Historians have generally assigned this event to the former year, but unless they are reckoning Old Style, it seems more likely to have occurred in the latter, for in Margaret's autobiography the attendant circumstances are related. It appears that she cajoled her mother into letting her go to court, but once there she was so overcome by modesty that she wished to return home at once. "But my mother said it would be a disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence."[3] As we have seen, the love affair commenced about April, and it

[1] 1653 ed., pp. 155–156.

[2] This year is also assumed in an article on "The Duchess of Newcastle, and her Works" in *The Retrospective Review*, 1853, I, 334.

[3] From *A True Relation*, Firth, p. 162.

reached a happy ending in December, 1645. If, then, we are to trust the Duchess concerning events in her own life, she could not have gone to Oxford before the end of December, 1643. "The marquis had before heard of this lady, for he was a patron and friend of her gallant brother, lord Lucas, who commanded under him in the civil wars. He took occasion one day to ask his lordship what he could do for him, as he had his interest much at heart? To which he answered, that he was not sollicitous about his own affairs, for he knew the worst could be but suffering death or exile in the Royal cause,[1] but his chief sollicitude was for his sister, on whom he could bestow no fortune, and whose beauty exposed her to danger: he represented her amiable qualities, and raised the marquis's curiosity to see her, and from that circumstance arose the marquis's affection to this lady."[2] Even with this auspicious start, the course of true love did not run with especial smoothness, as at first their friends tried to break off the match and afterwards the Queen proved an obstacle; but finally Newcastle triumphed over circumstances, so that they were married at Sir Richard Browne's chapel[3] early in December. On the 20th Madam Lucas wrote her new son-in-law with every evidence of approbation and satisfaction.[4] She regretted, however, that the bad times prevented Margaret's bringing him a suitable portion.

The dowry would have been very welcome, since Newcastle was entirely without funds. Now there were two mouths for him to fill in no more substantial a way than by the good nature of his creditors; "yet they grew weary at length, insomuch that his steward was forced one time to tell him that he was not able to provide a dinner for him, for his creditors

[1] He was shot on August 28, 1648, by sentence of court martial after the surrender of Colchester. [2] Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, II, 163.
[3] Evelyn's *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, II, 217. [4] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 137.

were resolved to trust him no longer. My Lord being always a great master of his passions, was — at least showed himself — not in any manner troubled at it, but in a pleasant humour told me that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make so much money as would procure a dinner. I answered that my clothes would be but of small value, and therefore desired my waiting-maid to pawn some small toys which I had formerly given her, which she willingly did. The same day, in the afternoon, my Lord spake himself to his creditors, and both by his civil deportment and persuasive arguments, obtained so much that they did not only trust him for more necessaries, but lent him money besides to redeem those toys that were pawned." In these extremities the Marchioness sent home for her wedding portion and her husband tried to get aid from England, — in vain, because he had been publicly proclaimed a traitor by Parliament. His two sons were also dispatched across the Channel to join their sisters, in hopes of contracting rich marriages, and in that way becoming independent.[1] By these (and doubtless other similar) precautions, affairs mended so in two years' time that the Newcastles were enabled to move from lodgings to a rented house, which they themselves furnished; likewise the Marquis procured two Barbary horses to exercise in the art of manage, one at a cost of 200 pistoles, the other from Lord Crofts for £100, payable on his return to England.

Meanwhile Newcastle kept in touch with the Royalist movements. At a council of war in Saint Germains he gave it as his advice that assistance must come from Scotland, "but her Majesty was pleased to answer my Lord that he was too quick." Shortly after, Prince Charles took it into his head to visit Holland, and the Queen requested Newcastle to follow his former pupil, who presumably needed supervision. There

[1] The boys did not undertake those rich matches which had been offered to Newcastle, but both married advantageously later on.

was considerable difficulty about getting the creditors' permission for him to leave Paris, but much giving and taking of bonds procured the desired result. Henrietta Maria took his obligations on herself, which was no small favor as she had already given him outright £2000 sterling. He left the city in the third week of July, 1648,[1] and "that day . . . the creditors, coming to take their farewell of my Lord, expressed so great a love and kindness for him, accompanied with so many hearty prayers and wishes, that he could not but prosper on his journey." Along the way he received great hospitality, notably at Cambray, where the Governor handed over the keys of the city and requested him to give the word that night, as he had done on his previous visit. Rotterdam was settled on as a residing-place, whither Newcastle sailed from Antwerp and where he procured lodgings with a loyal widow, Mrs. Beynham by name. Prince Charles had gone to sea, so that the Marquis equipped a boat and prepared to follow him but was dissuaded by his wife's fears. Lord Widdrington[2] and Sir William Throckmorton undertook the task, and were shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland for their pains. Later, news came that Charles was at The Hague, where Newcastle frequently attended him until some time in January, 1648–1649.

Then, after nearly six months in Rotterdam, he decided to move to Antwerp, actuated chiefly by motives of economy. For in the Dutch city he had kept open house, that he might gain recruits to the Stuart cause, and had plunged himself more than £3000 in debt during that short period. What was worse, he had but little ready money to hand, so that seeing small possibility of a return to England he resolved to

[1] See a letter of Sir Richard Browne in Evelyn's *Diary*, IV, 340.

[2] Lord Widdrington had been made a peer on the recommendation of Newcastle, "for whom he had a very particular and entire friendship." They fought together and were together in exile for many years. See Clarendon, Book XIII, § 69.

retrench and live as became a private gentleman. A change of milieu was also desirable, no doubt, to one so dependent upon credit, — at all events it was determined to shift to Antwerp. Here the Marquis and his lady first stopped at a public inn, until Mr. Endymion Porter insisted on their taking lodgings in his house, which they ultimately left for an establishment of their own. Another exiled Cavalier, Mr. William Aylesbury, lent them £200 of the Duke of Buckingham's, thus enabling them to fit out their new home and establish the credit so indispensable to their mode of existence. Thanks to these favorable circumstances, Newcastle's exemption from taxes,[1] and the increase of English exiles after Charles I's execution on January 30, Antwerp became a very pleasant place in which to reside. When they first arrived, there were only four coaches that "went the Tour," i.e. drove "where all the chief of the town go to see and be seen, likewise all strangers of what quality soever, as all great princes or queens that make any short stay";[2] yet at the end of their sojourn there were more than a hundred equipages in that city. All the members of the Royalist colony were equally impecunious, of course, but they made light of their misfortunes and even got some merriment out of them. A vivid account of this society is given in a letter of Newcastle's which was intercepted in its passage and published in a contemporary newspaper:[3]

> None will lend me two shillings here, but flye me and know not how to put bread into my mouth, as if I was the arrantest knave and Rogue in the World, I vow to God the ridiculousness of it makes me laugh heartily. . . . Againe to pass the time away withall, my Lord Bishop of Derry, my Lady Oneale and my selfe gravely set in Councel,

[1] See *Calendar of Clarendon Papers*, III, 154.

[2] From *A True Relation*, Firth, p. 173.

[3] *Several Proceedings in Parliament, September 18–25, 1651*. Reprinted in Firth, p. 205.

as wise and provident Parents to provide the best we could for our children, agreed upon a Match between my son Harry and her daughter, and gravely articled, bought eighteen pennyworth of Ribond for the wooing, the old Lady a lean Chicken in a Pipkin for the Dinner, with three preserved Cherries and 5 drops of Syrup by them for the banquet. One wiser than the rest asked how it should be performed, which our wisdomes never thought of before, so when my estate was examined, besides the Parliaments selling of it, That my debts were so great with what was intailed upon my Son Charles as I could estate nothing. The old Lady was very angry at that, but I had more reason than modesty, I examined her, having examined old Ladies in my time, and found she had as little. So the times have broke that grave intention — yet the joynture and portion being alike one might think it might go on. And so Harry is a lusty Batchelor begging homeward for England, but the young lady truly is very deserving and vertuous.

Newcastle also got unbounded pleasure from training the two Barbary horses he had procured in Paris, until one of them died. Thereupon he gradually replenished his stock till they numbered eight in all, although it may well be remarked that this was not in accordance with strict economy. However, the Cavalier's luxuries were not to be lightly forgone, and, as his wife had heard him say, "good horses are so rare as not to be valued for money, and that he who would buy him out of his pleasure (meaning his horses) must pay dear for it." She goes on to give specific examples, as when he told a prospective buyer "that the price of that horse is £1000 today, tomorrow it will be £2000, next day £3000, and so forth." Another time the Duke of Guise sent an offer of 600 pistoles from Paris for a certain jumping gray,[1] "but my Lord was so far from selling that horse, that he was displeased to hear that any price should be offered to him: so great a love hath my Lord for good horses! And certainly I have observed and do verily believe, that some of them had

[1] As a matter of fact, the Duke tells us in *A New Method and Extraordinary Invention* that this horse was dead by the time the offer came, but the Duchess's remark is none the less pertinent.

also a particular love to my Lord; for they seemed to rejoice whensoever he came into the stables, by their trampling action, and the noise they made; nay, they would go much better in the manage, when my Lord was by, than when he was absent; and when he rid them himself, they seemed to take much pleasure and pride in it. But of all sorts of horses, my Lord loved Spanish horses and barbs best; saying that Spanish horses were like princes, and barbs like gentlemen in their kind.[1] And this was the chief recreation and pastime my Lord had in Antwerp."

Meanwhile important political events were going on, which, following the Duchess's example, we shall mention only in so far as they affected her husband. She does not even allude to Charles I's death, but we soon hear of "His Majesty (our new gracious King, Charles the Second)." Before the new sovereign sailed for Scotland, he held some negotiations at Breda in the spring of 1650, to which Newcastle, soon to be a Knight of the Garter, was admitted as privy-councillor, and where he distinguished himself by his "customary swearing."[2] He agreed with Charles that an alliance with the Scotch must be made at all costs and advised him to favor the Earl of Argyle's party, while attempting to reconcile that noble with the Duke of Hamilton. Newcastle wished to accompany his King, but the Scots absolutely refused to permit it; and *per consequenciam*, as the Duchess intimates, this expedition

[1] In "To the Readers," prefixed to *A New Method and Extraordinary Invention*, Newcastle says this same remark was repeated to Don John of Austria: "Which answer did infinitely please the Spaniards; and it is very true, the horses are so as I said."

[2] On April 6 according to Doyle (II, 557), and there is no real contradiction with Nicholas's letter in Carte's *Original Letters*, I, 376, which is dated April 3/13, i.e. April 13, Old Style. Firth falls into error here. For the swearing incident, see *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, II, 54. He was elected to the Garter on January 12, 1651–1652 (Collins, p. 41), but not installed until April 15, 1661.

resulted in total failure. Certainly the Marquis's counsel was not carried out, for Argyle grew discontented and Hamilton alone marched with Charles into England. During his sovereign's absence Newcastle received offers of Royalist assistance from the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Neuberg, now newly reconciled, but the Stuart defeat at Worcester on September 3, 1651, together with certain other inconveniences, prevented this aid from materializing.[1] After that time Cavendish took little share in politics, which Firth thinks was perhaps due to Hyde's growing influence.[2] These two noblemen were not always on the best of terms,[3] and only a year before Hyde wrote, "The Marquis of Newcastle is a very lamentable man, and as fit to be a general as a bishop."[4] Yet by November 30, 1653, the Marquis had sent him a "very comfortable letter of advice,"[5] so that their relations could not have been entirely severed.

About this time, i.e. early in November, 1651, the Duchess and her brother-in-law, Sir Charles Cavendish, made a trip into England, hoping that they might secure further means of subsistence there. Sir Charles's estate was about to be sold unless he returned and compounded for it, which he was very loath to do until persuaded by Clarendon on Newcastle's solicitation. The Marquis had long since given up any scruples he might have had about money-getting and had become quite Jesuitical in his methods, as is shown in his letter of September 23, 1648, to Robert Long: "The Prince having promised that as soon as the gold was coined I should have £1000 that I may not starve, I request that the bearer, Mr. Lovinge, may be put in

[1] For the correspondence, see *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, II, 105–107.

[2] The article on William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

[3] *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, I, 341, and III, 44, 51, 53.

[4] Ibid., II, 63. [5] Ibid., II, 280. See also *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 139–141.

a way to effect it."[1] He may almost be said to have dunned the King,[2] who is "grieved to hear from the Duke of Newcastle of his sufferings on account of his loyalty"; and he evidently tried to pull strings of policy as well, for the Duke of Buckingham writes in a letter that he is[3] "sorry I have not been able to serve your Lordship at this present as I desired, but the gentleman that delivers this to you will lett you know how earnestly I have solicited his Majesty in your lordship's business." Charles's intentions were the best in the world, but his resources were sinking to a low ebb and his impecunious lords must now shift for themselves. In fact the King wrote to Cavendish, advising "him to endeavour the preservation of his estate in England, in regard of his poverty."[4] As a result Newcastle's wife and brother set out on their journey, although they were so short of funds that they could not have got further than Southwark had not Sir Charles pawned his watch to pay for their night's lodging and for the remainder of their journey into town.

Arrived, the Duchess put in a claim to a portion of her husband's property; but that was useless,[5] "for they sold all my Lord's estate, which was a very great one, and gave me not any part thereof, or any allowance thereout, which few or no other was so hardly dealt withal. Indeed I did not stand as a beggar at the Parliament door, for I never was at the Parliament House, nor stood I ever at the door, as I do know or can remember, I am sure, not as a petitioner. Neither did

[1] *Hist. Mss. Comm., Report on the Pepys Mss.*, p. 228.

[2] *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, II, 150.

[3] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 137. Also a letter from the King to Newcastle in *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, II, 391, shows there were wheels within wheels among the exiled Royalists.

[4] *Hist. Mss. Comm., Report on the Pepys Mss.*, p. 307.

[5] From *A True Relation*, Firth, p. 167. Part of the estates had gone to a Major Widmerpoole. See *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, II, 387.

I haunt the committees, for I never was at any, as a petitioner, but one in my life, which was called Goldsmith's Hall, but I received neither gold nor silver from them, only an absolute refusal I should have no share in my Lord's estate. For my brother, the Lord Lucas, did claim in my behalf such a part of my Lord's estate as wives had allowed them, but they told him that by reason I was married since my Lord was made a delinquent, I could have nothing, nor should have anything, he being the greatest traitor to the State, which was to be the most loyal subject to his King and country. But I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so without speaking to them one word good or bad, I returned to my lodgings, and as that committee was the first, so was it the last, I ever was at as a petitioner." It is symptomatic that while here the authoress gives the true cause of her being refused,[1] in the panegyrical *Life* she has worked herself up into stating that her brother "received this answer, that I could not expect the least allowance, by reason my Lord and husband had been the greatest traitor of England (that is to say, the honestest man, because he had been most against them.)" Since facts reflected no especial credit on her Lord, they are omitted, and fancy supplies the necessary radiance.

Meanwhile, Sir Charles negotiated for his estate, but the process of compounding was so slow, laborious, and unproductive that credit alone enabled them to keep body and soul together. Newcastle's two sons were also in England without means, and, in addition to all this, came a plea from the Marquis at Antwerp. His creditors were growing impatient, he wrote, and they would trust him no longer. In this strait Sir Charles managed to scrape £200 sterling together upon credit and sent it off to the Continent, but before it reached

[1] *Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding*, p. 1733.

its destination affairs had come to a head. Newcastle had assembled his creditors and harangued them with such effect that, melted to pity by his misfortunes, they promised to assist him in whatever way they could. Then came the £200 from England, and a feast took the place of the famine. Sir Charles was having worse luck, for after he had agreed to pay £4500 for his estate, Parliament ordered it surveyed again. In this way the sum was increased by £500, which he had to raise by selling some of his land at an underrate. Also, when the Marquis's estate was to be sold outright, Sir Charles determined to save the two chief houses of Welbeck and Bolsover and was compelled to sacrifice more of his land to accomplish this object. Bolsover had already been bought by some one, who was pulling it down to make money from the materials;[1] but despite its almost complete demolition, Sir Charles had to pay a much higher price than if he could have got it at first hand.

The Duchess tells us that while in England she led a very retired life, only going out to make half a score of visits, to hear music three or four times at the house of Henry Lawes, and to drive with her sisters in Hyde Park.[2] She wrote a good deal both at this period and after her return to Antwerp, which occurred toward the middle or end of 1653, upon her receiving a report of the Marquis's malaise. Sir Charles planned to accompany her but was seized by an ague that prevented and that ultimately caused his death, on February 23, 1653–1654.[3] The news plunged Newcastle into grief, for his brother was not only brilliant but also most lovable, as we learn from

[1] This is the Duchess's statement, but on June 23, 1649, the Council of State had already ordered that Bolsover should be made untenable. See *Calendar of State Papers* (*Domestic*), *1649*, pp. 204, 217–218.

[2] *A True Relation*, Firth, pp. 169–170.

[3] Firth puts it on February 4, without authority. But see *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, II, 317, No. 1742; the preceding Monday was the 23rd.

Clarendon, who marvels at the strength and beauty of his mind and soul as compared with his small deformed body.[1] The Duchess says that "even his enemies did much lament his loss" and elsewhere pays him a still more flattering tribute, when for the only time she indulges in a comparison unfavorable to her husband and admits that he "has not so much of scholarship and learning as his brother Sir Charles Cavendish."[2] Before this sad event the Duchess had arrived safely at Antwerp, whereupon their creditors, supposing she had brought back a large sum of money, thronged to the Marquis anew and anew had to be appeased by eloquence or empty promises. Yet in November of this year (1653) we find Newcastle negotiating over pearls valued at £10 for his wife, doubtless a gift in honor of her return.[3] The palliation, if there be any, lies in the husband's devotion, which was so great that, we are told, he "confined himself most to her company . . . yet with honour, and decency, and with much respect paid him by all men."[4]

Not a few important strangers passed through Antwerp in these days, and apparently all of them visited Cavendish,[5] whose manage was one of the sights of the town, while his authoritative work on horsemanship was already receiving attention. King Charles himself honoured Newcastle's house with the Royal presence, when on his way towards Germany. Both the Duke of Oldenburg and the Prince of East Friesland presented him with horses of their own breed. The Landgrave of Hesse after being at the Marquis's stables wrote him "by a very kind letter" that he would add two steeds to the establishment, but his early death prevented that gift. "The Prince

[1] Clarendon, Book VI, § 29. [2] Firth, p. 106.

[3] *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, II, 277, 284, 313.

[4] *Life of Clarendon by himself*, Oxford, 1827, I, 292.

[5] Sir John Reresby remarks that at the time of his visit, "The old Duke of Newcastle (though then but Marquis) lived at Antwerp, but I durst not visit him for fear of being discovered." — *Memoirs*, p. 35.

of Condé himself, with several Noble-men, and Officers, was pleased to take the pains to go twice to my Mannage: And though the French think, That all the Horsemanship in the World is in France; yet one of them, and he a very great Man in his Country, was heard say, directing his Speech to me: Par Dieu (Monsieur) il est bien hardi qui monte devant vous: And another said, at another time: Il n'y a plus de Segnieur comme vous en Angleterre."[1] When Don John of Austria, the governor of those provinces, stayed in Antwerp, more than seventeen coaches waited on the Marquis in a single morning. Don John was kept away by the multiplicity of his affairs but sent most lavish apologies and was exceedingly gracious when Cavendish came to call upon him, desiring to see the book on horsemanship before it was printed.[2] His successor, the Marquis of Caracena, was very anxious to watch Newcastle ride, and although he was not in good practice, having been sick for six weeks or two months previously, the stranger's urgent requests prevailed. Of this incident he gives us a technical but at the same time a most suggestive account:[3]

> The Marquess of Caracena was so civilly earnest to see me ride, that he was pleased to say that it would be a great satisfaction to him to see me on horseback, though the horse should but walk. And seeing that no excuses would serve (though I did use many) I was contented to satisfy his so obliging a curiosity; and told him, I would obey his commands, though I thought I should hardly be able to sit in the saddle. Two days after he came to my manage, and I rid first a Spanish horse called Le Superbe, of a light bay, a beautiful horse, and though hard to be rid, yet when he was hit right, he was the readiest horse in the world. He went in corvets, forward, backward, side-ways, on both hands; made the cross perfectly upon his voltoes; and did change upon his voltoes so just, without breaking time, that a musician could not keep time better; and went terra à terra perfectly.

[1] "To the Readers," prefixed to *A New Method and Extraordinary Invention*.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

> The second horse I rid, was another Spanish called Le Genty; and was rightly named so, for he was the finest-shaped horse that ever I saw, and the neatest; a brown bay with a white star in his forehead; no horse ever went terra à terra like him, so just and so easy; and for the piroyte in his length, so just and so swift that the standers-by could hardly see the rider's face when he went and truly when he had done, I was so dizzy, that I could hardly sit in the saddle. The third and last horse I rid then was a Barb, that went a metz-ayre very high, both forward and upon his voltoes and terra à terra. And when I had done riding the Marquess of Caracena seemed to be very well satisfied; and some Spaniards that were with him, crossed themselves, and cried Miraculo!

On returning from Germany Charles rode in the manage, for he had learned the art from Newcastle himself in the days of his tutorship. Also, since it chanced that the Princess-Royal, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester were all in Antwerp, Newcastle gave them an elaborate entertainment at his house. Sir Charles Cottrell describes it in a letter to Secretary Nicholas:[1]

> At the ball at Lord Newcastle's was the Duchess of Loraine and her son and daughter, with the King and his brothers and sister, several French people and some of the town. The King was brought in with music, and all being placed, Major Mohun, the player, in a black satin robe and garland of bays, made a speech in verse of his lordship's own poetry, complimenting the King in his highest hyperbole. Then there was dancing for two hours, and then my Lady's Moor, dressed in feathers, came in and sang a song of the same author's, set and taught him by Nich. Lanier. Then was the banquet brought in in eight great chargers, each borne by two gentlemen of the court, and others bringing wines, drinks, etc. Then they danced again two hours more, and Major Mohun ended all with another speech, prophesying his Majesty's re-establishment.[2]

This was in February, 1658, and two years later Royalist hearts beat high, for the prophecy was fulfilled, Charles was

[1] *Calendar of State Papers, 1657–1658*, pp. 296, 311.

[2] No wonder on a later occasion Charles "did merrily, and in jest, tell me that he perceived my Lord's credit could procure better meat than his own."—Firth, p. 63.

recalled to the English throne, and Newcastle's sixteen-year-long exile was ended. Some difficulty arose because of his perennial creditors, despite such excellent management as the Duchess describes when characterizing their ménage; for "my Lord, partly with the remainder of his brother's estate (which was but little, it being wasted by selling of land for compounding with the Parliament, paying of several debts, and buying out the two houses aforementioned, viz. Welbeck and Bolsover) and the credit which his sons had got, which amounted in all to £2400 a year, sprinkled something amongst his creditors, and borrowed so much of Mr. Top and Mr. Smith (though without assurance) that he could pay such scores as were most pressing, contracted from the poorer sort of tradesmen, and send ready money to market, to avoid cozenage (for small scores run up most unreasonably, especially if no strict accounts be kept, and the rate be left to the creditor's pleasure) by which means there was in a short time so much saved, as it could not have been imagined." Notwithstanding all these precautions, if one will give elaborate entertainments to proclaim his loyalty and buy costly pearls to deck out his wife, he must expect his bank account to diminish. This poverty of the Newcastles was not due to their having too little, but to their wanting too much. But 1660 had arrived, the King had come into his own again, and nothing must stand in the way of a return. Therefore Newcastle conceived the idea of having his wife stay as a hostage to their creditors, while he set sail even before Charles. The Duchess evidently thought this not at all unnatural, for she relates the story of his journey home with an elation and sincerity that make it one of her most successful passages — the particular instance, while never for a moment forgotten, taking on an almost universal aspect:

> In the meantime, whilst my Lord was at the Hague, his Majesty was pleased to tell him, that General Monk, now Duke of Albermarle, had desired the place of being Master of the Horse; to which my

Lord answered, that that gallant person was worthy of any favour that his Majesty could confer upon him: and having taken his leave of his Majesty, and his Highness the Duke of York, went towards the ship that was to transport him for England (I might better call it a boat, than a ship;' for those that were intrusted by my Lord to hire a ship for that purpose, had hired an old rotten frigate that was lost the next voyage after; insomuch, that when some of the company that had promised to go over with my Lord, saw it, they turned back, and would not endanger their lives in it, except the now Lord Widdrington, who was resolved not to forsake my Lord.)

My Lord (who was so transported with the joy of returning into his native country, that he regarded not the vessel) having set sail from Rotterdam, was so becalmed, that he was six days and six nights upon the water, during which time he pleased himself with mirth, and passed his time away as well as he could; provisions he wanted not, having them in great store and plenty. At last, being come so far that he was able to discern the smoke of London, which he had not seen in a long time, he merrily was pleased to desire one that was near him, to jog and awake him out of his dream, for surely, said he, I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet. My Lord lay that night at Greenwich, where his supper seemed more savoury to him, than any meat he had hitherto tasted; and the noise of some scraping fiddlers he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard.

In the meantime my Lord's son, Henry, Lord Mansfield, now Earl of Ogle, was gone to Dover with intention to wait on his Majesty, and receive my Lord his father, with all joy and duty, thinking he had been with his Majesty; but when he missed of his design, he was very much troubled and more when his Majesty was pleased to tell him that my Lord had set to sea, before his Majesty himself was gone out of Holland, fearing my Lord had met with some misfortune in his journey, because he had not heard of his landing. Wherefore he immediately parted from Dover, to seek my Lord, whom at last he found at Greenwich. With what joy they embraced and saluted each other, my pen is too weak to express.

Naturally Newcastle strained every means to redeem his wife from pawn, but as it was uncertain whether he was to have his estate, the borrowing of money was extremely difficult. At last he procured what seemed enough from one Mr. Ash, but the Duchess had been meantime running up bills herself and

travelling expenses also must be paid. The sum fell short by £400, which she finally obtained from Mr. Shaw, a near kinsman to the aforesaid Ash. When her preparations for departure were completed, the magistrates of Antwerp came to offer their respects and afterwards sent a farewell present of wine, according to the custom. Flushing was to have been the Duchess's port of sail, but as no English man-of-war had arrived there, she was fain to cross on a Dutch ship, that favor being granted her by the government. At London her husband was dwelling in lodgings not suited to his position, "neither did I find my Lord's condition such as I expected." This phrase may mean that Newcastle was so old-fashioned as not to fit easily into the court life surrounding Charles II. His past services had to be recognized and rewarded,[1] but one gathers that he was made to feel himself *persona non grata* in the new régime. His wife, with a woman's intuition, seems to have comprehended the situation at once, for "out of some passion" she urged him to leave town forthwith and retire into the country. At first he reproved her impatience and moved to better quarters in Dorset House but shortly after announced his decision to take her advice.

There is something infinitely pathetic in this picture of the man who has outlived his age. Newcastle was now nearly seventy years old, and in those shifting days, the England to which he returned was hardly recognizable as the England he had left. The last trace of the old Elizabethan spirit had died out, and the "Restoration" with all that it connotes had come into being. It was inevitable that the Cavalier whose interests had been in horsemanship and weapons, whose faults were the result of an excessive but spirited pride, should have little in common with the effeminate and amorous courtiers that

[1] On September 13, 1660, Charles gave his assent to an act restoring to Newcastle all his possessions.

surrounded Charles II. The pre-Revolutionary court had had its weakness which went hand in hand with its strength; now its vices and virtues were together broken down and a different atmosphere prevailed. Newcastle had given up his ease at home, sacrificed much, and fought bravely for the Stuarts; since his flight he had been as devotedly loyal to a forlorn cause. When the King was executed, his affections and hopes were transferred to the Prince, for whom he had worked, and in whom he had believed through his years of exile. "My Lord was never without hopes of seeing yet (before his death) a happy issue of all his misfortunes and sufferings, especially of the restoration of his most gracious King and master, to his throne and kingly right, whereof he always had assured hopes, well knowing, that it was impossible for the kingdom to subsist long under so many changes of government; and whensoever I expressed how little faith I had in it, he would gently reprove me, saying I believed least what I desired most."[1] Now that Newcastle saw his quondam pupil raised to the throne, he had every reason to expect an important share in the general exultation over restored freedom and power. Instead, he found himself set aside in favor of younger and more entertaining companions. Presently the new favorite, Buckingham, became incensed at a comparison made by the Earl of Bristol in the House of Lords between his past loyalty and Cavendish's. A duel was about to take place, but Charles intervened to protect his friend.[2] There could be no possibility of misunderstanding the situation later, when in 1663 Newcastle became involved in an altercation with Buckingham over Colonel Hutchinson's imprisonment and was humiliatingly forced to withdraw the promises of freedom he had given to

[1] Firth, p. 59.

[2] *Hist. Mss. Comm., 5 Rep., App.*, pp. 155, 177. This was on August 6, 1660, Buckingham being the second duke of that name.

that Rebel officer.[1] Charles cannot be blamed if he resented the intrusive presence of an older man, which must have been unpleasantly suggestive of paternal and tutorial surveillance, but that does not soften the essential tragedy of Newcastle's position.

At all events, Charles seems to have made no demur when the Marquis requested leave of absence from London.[2] The *Life* intimates as much by the very things it leaves unsaid, though it is probably true that Cavendish's loyalty did not in the least abate:

> My Lord, before he began his journey, went to his gracious Sovereign, and begged leave that he might retire into the country, to reduce and settle, if possible, his confused, entangled, and almost ruined estate. "Sir," said he to his Majesty, "I am not ignorant, that many believe I am discontented; and 'tis probable, they 'll say, I retire through discontent: but I take God to witness, that I am no kind or ways displeased; for I am so joyed at your Majesty's happy restoration, that I cannot be sad or troubled for any concern to my own particular; but whatsoever your Majesty is pleased to command me, were it to sacrifice my life, I shall most obediently perform it; for I have no other will, but your Majesty's pleasure." Thus he kissed his Majesty's hand, and went the next day into Nottinghamshire, to his manor-house called Welbeck.

Love of the country was given out as his reason for retiring, but it is more likely that the Duchess's unsuitability to society and their lack of funds were contributory causes. In addition,

[1] *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, II, 290–292.

[2] Clement Ellis, Newcastle's chaplain, thus comments on his retirement in the prefatory epistle to a sermon preached on May 29, 1661: "With much pleasure I have hearkened to you discoursing of that satisfaction you reaped from that sweet privacy and retirement his Majesty is pleased to grant your Lordship here in the country. Indeed, the greatest reward his Majesty can possibly recompense your services withal, is thus to bestow you upon yourself, and I know you think it greater happiness to enjoy my Lord Marquis of Newcastle at Welbeck, than all the offices and honours which your exemplary loyalty has merited." — Kennet's *Ecclesiastical and Civil Register*, p. 455, in Firth, p. 68, n.

Newcastle was very fond of his northern estates, and he wished to do all that he could towards restoring their former glory. Welbeck and Bolsover, it will be remembered, were secured by Sir Charles Cavendish, but after his death they had passed into the hands of Charles, Viscount Mansfield, the Marquis's elder son. When this Charles died in June, 1659, they were transferred to his younger brother Henry, afterwards Earl of Ogle. The hangings and pictures were on the point of going to pay Charles's debts, but letters from Antwerp had persuaded Henry to redeem them:[1]

> 1659 Oct. 11. — Your sister [in-law] not being with child makes us know we can pretend but little interest in her. What her jointure is I know not. Now for what is in our power, I pray you live at your own houses, We[lbeck] and Bo[lsover], which will much conduce to your health. The next is for the goods, which troubles me much, that so long gathering by your ancestors should be destroyed in a moment. This is my earnest advice to you. First they are appraised, and goods are never appraised at a third part of their value; and then you may buy them and no ill bargain if you took the money at interest or your father-in-law laid out the money and had all the goods in his hands for his security. My intention is but to save the goods for you, that is all the design my wife and I have in the business, for she is as kind to you as she was to your brother and so good a wife as that she is all for my family, which she expresses is only you.
>
> 1659 Oct. 25.— I can write no more about the goods except that I and my wife give all our interest therein to you wholly and totally. There are many good pictures besides Vandykes and "Stennickes" [Steenwijcks]. Pray leave your dovecot where you are now and live at Wel[beck], which will conduce much to your health and your Lady's and the little Ladies'.
>
> 1659 Nov. 15.— I give you hearty thanks for preserving the remnants of those goods. I believe your sister[in-law's] servants have made great spoil of the goods, for the painter told me the cases of crimson velvet for the chairs in the parlour at Bolsover were there a little before your brother Charles died. But we must part fair with her, and repair it as well as we can. The gold lace and embroidery of the purple

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 143. Newcastle wrote under the name of Robert Deane.

velvet bed was worth £300 at least, and five chambers at Bolsover were furnished with very fine hangings at £4 a stick. The pictures there were most rare, and if you think they are a little spoiled, I will send over the painter to you again.

If ever I see you I will make W[elbeck] a very fine place for you. I am not in despair of it, though I believe you and I are not such good architects as your worthy grandfather. If I am blessed with the happiness of seeing you, it will be a thousand pounds a year better for you than if I should die before.

Now Newcastle found the two houses in bad repair, Bolsover indeed being half pulled down, as we have seen. Many of his other lands he had difficulty in obtaining because of the Act of Oblivion, and some he sold to buy the Castle of Nottingham or to pay his outstanding debts. What he succeeded in retaining was much injured; of his eight parks, only one, Welbeck, was not completely destroyed. In especial Clipston Park (its pale-row alone had been worth £2000), where his Grace had been wont to hunt, hawk, and fish, was totally ruined. "And although his patience and wisdom is such, that I never perceived him sad or discontented for his own losses and misfortunes, yet when he beheld the ruins of that park I observed him troubled, though he did not express it, only saying, he had been in hopes it would not have been so much defaced as he found it, there being not one timber-tree in it left for shelter. However, he patiently bore what could not be helped, and gave present order for the cutting down of some wood that was left him in a place near adjoining, to repale it, and got from several friends deer to stock it." Also he stocked and manured his other lands, as well as rebuilding the two manor-houses.

At this stage in her work the Duchess launches forth into a lengthy account of her husband's possessions and what extraordinary losses he suffered during the Rebellion. The very briefest summary will suffice. His property came through

three women: his grandmother on his father's side, Elizabeth Hardwick, who afterward married Sir William St. Loo and finally George, Earl of Shrewsbury, both without issue; his own mother, Catharine, daughter and only surviving heir of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle; and finally his first wife, Elizabeth Basset of Blore, widow of Henry Howard, younger son to the Earl of Suffolk. These three rich alliances explain the vast estate which accumulated for Newcastle and the otherwise almost incredible figure at which his wife places his total loss — £941,303. This sum is arrived at by reckoning, item by item, the annual rents for eighteen years, the damage to parks, the lands lost in present possession and in reversion, those sold to pay his debts, and the composition of his brother's estate, so that there is no reason for doubting the calculations. This does not include the loss of his personal estate, i.e. the furnishings and appointments of houses and parks, nor the expense from lawsuits and rehabilitating the property, which was incurred after 1660. Thus in a perfect whirlwind of facts and figures the Duchess brings her Second Book to a close, leaving the reader overwhelmed by Newcastle's stupendous misfortunes and the consequent extent of his loyal self-sacrifice.

III

"THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKS" (1667–1676)

It remains to describe the last years of the Duke and Duchess, as they became on March 16, 1664–1665.[1] In 1661 the King had created Newcastle Chief-Justice in Eyre Trent-North, but this post seems to have been more onerous than

[1] On May 5 "the Duke of Newcastle came to town, and the next day waited on his Majesty to render his humble thanks for the addition of honour lately conferred on him, which his Majesty was pleased to accept with such favour as showed not only a regard to his merit, but an affection for his person." — *Hist. Mss. Comm., The Mss. of J. M. Heathcote*, p. 191.

decorative,[1] so that it was natural for the Marquis to look toward higher advancement. Moreover, as we have seen, he was a politician by nature, and Charles owed him large sums of money, which there was little likelihood that he would ever get back. All things seemed to work together, then, especially when it was flatly announced that only the £3500 principal of a £9240 debt was to be paid, and a large part of that by "privy seal."[2] As a result Newcastle felt not only justified but also fairly confident in applying for the much-desired, if comparatively inexpensive, dukedom. That he showed no hesitancy in doing so, is plain from a letter of Charles's written to him on June 7, 1664:[3]

> I have received yours by your son, and am resolved to grant your request. Send me therefore word what title you desire to have, or whether you will choose to keepe your old and leave the rest to me. I do not tell you I will despatch it tomorrow; you must leave the time to me, to accomodate it to some other ends of myne; but the differing it shall not be long nor with any circumstance that shall trouble you. I am glad you enjoy your health for I love you very well.

The Marquis chose to keep his same title and accordingly became Earl of Ogle and first Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Yet, despite these new honors, his later days were spent quietly in the country, far from the activities of a busy world. Witness his letter written to Colonel Legg on August 2, 1666:[4]

> Noble Sir,
>
> I am borne to trouble you — and this nowe is to desire you to presente my moste humble dewtye and service to his Majestie, and tell him I congratulate with my sole his Majesties late and most glorious victory over his enemies, which will make all his neyghbor kinges stoope to him — and I praye, Sir, aquainte his Majestie that I have a fine roebuck, and to knowe whether I shall sende him upp or no;

[1] See *Welbeck Mss.*, printed in *First Duke and Duchess*, pp. 216–217.
[2] Ibid., p. 218.
[3] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 145.
[4] *Hist. Mss. Comm., 11 Rep., App., Part V*, p. 14.

he was taken att my litle farme in Northumberlande, theye are melencollye neshe peevishe thinges, — beleve mee, Sir, I ame pationatlye
Your olde and most faythful servante
W. Newcastle

He was, no doubt, one of the most conspicuous figures in northern England, as we may imagine from his friendly relations with that arch-Puritan, Colonel Hutchinson,[1] and from Sir John Reresby's proud assertion that the Duke "used to say that he hoped to see five generations of my family; that he knew Sir Thomas Reresby very well, and desired to be godfather to my son, if he lived till one was born to the family."[2] Newcastle and his wife paid occasional visits to town; at all events we know they were there for an extended stay in April and May, 1667. On April 10 the King visited them, and on May 30 the Duchess attended a meeting of the Royal Society. Samuel Pepys records these facts and also his very decided impressions about the lady, which we will leave for a more particular study, together with John Evelyn's account of her eccentricities. Later Newcastle returned with his wife to Welbeck and there resumed the even tenor of rural life.

Nothing more need be added here but the chronicle of their deaths. The Duchess went first, on December 15, 1673, and was buried the following January 7 in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey.[3] Her husband, now a man of eighty, survived for what must have been a lonely three years, dying on Christmas Day, 1676. He was succeeded by his son Henry, Earl of Ogle, who was evidently more to Charles's liking than the father had been, for that monarch greeted the news of

[1] *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, II, 274, 286.

[2] *Memoirs*, p. 79, and see also p. 92 for another reference to the friendly relations existing between the two gentlemen.

[3] "Mr. Fulman, in the fifteenth volume of his manuscript collections in Corpus Christi College Archives states that she died in London." — Ballard's *Memoirs of British Ladies*, p. 213. For Charles's grant of the burying place see *Hist. Mss. Comm., 12 Rep., App., Part VII*, p. 78 (News-letter of May 13, 1671).

Newcastle's end with these words: "I should be most sorry for the death of my old friend but that so very honest and worthy a man is the better for it."[1] The Duke was buried beside his wife under the monument he had himself erected. "Against the Skreen of the Chappel of St. *Michael* you behold a most noble spacious Tomb all of white Marble, but adorned with Two Pillars of black Marble, with Entablatures of the *Corinthian* Order, embellished with Arms and most curious Trophy-works, on the Pedestal whereon you see Two Images in full Proportion, of white Marble in a cumbent Posture in their Robes."[2] Beneath appears the following appreciative inscription:

> Here lyes the Loyall Duke of Newcastle and his Dutchess, his second wife by whom he had noe issue: Her name was Margarett Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie; for all the Brothers were Valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous.[3] The Dutchess was a wise, wittie and Learned Lady, which her many Books do well testifie; she was a most Virtuous and a Loveing and carefull wife and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries and when he came home, never parted from him in his solitary retirement.

Washington Irving in the paper on "Westminster Abbey" in his *Sketch Book* writes of these lines, "There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply and yet saying them proudly, and I do not know of an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage."[4]

The *Life* was published in 1667, as has been said, and consequently that year is the later limit of the Duchess's biography. The Third Book of the four into which it is divided contains

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 152.

[2] Joducus Crull's *The Antiquities of St Peter's, or the Abbey-Church of Westminster*, 1713, p. 276.

[3] Addison is "very much pleased" with this passage, apropos of courage in men and chastity in women. See *Spectator*, No. 99, Saturday, June 23, 1711.

[4] *Works*, 1857, II, 218.

little new material, but it recapitulates and rehearses much of what has gone before, grouping it under sixteen particular heads. Needless to say, only the most laudatory topics are admitted and these so emphasized as to be mainly responsible for the impression made upon the reader. Countless repetitions and constantly recurring tables do much to mar the effect, but in its essential plan this part of her book is the highest manifestation of our author's unconscious literary skill. The first divisions are especially striking and worthy of attention, because of their lively portraiture and vivid anecdotes. "Of his Power" contains an account of Newcastle's success in raising troops, together with a history of the White-coats, their formation, their valor, their loyalty, and their destruction. A specific incident is used to drive these points home, and it is only to be regretted that the Duchess neutralized her story's force by following it with tabular lists of officers and garrison governors:

> My Lord being in Antwerp, received a visit from a gentleman, who came out of England, and rendered my Lord thanks for his safe escape at sea; my Lord being in amaze, not knowing what the gentleman meant, he was pleased to acquaint him, that in his coming over sea out of England, he was set upon by pickaroons, who having examined him, and the rest of his company, at last some asked him, whether he knew the Marquess of Newcastle? To whom he answered, that he knew him very well, and was going over into the same city where my Lord lived. Whereupon they did not only take nothing from him, but used him with all civility, and desired him to remember their humble duty to their Lord-General, for they were some of his White-coats that had escaped death; and if my Lord had any service for them, they were ready to assist him upon what designs soever, and to obey him in whatsoever he should be pleased to command them.

"Of his Misfortunes and Obstructions" and "Of his Loyalty and Sufferings" recount most of the lets and hindrances which confronted Newcastle, the former being a brief résumé of all those obstacles to his military success already enumerated in the First Book and coming to a close with his defeat at

Marston Moor. The fourth section, "Of his Prudence and Wisdom," is thrust in next, with the Duchess's usual naïve disregard for the natural sequence, which would make number five, "Of his Blessings," follow "his Loyalty and Sufferings." Said prudence and wisdom consisted in a prophecy of the Civil War, in his excellent management of the Northern Army and of his own private affairs ("although my Lord naturally loves not business, especially those of state"), and in the "Little Book" which he wrote during his exile to tell Charles II how the kingdom should be governed. The most unexpected blessing is item three (many of these sections have subcataloguing) and coming from such an outspoken and frank second wife, it is no mean tribute:

> That He [God] made him happy in his marriage; (for his first wife was a very kind, loving and virtuous lady) and blessed him with dutiful and obedient children, free from vices, noble and generous, both in their natures and actions; who did all that lay in their power to support and relieve my Lord their father in his banishment as is before mentioned.

Number six is a formal list "Of his Honours and Dignities"; number seven, a memorandum "Of the Entertainments he made for King Charles the First."

In the other divisions the Duchess becomes even more personal and particular. "His Education" has been considered in its proper chronological place; "His Natural Wit and Understanding" is largely occupied with an account of his relations with Hobbes; "Of his Natural Humour and Disposition" is a panegyric on his numerous and varied virtues, ending with this equivocal reservation:

> In short, I know him not addicted to any manner of vice except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex; which, whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it, I 'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies.

Sections 11–15 inclusive are all short, but each gives an intimate and important account of some phase of her husband's personality, so that they deserve to be considered in full:

11. Of his Outward Shape and Behavior

His shape is neat and exactly proportioned; his stature of a middle size, and his complexion sanguine.

His behaviour is such, that it might be a pattern for all gentlemen; for it is courtly, civil, easy and free without formality or constraint; and yet hath something in it of grandeur, that causes an awful respect towards him.

Now the Duchess's way of saying that her husband ought to have been the mould of form is quite as important as the fact, which seems true enough. Newcastle's education and his subsequent career must have tended to develop a pleasing and agreeable dignity of manner.

12. Of his Discourse

His discourse is as free and unconcerned as his behaviour, pleasant, witty, and instructive; he is quick in repartee or sudden answers, and hates dubious disputes and premeditated speeches. He loves also to intermingle his discourse with some short pleasant stories and witty sayings, and always names the author from whom he hath them; for he hates to make another man's wit his own.

This ability in repartee is exemplified by a traditional anecdote,[1] which has been taken to cast some doubt on Newcastle's tolerant affection for his Duchess and may perhaps help to explain it. Mr. Jonathan Richardson,[2] the younger, on the authority of a Mr. Fellows, relates that a friend congratulated Cavendish on having such a very wise woman as his wife. "Sir" replied the Duke in almost Johnsonian fashion, "a

[1] Compare also the bon mot related by Warwick at the siege of Hull. See above, p. 32.

[2] *Richardsoniana*, pp. 249–250, in *First Duke and Duchess*, p. 268.

very wise woman is a very foolish thing." This may be considered the expression of a passing mood or the unthinking retort of a habitual wit, but it may scarcely be supposed to offer serious testimony against the Newcastles' married happiness.

13. Of his Habit

He accoutres his person according to the fashion, if it be one that is not troublesome and uneasy for men of heroic exercises and actions. He is neat and cleanly; which makes him to be somewhat long in dressing, though not so long as many effeminate persons are. He shifts [i.e. changes his clothes] ordinarily once a day, and every time when he uses exercise, or his temper is more hot than ordinary.

14. Of his Diet

In his diet he is so sparing and temperate, that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfy only his natural appetite. He makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small-beer, one about at the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg, and a draught of small beer. And by this temperance he finds himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the age of seventy-three, which I pray God from my soul to grant him.

15. His Recreation and Exercise

His prime pastime and recreation hath always been the exercise of manage and weapons; which heroic acts he used to practice every day; but I observing that when he had overheated himself, he would be apt to take cold, prevailed so far, that at last he left the frequent use of the manage, using nevertheless still the exercise of weapons; and though he doth not ride himself so frequently as he hath done, yet he takes delight in seeing his horses of manage rid by his escuyers, whom he instructs in that art for his own pleasure. But in the art of weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever were famous in it, found out by his own ingenuity and practice) he never taught

anybody but the now Duke of Buckingham,[1] whose guardian he hath been, and his own two sons.

The rest of his time he spends in music, poetry, architecture, and the like.

The sixteenth and last section is "Of his Pedigree," which the Duchess proudly states goes back to the family of Gernouns in the time of William the Conqueror. The length and detail of this narration shows how important it was to the authoress, but for the sake of record we may briefly summarize her facts by a diagram, shown on the opposite page.

The Fourth Book is distinctly inferior to the others, yet at the same time it contains some valuable material which one would not wish omitted. It consists of "several Essays and Discourses Gathered from the Mouth of my noble Lord and Husband" and may be roughly divided into two parts. The first sixty-three observations tend to be somewhat formal, they are introduced by the words "I have heard my Lord say," and each commences with a subordinate "that." Fifty-six of them, having to do with government, are concise statements of ideas expanded in the "Little Book" and will be considered in connection with it. The following seven deal with more universal qualities of human nature and, as Newcastle was not an important original thinker, are of less importance. Number LVIII, "That men are apt to find fault with each other's actions; believing they prove themselves wise in finding fault with their neighbours," is no more platitudinous than the average. From the sixty-fourth on, these notes assume a familiar tone, as though the Duchess recalled the conditions under which each statement was made. Now and then she records what she herself said on the occasion and sometimes gives the remarks of other participants in the conversation.

[1] Buckingham was brought up with Charles I's sons. See Lady Burghclere's *George Villiers*, p. 18.

(1) Margaret Bostock
(2) Elizabeth Parker
= (2) Sir William Cavendish = (3) Elizabeth Hardwick, m. (1) Robert Barley (3) Sir William St. Loo (4) George, Earl of Shrewsbury
Henry, m. Grace, daughter to George, Earl of Shrewsbury
William, Earl of Devon
Miss Kidson = Charles = Catharine Ogle
Frances, m. Sir Henry Pierrepont
Elizabeth, m. Earl of Lennox
Mary, m. Gilbert, son to George, Earl of Shrewsbury
Son, died in infancy
Elizabeth Basset = William = Margaret Lucas
Charles
Charles, Viscount Mansfield, m. Miss Rogers
Henry, Earl of Ogle, m. Frances Pierrepont
Jane, m. Charles Cheiney
Elizabeth, m. John Earl of Bridgwater
Frances, m. Oliver, Earl of Bullingbroke
Henry, Lord Mansfield
Elizabeth
Frances
Margaret
Catherine

This enables us to get a good idea of the Duke's already vaunted repartee, which, truth to tell, is variable and often worse than mediocre. Number LXXIV descends to such a commonplace as, "My Lord being in banishment, I told him that he was happy in his misfortune, for he was not subject to any state or prince. To which he jestingly answered, that as he was subject to no prince, so he was a prince of no subjects"; but again, as in Number LXXXIII, he strikes most palpable fire, "My Lord discoursing some time with a learned doctor of divinity concerning faith, said, that in his opinion, the wisest way for a man was to have as little faith as he could for this world, and as much as he could for the next world."

Frequently in these later paragraphs Newcastle's overwhelming loyalty is reiterated, while there are not a few hints that he felt hurt by Charles II's aloofness and disregard for services rendered. Certainly when Number LXIX is considered, the reason for Newcastle's retirement from London cannot be very far to seek:

> I have heard him say several times that his love to his gracious master King Charles the Second was above the love he bore to his wife, children, and all his posterity, nay, to his own life: and when, since his return into England, I answered him that I observed his gracious master did not love him so well as he loved him; he replied, that he cared not whether his Majesty loved him again or not; for he was resolved to love him.

Despite the Duchess's abominable use of pronouns, the Cavalier's spirit rings out nobly from this paragraph, and Firth well parallels it with Butler's lines:[1]

> Loyalty is still the same
> Whether it win or lose the game,
> True as the dial to the sun
> Although it be not shined upon.

[1] *Hudibras, Part III*, Canto 2, ll. 173–177.

The eighty-fifth and last division consists of an incident which emphasizes this same consciousness of neglect, expressed with a tang that savors of Wolsey's lines in *Henry VIII*:

> After my Lord's return from a long banishment, when he had been in the country some time and endeavored to pick up some gleanings of his ruined estate; it chanced that the widow of Charles, Lord Mansfield, my Lord's eldest son, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, to whom the said Lord of Mansfield had made a jointure of £2000 a year, died not long after her second marriage. For whose death, though my Lord was heartily sorry, and would willingly have lost the said money, had it been able to save her life; yet discoursing one time merrily with his friends was pleased to say, that though his earthly king and master seemed to have forgot him, yet the King of Heaven had remembered him, for he had given him £2000 a year.

Had the Duchess been content to end her work here, she would have had a striking if rather trivial conclusion, but to the Fourth Part proper we have added "Some Few Notes of the Authoresse," which from an artistic point of view are utterly destructive. It is extremely typical of Margaret Cavendish, however, to jot down whatever observations occurred to her in passing, and the only wonder is that she confined herself to seventeen heads. The first seven exalt her husband, as might be expected: in one she compares him with Cæsar, to the latter's disadvantage, while in another, Number III, she expatiates on his honesty and truthfulness. When some of the political shifts of Newcastle's younger days are remembered, his wife seems to pull a long bow in asserting "that my noble Lord has always had an aversion to that kind of policy that now is commonly practised in the world, which in plain terms is dissembling, flattery, and cheating under the cover of honesty, love, and kindness. But I have heard him say that the best policy is to act justly, honestly, and wisely, and to speak truly; and that the old proverb is true, 'To be wise is to be honest.'" The Duchess's ten final remarks diverge

from the unifying principle of her work and wander off into vague generalizations that have nothing at all to do with her theme. The *Life* breaks down into the formless philosophizing of its authoress's ill-regulated mind, and as it does so its value as a work of art consistently decreases.

Yet, all things considered, this book is Margaret's most important contribution to literature, and as literature it should be regarded, despite an air of historical veracity. For the authoress's purpose was not to chronicle facts, although she thought it was, but to put on paper a highly specialized portrait of the Cavalier, *par excellence*. She never deliberately falsified, for sincerity and frankness were too deeply ingrained in her character; but ignorance of certain facts, suppression of others, with the whole seen through hero-worshipping eyes, give a total impression far removed from truth. Unity of feeling resulted in an artistic unity which no other of her writings possesses and a lack of which is the chief defect of her undoubted genius. Here for once this singleness of tone is fortuitously obtained, so that, coupled as it is with her usual vivacity and natural naïveté, a delightful work of enduring art has been created. The Duke of Newcastle as presented in this biography might be a personage of fiction in so far as the material about him is selected and proportioned. Yet at the same time he lives for us as do only the great figures in our literature, by virtue of those countless details which were actual facts and so convey an impression of life itself. Strangely, these minor realities do not distract one's attention from the larger significance intended or mar the structural proportion of the whole work. If this completed sketch had been faithful to actual conditions in feeling and atmosphere, it might have been safely compared with Boswell on a diminished scale, but fine as the total effect is, it must be judged by other standards, for it is not true.

A comparison of Clarendon's brilliant and unbiassed description with almost any important passage from the *Life* reveals this difference at once. The Duchess was looking at a preconceived situation from a rigidly narrow point of view, she interpreted events in accordance with it, and as a result, in cases where her knowledge was only second-hand, she felt free with her material. It will be recalled that her information for the First Book came chiefly from Cavendish's secretary, John Rolleston, and in it, as we have seen, history goes far askew.[1] Most notable are the omissions: there is not a word of Newcastle's intrigues to get his earlier advancements, of the shortage in ammunition that helped to occasion Fairfax's abandonment of Tadcaster, of the Royalist defeats following it, of the Queen's instrumentality in converting Cholmley, of the failure to win over the Hothams and Hutchinson, or of the breach of capitulation terms at Rotherham, all events tending to decrease the Duke's credit. His wife overestimates his levy of soldiers in the north, the size of Henrietta Maria's escort to Oxford, and the number of prisoners taken at St. Mary's Tower. She excuses the breach of the conditions of Gainsborough's capitulation, emphasizes two vain promises of the Yorkshire people that they would raise 10,000 men, and mentions only the unsuccessful sally made by Hull's garrison. Regarding the Scotch expedition, she does not say that Newcastle had been several times warned of this invasion but would not act, yet takes pains to show how his force was weakened by aiding Montrose. In accordance with her husband's wishes the names of

[1] It is interesting to compare the Duchess's earlier dictum concerning a history, which "cannot be exactly true, because there are so many several Intentions interwoven with several Accidents; and several Actions divided into so many several Parties and several Places; and so many several Reporters of several Opinions, Partialities, Understandings, Judgments, and Memorials, which gave such various relations of one and the same Action, that an Historian (being but one Man) cannot possibly know the truth."—*Nature's Picture*, p. 701.

various delinquents are not given, but it does not take great effort to infer that Newport blundered at Tadcaster, Goring foolishly lost Wakefield, a post at York prevented the enemy's complete annihilation after Adwalton Moor, and that General King was in command when the Earl of Kingston was accidentally shot. The defeat of Bellasis in Yorkshire is seen to be as patently unnecessary as it was detrimental to Newcastle's operations against the Scots. In our writer's own words, "It is remarkable, that in all actions and undertakings where my Lord was in person himself, he was always victorious, and prospered in the execution of his designs; but whatsoever was lost or succeeded ill, happened in his absence, and was caused either by the treachery or negligence and carelessness of his officers."[1]

When it comes to any problem on which historians are not yet agreed, we can be sure to get little satisfaction from the Duchess, and therefore we are not surprised to find her bigotedly opinionated on the two moot questions in Newcastle's career, — was his return north from Lincoln dictated by selfish motives? and was his flight to the continent justified? Her answer to both is for all practical purposes identical: the king can do no wrong. This is not the stuff trustworthy biographers are made of, to be sure, and it shows that as an historical record the *Life* must be thrown out of court. Moreover, little of what is true in it is important. Such an eminent and widely read authority as Professor Firth finds[2] "that 'the generous and high born men' who follow the recommendation of the Cambridge Senate and study this Life as a contribution to military history will find little in it which they could not learn more fully and accurately from the pages of Rushworth or Whitelock. An occasional incident or anecdote, the name of a forgotten officer, or the locality of

[1] Firth p. 41.

[2] P. viii.

an obscure skirmish, an account of the Duke's personal share in one or two engagements, sum up the amount of its contributions to the military history of the civil wars." And as the First Book contains little else, its value is comparatively insignificant.

The rest of this work is of a different nature, because on a sounder and less important historical basis. Events become of small account, while the man in whom they centre occupies our entire attention. He lives vividly on every page, in his constant hope throughout the years of exile, in his efforts to live well on credit, his pride in noble horses, his dignity in misfortunes, the return to his native country, the almost curt dismissal by Charles, and finally the retirement to his country seat in an effort to restore a shattered estate. In like manner but more personally the authoress tells of his conversation, his diet, his family relations, his dress, and his habits, as only by years of affectionate association she could have learned to know them. Here facts are almost impeccable (save for the rhapsodic excuse she offers for the rebuff at Goldsmith's Hall), but the spirit behind them tends to obscure trustworthy record. The Duchess tells of her husband's expensive horses even as she laments his debts and boldly acknowledges being herself pawned that he might return home. Yet she never admits a doubt as to his motives. These actions which bespeak extravagance and selfishness are to the devoted wife unavoidable evils attendant on his misfortunes. She does not conceive of any other interpretation for them and, what is more, nearly persuades the reader by her sincere conviction. As a result the idealized portrait of Newcastle which one gets in her book is almost nearer fiction than history; by mere chance it comes to have the qualities of art rather than of nature. So successful was the Duchess in her method that, when Mrs. Hutchinson came to undertake a similar work, she modelled her *Memoirs*

of the Colonel quite directly on the *Life*.[1] The significance in this imitation from our point of view is that, somehow or other, the Duchess here stumbled on effective literary devices, which were thought worthy to be copied and which have allowed the book to survive despite its mediocre historical value.

It is, then, in this intimate description of a seventeenth-century nobleman that the value of her work lies, and if he is not drawn in his habit as he lived, there is no reason for a critic of literature to complain. The portrait as it stands is far more clear, striking, and effective than it would have been if all sides of Newcastle's character had been touched upon. In consequence it has been enjoyed by a larger public than any authoritative chronicle could possibly have attracted. Human nature delights in worshipping idols even as it does in following a rake's progress, and upon this universal truth the *Life of William Cavendishe* depends for its popularity. Other writers of that century consciously tried to cloak lurid tales with a mantle of reality; the Duchess of Newcastle unknowingly commits as great a deception in foisting upon her readers excessive panegyric under the guise of facts. The authoress's personality has worked upon these facts and fashioned them, until their hero emerges as a person of her own fertile imagination, yet maintains much that is typical of his age, more of his individual character, and something common to all time. Her intense loyalty to him was as sincere as that which he felt for his King, and together these traits brought about her glorified picture of the Duke, the cavalier, the man. Its popularity and intrinsic value alike depend not upon the historical fabric of which it purports to be composed but upon that transforming magic of fancy and art which directed the design.

[1] A. H. Upham has pointed this out in *Anglia*, 1912, XXXVI, 200–220, although his accepting 1592 as the year of Newcastle's birth partially throws out his argument as to dates of composition.

CHAPTER II

"OUR ENGLISH MÆCENAS"

I

EARLY PATRONAGE (1617–1636)

No doubt Gerard Langbaine's appreciation of William Cavendish is, like the Duchess's own estimate, largely gross hyperbole, but there is a measure of truth in his assertion that "no Person since the Time of Augustus better understood Dramatick Poetry, nor more generously encourag'd Poets; so that we may truly call him our English Mæcenas."[1] At all events a nobleman whose interest in letters began with Ben Jonson and extended to Shadwell, who was on terms of intimacy with Hobbes, Shirley, and Dryden, is not to be disregarded in the history of English patronage. Many a dedication both before and after Newcastle's exile testifies that he was easy of access to struggling authors and generous of his bounty, in evil times as well as in prosperity. Money could always be found for his fine horses on the Continent, and after coming home he could never bring himself to turn away a needy writer. Dabbling in literature was one of the Duke's passions, and one he ceaselessly indulged. Perhaps he realized how very mediocre his own creative talents were and resolved by way of compensation inextricably to entangle his literary reputation with the names of his great contemporaries, believing with one whom he would have delighted to honor,

> So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
> So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.[2]

[1] *An Account of the Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 386.
[2] Shakespeare, *Sonnet XVIII.*

Cavendish's youth showed no tendency towards learning except his early proficiency in French, a necessary part of every fine gentleman's equipment; in general the boy cared little for any activity which required perseverance and application. It is small wonder, then, that he took no interest in books until after his education had been completed and all compulsion relating to studies had been removed. An easy enjoyment of art was more congenial to him, as his early purchase of a "singing-boy" bears witness. His travels abroad with Sir Henry Wotton must have done much to foster the growth of his æsthetic taste, and life at Charles I's court may well have taught him that every man of the world was expected to be a man of letters as well. Certainly one way or another Cavendish managed to assimilate the old Elizabethan attitude towards literature and to carry it, comparatively untouched, down to the other times and manners of the Restoration. His long life, spanning as it does the mid-seventeenth century, helps to illustrate changing conditions and ideals within that period.

Rare Ben Jonson was the first author to come into close relations with Newcastle. Their connection must have begun as early as 1617, for on April 4 of that year Sir Charles Cavendish died and the poet, now at the height of his career as literary dictator, composed his epitaph. In it the dead man addresses "his posterity":[1]

> Sons, seek not me among these polished stones,
> These only hide part of my flesh and bones,
> Which, did they e'er so neat and proudly dwell,
> Will all turn dust and may not make me swell.
> Let such as justly have outlived all praise,
> Trust in the tombs, their careful friends do raise;
> I made my Life my monument, and yours,
> Than which there 's no material more endures,

[1] Ben Jonson's *Works*, ed. Gifford-Cunningham, 1875, IX, 324.

Nor yet inscription like it writ but that;
And teach your nephews it to emulate:
It will be matter loud enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I lived — farewell.

These verses were doubtless written before Jonson's walking trip to Scotland in 1618–1619; and shortly after his return he composed an interlude for the christening of Sir William's eldest son.[1] Prince Charles deigned to bestow his own name on the baby, and consequently every preparation was made at the house in Black Friars to honor his presence. No evidence exists that King James was there as Gifford states; in fact that seems very improbable, since the interlude contains frequent compliments for Charles but no mention at all of his father. It commences with the speech of a Forester, who calls attention to the table laden with sweetmeats representing a hunting scene, and continues with the appearance of three gossips whose unrestrained chatter furnishes the backbone of this entertainment. Duggs, the wet nurse, and Kecks, the dry nurse, contend as to the importance of their respective functions, while Holdback, the midwife, vaunts her ability in foreknowing the sex of a child. A Mathematician, i.e. an astrologer, prophesies all good things for the boy and at the same time contrives to flatter the noble guest. Finally, the Watermen of Black Friars are introduced with a rollicking song:

They say it is merry when gossips do meet,
And more to confirm it, in us you may see 't,
For we have well tasted the wine in the street,
And yet we make shift to stand on our feet.
As soon as we heard the Prince would be here,
We knew by his coming we should have good cheer;
A boy for my lady! then every year,
Cry we — for a girl will afford us but beer:
. . . . . .

[1] Jonson, IX, 327–336.

That we may say
Another day
My Lord be thanked
We had such a banquet
At Charles' christening
Was worth the listening,
After a year
And a day, for I fear
We shall not see
The like will be,
To sample he,
While working the Thames
Unless 't be a James.

In 1625 occurred the death of Lady Jane Ogle, Cavendish's aunt, the widow of Edward, eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, and for her Jonson wrote an epitaph.[1] The substance of it is that every tablet in the church offers the usual compliments to its deceased, but hers is unique in truthfully stating that after the Earl's decease she no longer wished to live. When her sister Catharine, Cavendish's mother, died four years later, Ben wrote no less than three poems in her memory.[2] The most pretentious and most successful runs :

She was the light (without reflex
Upon herself) of all her sex,
The best of women! — Her whole life
Was the example of a wife,
Or of a parent, or a friend!
All circles had their spring and end
In her, and what could perfect be
And without angles, IT WAS SHE.—
All that was solid in the name
Of virtue; precious in the frame,
Or else magnetic in the force,
Or sweet, or various, in the course:
What was proportion, or could be
By warrant called just symmetry
In number, measure or degree
Of weight or fashion, IT WAS SHE.—

[1] Jonson, IX, 326. [2] Ibid., IX, 324–326.

Her soul possest her flesh's state
In freehold, not as an inmate;
And when the flesh here shut up day,
Fame's heat upon the grave did stay,
And hourly brooding o'er the same,
Keeps warm the spice of her good name,
Until the ashes turned be
Into a Phœnix — WHICH IS SHE.

Best of all this poet's work in connection with the Cavendish family are the two epigrams he wrote upon William himself. They are to be found in *Underwoods* and, purposely no doubt, deal with two of the Earl's accomplishments in which he realized his own excellence, — fencing and horsemanship:[1]

They talk of fencing, and the use of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble science, and the mastering skill
Of making just approaches how to kill;
To hit in angles and to clash with time:
As all defence or offence were a chime!
I hate such measured, give me mettled, fire,
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts higher!
A quick and dazzling motion; when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarefied air!
Their weapons darted with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle, a sight to draw
Wonder to valour! No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong; 't is true
Valour to slight it, being done to you.
To know the heads of danger, where 't is fit
To bend, to break, provoke or suffer it;
All this, my lord, is valour: this is yours,
And was your father's, all your ancestors!
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds and heats
Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appear'd or bands:
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

[1] Jonson, IX, 15–16.

In the other epigram, dealing with Newcastle's pet hobby, Jonson rises to the occasion and fairly outdoes himself:[1]

When first my lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
And saw a centaur, past those tales of Greece,
So seem'd your horse and you both of a piece!
You shew'd like Perseus upon Pegasus,
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus;
Or what we hear our home-born legend tell,
Of bold Sir Bevis and his Arundel;
Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish myself a horse:[2]
And surely, had I but your stable seen
Before, I think my wish absolv'd had been.
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their household, half so well.
So well, as when I saw the floor and room,
I look'd for Hercules to be the groom;
And cried, Away with the Cæsarian bread!
At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.

Just what remuneration the poet obtained for all these labors we do not know, and in the days of his prosperity it mattered very little. By 1629, however, after his quarrel with Inigo Jones and the failure of *The New Inn*, things had sunk to a low ebb with Ben. They were made worse in 1631, when on September 19 the City withdrew his fees as chronologer, as he announced to Newcastle in a famous, characteristic phrase:[3] "Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn

[1] Jonson, VIII, 427–428.

[2] Compare Sir Philip Sidney's comment on John Pietro Pugliano's praise of horsemanship: "If I had not beene a peece of a Logician before I came to him, I think he would have perswaded mee to have wished my selfe a horse." — *Apologie for Poetrie*, ed. E. Arber, 1912, p. 19.

[3] See Masson's *Milton*, I, 391; and Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, II, 320.

their chanderly pension for verjuice and mustard, £33 6s. 8d." Naturally this letter contained a petition for relief[1] and a more imperative note followed in the next spring:[2]

> My noblest Lord and best Patron,
>
> I send no borrowing epistle to provoke your lordship, for I have neither fortune to repay, nor security to engage, that will be taken; but I make a most humble petition to your lordship's bounty to succour my present necessities this good time of Easter, and it shall conclude all begging requests hereafter on behalf
>
> of your truest beadsman and
> most thankful servant,
> B. J.

Newcastle most certainly responded, for it is evident that he and Jonson were on intimate terms in the ensuing years. On February 4, 1632, Ben says that he is reluctantly obeying his patron's request to forward[3] "a packet of my own praises; which I should not have done if I had any stock of modesty in store: — but 'obedience is better than sacrifice,' — and you command it." Again the poet sent Cavendish part of a book which cannot now be identified, apologizing for its fragmentary condition:[4]

> It is the lewd printer's fault that I can send your lordship no more of my book. I sent you one piece before the fair by Mr. Witherington, and now I send you this other morsel. The fine gentleman that walks the town; the Fiend; but before he will perfect the rest, I fear, he will come himself to be a part under the title of the absolute knave, which he hath played with me.
>
> My printer and I shall afford subject enough for a tragi-comedy; for with his delays and vexation, I am almost become blind; and if heaven be so just, in the metamorphosis to turn him into that creature which he most resembles, a dog with a bell to lead me between Whitehall and my lodging, I may bid the world good night.
>
> And so I do.
> Ben Jonson.

[1] Jonson, I, cxxxiii.
[2] Ibid., cxxxiv, from *Harleian Ms. 4955*.
[3] Ibid., cxxxv.
[4] Ibid., cxxxviii, from *Harleian Ms. 4955*.

Nor was the regard all on one side, as is so often the case in such a relationship. Newcastle was wise enough to see the poet's real greatness; in fact, like so many of the "sons of Ben," he was rather inclined to magnify it. "I never," says the Duchess in her *CCXI Sociable Letters*, "I never heard any man read well but my husband; and I have heard him say, he never heard any man read well but B. J.; and yet he hath heard many in his time."[1]

Naturally enough, when King Charles was to be entertained at Welbeck in the spring of 1633, Jonson was employed to write the masque for that occasion. *Love's Welcome. The King's Entertainment at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire* is a very slight work, but it served its purpose not unsuccessfully,[2] though M. Montégut writes of it, "La chaleur et la clarté manquent et ce masque qui dans des temps meilleurs lui eût été une occasion de se surpasser est la plus faible de ses œuvres."[3] "Master A. B. C. Accidence, school-master of Mansfield," and "father Fitz-Ale, herald of Derby," are the chief interlocutors, and the action concerns the marriage of Fitz-Ale's daughter Pem to Stub, a yeoman of that county. In honor of his wedding he has challenged the neighbors to run a course at quintain, and six of them accept, attired respectively in red, green, blue, tawny, motley, and russet hoods. These contestants ride with varying luck, but considerable skill must have been shown by the losers as well as by the successful competitors. At all events, Charles was pleased with the entertainment, as he had every reason to be, since his host spared neither cost nor pains in preparing it. Clarendon remarks[4] that this "would still be thought very prodigious if the same noble person had not within a year or two afterwards, made the King and Queen a more

[1] Letter CCXXIII.
[2] Jonson, VIII, 117–130.
[3] *La Duchesse et le Duc de Newcastle* in *Le Maréchal Davout*, 1895.
[4] Book I, § 167.

stupendous entertainment; which (God be thanked), though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after imitated."

Jonson wrote the masque for this second visit also.[1] In it two quarrelling cupids, Eros and Anteros, are reconciled by the peaceful atmosphere prevailing about the King and Queen, but a more interesting episode is that in which the author keenly satirizes his old enemy, Inigo Jones:

> Enter Coronel Vitruvius, speaking to some without.
>
> *Vit.* Come forth, boldly put forth, in your holiday clothes, every mother's son of you. This is the king and queen's majestical holiday. My lord has it granted from them; I had it granted from my lord; and do give it unto you *gratis*, that is *bona fide*, with the faith of a surveyor, your coronel Vitruvius. Do you know what a surveyor is now? I tell you, a supervisor. A hard word that: but it may be softened, and brought in to signify something. An overseer! one that overseeth you. A busy man! and yet I must seem busier than I am, as the poet sings, but which of them, I will not now trouble myself to tell you.[2]

Various mechanics come in, whom Vitruvius orders about, and when they begin to dance, he cries out:

> Well done, my musical, arithmetical, geometrical gamesters! or rather my true mathematical boys! it is carried in number, weight and measure, as if the airs were all harmony, and the figures a well-timed proportion! I cry still, deserve holidays, and have 'em. I'll have a whole quarter of the year cut out for you in holidays, and laced with statute-tunes and dances, fitted to the activity of your tressels to which you shall trust, lads, in the name of your Iniquo Vitruvius.

Whatever else it may have lost, Jonson's pen was not without its gall in his old age.

[1] Jonson, VIII, 131–140. M. Montégut says, "Cette œuvre trahit encore plus que la précédente l'essouflement de la verve. Mais elle est moins obscure et va droit à son but par des moyens plus naturels."

[2] Swinburne observes that Jonson "is as ready with a quotation from Chaucer as Goody Polish in *The Magnetic Lady* or Lovel in *The New Inn*." — *A Study of Ben Jonson*, pp. 85–86.

This work certainly did not go unrewarded, as we have Ben's letter of thanks for the bounty which must have meant so much to him in those needy last years:[1]

> My noble Lord, and my best Patron,
>
> I have done the business your lordship trusted me with; and the morning after I received by my beloved friend, master Payne, your lordship's timely gratuity — I style it such, for it fell like the dew of heaven on my necessities — I pray to God my work may have deserved it; I meant it should in the working it, and I have hope the performance will conclude it. In the mean time, I tell your lordship what I seriously think — God sends you these chargeable and magnificent honours of making feasts, to mix with your charitable succours, dropt upon me your servant; who have nothing to claim of merit but a cheerful undertaking whatsoever your lordship's judgment thinks me able to perform. I am in the number of your humblest servants, my lord, and the most willing; and do joy in the good friendship and fellowship of my right learned friend, master Payne, than whom your lordship could not have employed a more diligent and judicious man, or that hath treated me with more humanity; which makes me cheerfully to insert myself into your lordship's commands, and so sure a clientele. Wholly and only your lordship's
>
> Ben Jonson.

Among all Cavendish's protégés none is more pathetic than this once prosperous author, his proud head now bowed in servility as the price of a rich man's munificence.

By this time Newcastle's open-handedness must have been common knowledge, for in 1634, the year of the Bolsover entertainment, John Ford dedicated to him that remarkable play, *The Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck*. It is evident from the style of this address that he of the "folded arms and melancholy hat" had as yet received no favors from Cavendish but was merely making an effort to gain the nobleman's attention:[2]

> Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To yours the addition of that information in both cannot in any application be observed flattery, the authority being established by

[1] Jonson, I, cxxxix–cxl. [2] Ford's *Works*, ed. Gifford-Dyce, II, 112.

truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing mine own; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments — even to strangers — is rather an example than a fashion: in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity; but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction

John Ford.

That philosophy as well as literature interested Newcastle, his friendship with Thomas Hobbes bears witness. The first we hear of this relationship is in a letter from the philosopher dated January 26, 1633–1634, and during the three years that followed he frequently wrote to Welbeck. Hobbes was at this time tutor to the young Earl of Devonshire (also a William Cavendish, and cousin to our hero), with whom he later made an extended tour on the Continent. He writes:[1]

My first businesse in London, was to seeke for Galileo's *Dialogues*; I thought it a very good bargain, when at taking my leave of your Lordship I undertooke to buy it for you, but if your Lordship should bind mé to performance it would be bad enough, for it is not possible to get it for money. There were but few brought over at first and they that buy such bookes, are not such men as to part with them againe. I heare say it is called in, in Italy, as a booke that will do more hurt to their religion then all the bookes have done of Luther and Calvin, such opposition they thinke is between their religion and naturall reason. I doubt not but the translation of it will here be publiquely embraced, and therefore wish extremely that Dr. Webbe would hasten it. There is no news at Court but of maskes, which is a stay to my Lords going to Oxford because he is one of the maskers, which I am glad of for this cause, that I shall have the more time for the business I have so long owed to your Lordship, whose continual favors make me ashamed of my dull proceedings, savinge that into the number of these favours I put your Lordship's patience and forbearance of me.

On August 25, 1635, Hobbes writes at some length from Paris.[2] He begins by thanking Newcastle for a gift, but with a finer spirit than is noticeable in many dependents:

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 124. [2] Ibid., II, 125–126.

> If the world saw my little desert, so plainely as they see your great rewards, they might thinke me a mountibancke and that all that I do or would do, were in the hope of what I receave. I hope your Lordship does not think so, at least let me tell your Lordship once for all, that though I honour you as my Lord, yet my love to you is just of the same nature that it is to Mr. Payne, bred out of private talke, without respect to your purse.

Then follows some news of a horse called Le Superbe, which may be coupled with Hobbes's pamphlet entitled "Considerations touching the facility or Difficulty of the Motions of a Horse on streight lines, & Circular,"[1] to show that the philosopher had some slight knowledge of horsemanship. His letter goes on to cast grave doubts upon the pretensions of a Mr. Warner, who claims that he has invented a multiplying glass and a burning glass of infinite strength; even if the theories be correct, says Hobbes, it may be impracticable and hence useless. Evidently he distrusted the Earl's excessive generosity, for he adds:

> I hope your Lordship will not bestow too much upon the hopes; but suffer the liberall sciences to be liberall, and after some worthy effort your Lordship then may be liberall also, as I doubt not but you will.

Finally, some of the writer's own early ambitions peep out from this advice concerning Warner:

> For the soule I know he has nothing to give your Lordship any satisfaction. I would he could give good reasons for the facultyes and passions of the soule, such as may be expressed in playne English, if he can, he is the first — that I ever heard of — could speake sense in that subject. If he cannot, I hope to be the first.

By June 13, 1636, the travellers, after many months in Italy, were at Paris again, where the tutor seems to have chafed under his pupil's continuous activity:[2]

[1] Preserved in the library at Welbeck. See S. A. Strong's *Catalogue*, where it is reprinted, p. 237.

[2] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 128.

> Wee are unsettled, I have no time — for going up and downe with my Lord — neyther for myself, nor for Mydorgius, nor for bookes. All I study is a Nights, and that for a little while is the reading of certayne new bookes, especially Mr. Seldens *Mare Clausum* and a booke of my Lord of Castle Islands concerning truth, which is a high point.[1]

On July 29 he proclaims the uncertainty of all science:[2]

> In thinges that are not demonstrable, of which kind is the greatest part of naturall philosophy, as dependinge upon the motion of bodies so subtile as they are invisible, such as are ayre and spirits, the most that can be atteyned unto is to have such opinions, as no certayne experience can confute, and from which can be deduced by lawfull argumentation, no absurdity, and such are your Lordship's opinions in your letter of the 3rd of July which I had the honour to receave the last weeke; namely, That the variety of thinges is but variety of locall motion in the spirits or invisible partes of bodies. And that such motion is heate.

He goes on to attack Warner again, this time criticizing his tract on the place of the image in concave or convex glasses and suggesting other explanations to account for the phenomena. The conclusion apparently refers to Cavendish's disappointed office-seeking:

> I am sorry your Lordship finds not so good dealing in the world as you deserve. But my Lord, he that will venture to sea must resolve to endure all weather, but for my part I love to keepe a'land. And it may be your Lordship now will do so to, whereby I may have the happinesse which your Lordship partly promises me in the end of your letter, to conferre meditations for a good time together, which will be not onely honour to me, but that happinesse which I and all that are in love with knowledge, use to fancy to themselves for the true happinesse in this life.

The letter of October 16 is written from Byfleet,[3] "which is the period of my Lords travel but not of mine. For though my Lady and my Lord do both accept so well of my

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *De Veritate*.
[2] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 128–129.
[3] Ibid., II, 129–130.

service, as I could almost engage my self to serve them as a domestique all my life, yet the extreame pleasure I take in study, overcomes in me all other appetites. I am not willing to leave my Lord, so as not to do him any service that he thinkes may not so well be done by another; but I must not deny my selfe the content to study in the way I have begun, and that I cannot conceave I shall do anywhere so well as at Welbecke, and therefore I meane if your Lordship forbid me not, to come thither as soone as I can, and stay as long as I can without inconvenience to your Lordship." The rest of this epistle is a treatise on the inverted position of an object shown on white paper when the light has passed through a hole; truly no subject was too complicated or too insignificant to occupy the mind of Thomas Hobbes. The last letters[1] of this series reiterate acknowledgments for favors received and plans for coming soon to visit the Earl: "I expect now onely a safe time of travelling to come to wayte upon your Lordship at Welbeck — the sicknesse now decreasinge — I hope may be within little more then a moneth."

It is doubtful whether the visit ever took place. Newcastle was at this time entangled in court politics. He soon obtained the long-coveted appointment as governor to Prince Charles, and from then until after Marston Moor his active life allowed small leisure for contemplation. The truth is, that this interest in philosophy and science, although not confined to his association with Hobbes,[2] was, like his other activities, only a pastime. When nothing more important came to hand, the Earl no doubt felt a genuine curiosity in the fundamental principles of human nature and in the system of society to be

[1] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 130.

[2] See a letter to him from Matthew Boucherett on certain mineral waters, *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 131; and his "Opinion" added to the 1663 edition of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions.*

built upon them, as Hobbes tells us in his dedication[1] to *The Elements of Law, Natural and Politique*. Nevertheless Cavendish was incapable of giving himself up wholeheartedly to that or any other project. For the next few years public life was to engross all his energies; yet, when in Paris he again encountered Hobbes's tremendous personality, they easily slipped back into their former relationship. But of that more in its place.

Meanwhile, the art of painting was receiving Newcastle's patronage. We have a letter written by him to Sir Anthony Van Dyck in February, 1636–1637, which shows his intimate acquaintance with that fashionable artist:[2]

> The favours of my friends you have so transmitted unto me as the longer I looke on them the more I think them nature and not art. It is not my error alone. If it be a disease, it is epidemical, for such power hath your hand on the eyes of mankind. Next the blessing of your company and sweetness of conversation, the greatest blessing were to be an Argus or all over but one eye, so it or they were ever fixed upon that which we must call yours. What wants in judgment, I can supply with admiration, and scape the title of ignorance since I have the luck to be astonished in the right place, and the happiness to be passionately your humble servant.

That the nobleman sporadically continued this enthusiasm for pictorial art may be imagined well. In Antwerp he and his wife often had their portraits painted by Abraham Diepenbeck, and they lived in a house which belonged to the widow of that artist's master, "a famous picture-drawer, Van Ruben."[3]

Newcastle seems to have patronized also a minor poet named William Sampson,[4] for in 1636 that author addressed to him the opening lines of *Virtus post Funera vivit, or Honour Tryumphing over Death, being true Epitomes of Honorable,*

[1] Dated May 9, 1640, but the book was not published until 1650 and then broken up into two parts.

[2] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 131.

[3] The Duchess's *Life* of her husband, ed. Firth, p. 50.

[4] The article on William Sampson in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

Noble, Learned, and Hospitable Personages. The Cavendishes fare exceedingly well in this work, which is dedicated in prose to Christian, dowager Countess of Devon, and in verse to Charles, Viscount Mansfield, Newcastle's elder son; Elizabeth Talbot, the Earl's grandmother, and William, Earl of Devon, are among the thirty-two persons commemorated in heroic couplets. There is likewise extant an unprinted poem by Sampson, inscribed to Margaret Cavendish, Marchioness of Newcastle, and entitled *Love's Metamorphosis, or Apollo and Daphne.*[1] Sampson was a yeoman's son and by profession a serving man, so that his deference seems quite natural. It is only to be wondered at that he did not earlier attempt to interest Cavendish in certain plays of his, which are now better known than his poetry.

II

PATRONAGE IN PROSPERITY (1636–1644)

Among the more prominent dramatists associated with Newcastle was James Shirley, who, like Ford, first attracted his patron's notice by dedicating a play to him. In 1635 *The Traitor* was published, upon presenting which the author wrote:

> My Lord,
>
> The honour of your name, and clearness of soul, which want no living monuments in the heart of princes, have already made the title of this poem innocent, though not the author; who confesseth his guilt of a long ambition, by some service to be known to you, and his boldness at last, by this rude attempt to kiss your Lordship's hands.

This application was evidently successful, for we soon find the two men on familiar terms. Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*

[1] *Harleian Ms. 6947* (Nos. 41 ff., 318–336) in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, article on William Sampson. The first line runs, "Scarce had Aurora showne her crimson face."

says of Shirley that "when the rebellion broke out, and he thereupon forced to leave London, and so consequently his wife and children (who afterwards were put to their shifts) he was invited by his most noble patron William, earl (afterwards marquess and duke) of Newcastle to take his fortune with him in the wars, for that count had engaged him so much by his generous liberality towards him, that he thought he could not do a worthier act, than to serve him and so consequently his prince." The only extraneous confirmation this fact receives is to be found in the last stanza of Shirley's song *To Odelia*,[1] but the testimony seems circumstantial enough:[2]

Cherish that heart, Odelia, that is mine,
And if the north thou fear,
Dispatch but from thy southern clime
A sigh, to warm thine here;
But be so kind
To send by the next wind,
'Tis far,
And many accidents do wait on war.

Among Shirley's miscellaneous poems there is also one to Newcastle himself, which could not have been written before 1642:[3]

Hail, great preserver of the king,
And your own honour! Such a thing
At court but rare appears;
And when in calmer years
So much virtue, so much crime
Shall be read both at one time,
Treason shall want a child, and, your worth known,
Posterity shall thank the kingdom's groan.

[1] Shirley's *Works*, ed. Dyce, II, 408.

[2] Nason in *James Shirley, Dramatist*, p. 137, thinks this is purely Cavalier lyric convention, but it sounds rather too specific for that.

[3] Shirley, II, 435.

When I before did fancy men
Of a most glorious soul, my pen
Did prophesy of you
To whom so much is due
That each patriot must rise
To court you with a sacrifice,
And boldest writers telling ages why,
Need fear no fiction in their poetry.

Great both in peace and war, thus fame
Did honour Sidney; on your name
Two laurels grow, and they
That speak them both, may say,
Thus the fluent Ovid wrote,
And thus, too, wise Cæsar fought,
For when your story shall be perfect, you
May both deserve, and have their envies too.

Wood further states that "our author Shirley did also much assist his generous patron William duke of Newcastle in the composure of certain plays, which the duke afterwards published," and this has been conclusively proved in the case of at least one, *The Country Captain*. Dyce was the first to point out that the song at the beginning of Act IV, "Come let us throw the dice," [1] occurs as a sort of rebus among Shirley's poems, but there is evidence still more striking. In 1883 Mr. A. H. Bullen published in the second volume of his *Collection of Old English Plays* an anonymous and unnamed comedy which he had found in the *Harleian Manuscript 7650*.[2] He followed Halliwell (*Dictionary of Old English Plays*[3]) in calling it *Captain Underwit* and attributed it to James Shirley, saying:

> In the notes I have pointed out several parallelisms to passages in Shirley's plays; and occasionally we find actual repetitions, word for word. But apart from these strong proofs, it would be plain from

[1] Dyce's Introduction to Shirley's *Works*, pp. xlii–xliii, and VI, 439.
[2] Bullen, *Old English Plays*, II, 315–316. [3] P. 42.

> internal evidence that the present piece is a domestic comedy of Shirley's, written in close imitation of Ben Jonson. All the characters are old acquaintances. Sir Richard Huntlove, who longs to be among his own tenants and eat his own beef in the country; his lady, who loves the pleasures of the town, balls in the Strand, and masques; Device, the fantastic gallant, — these are well-known figures in Shirley's plays. No other playwright of that day could have given us such exquisite poetry as we find in "Captain Underwit." The briskness, too, and cleverness of the dialogue closely recall Shirley.

Now the remarkable thing about this higher criticism of Mr. Bullen's is that the play under consideration is Newcastle's *Country Captain*. In all essentials the two works are identical and their differences only show that the manuscript preserves its original form, which, with the cuts and additions suggested in acting, gives the printed version. Many lines are omitted,[1] long speeches are broken up by ejaculations from the other characters,[2] additional coarseness is injected,[3] and there are one or two rearrangements of material.[4] In a word, all variants

[1] *The Country Captain* omits the whole interview between Sir Richard, the Captain, and Engine in Act V (*Captain Underwit*, pp. 408–409) and all mention of the latter at the final curtain (*Captain Underwit*, p. 415); in Act IV some fifteen short speeches are left out of the drunken scene (*Captain Underwit*, pp. 378–379), and Thomas's part receives curtailment both here and in the first two acts (*Captain Underwit*, pp. 381, 322, 338); the scornful dialogue between Courtwell and the sister is somewhat cut (*Captain Underwit*, pp. 382–383).

[2] Sir Richard's long disquisition on the pleasures of the country is interrupted in the printed play by interjections of the Lady's, "Soe Sir," "You are pleasant, Sir," which would naturally tend to relieve monotony (*Country Captain*, pp. 8–9; *Captain Underwit*, pp. 324–325).

[3] Device's satirical utterance on these same country pleasures is further spiced to gain the plaudits of an audience (*Country Captain*, p. 15; *Captain Underwit*, p. 332).

[4] Sir Francis does not tell Engine he knows him, when announcing that a man of that name is to be hanged, and thereby makes the situation much more amusing (*Captain Underwit*, p. 354). Act IV not only includes the dicing song, mentioned in the text, but has incorporated in it a drunken scene with musicians which appeared at the end of the earlier copy but which Bullen placed at the very beginning of this act (*Country Captain*, pp. 58–61; *Captain Underwit*, pp. 373–376).

from the original version were made for dramatic effect, and some practical man of the theatre may be held responsible for them.

That Shirley had a large share in the earlier form of *The Country Captain* is quite indisputable after the evidence brought forward by Bullen, and more recently by Dr. R. S. Forsythe in *The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama*. Each of the strands in its triple plot has an analogue in Shirley's acknowledged plays:[1] Lady Huntlove's dangerous intrigue with Sir Francis Courtwell and subsequent reconciliation with her husband is the story of Sir Thomas and Lady Bornwell in *The Lady of Pleasure*; Master Courtwell's jeering wooing of the Sister resembles that of Carol by Fairchild in *Hyde Park*; while the waiting maid Dorothy's deception of Captain Underwit comes from the similar trick played on Sir Nicholas Treedle by Sensible in *The Witty Fair One*. The foolish servant Thomas falls naturally into place with Treedle's Tutor, and Device draws his affectations through Caperwit of *Love in a Maze* from their common progenitor, Master Matthew of *Every Man in His Humour*. Indeed, the Jonsonian influence runs throughout this whole drama, although often turned into unaccustomed channels by the leaven of Shirley's romantic manner, which cannot conceal that the humor of Underwit is that of Master Stephen, that Captain Sackbury is a lesser Bobadill, and that the very name of Engine suggests the projector Meercraft's assistant in *The Devil is an Ass*.[2] Engine's proposed monopoly of periwigs[3] is thought by Koeppel[4] to be copied from Brome's *Court Beggar*,[5] as it may be, but in the last analysis both

[1] Forsythe, p. 424.
[2] M. Kerr's *The Influence of Ben Jonson on English Comedy*, pp. 112–117.
[3] Bullen, p. 354.
[4] *Ben Jonson's Wirkung*, p. 179.
[5] Act I, scene i, *Works*, I, 192.

situations go back to father Ben's inventive genius. The Jonsonian touches are no doubt due to Newcastle's loyal sonship, but these are greatly in the minority and it is Shirley who really directs *The Country Captain*'s progress. Its conclusion sees the two unsuccessful sinners, Sir Francis Courtwell and Lady Huntlove, forswear all further evil intentions with a fervor that would do justice to sentimental comedy, but with that lack of sincerity which distinguishes Shirley's numerous[1] and superficial conversions.

Not only does the general course of the plot suggest this dramatist's workmanship but specific resemblances to his authentic plays abound. Forsythe has pointed out[2] that the law-French[3] suggests Shirley's hand, that the intriguer's efforts to gain a rendezvous are not unlike Fowler's pretended sickness in *The Witty Fair One*,[4] and that the latter's mock praise of Penelope's charms[5] parallels Master Courtwell's irony to the Sister.[6] He also comments significantly on the word "rotten,"[7] occurring in *The Humorous Courtier* (III, 1) and *The Constant Maid* (III, 2), with the meaning "to have by heart," for which Bullen mistakenly conjectured "rooted." Bullen himself noted that Device's allusion to the scholar authors who refuse to take money for their work is repeated by Treedle in *The Witty Fair One* (IV, 2),[8] and that the Sister's parody on Master Courtwell's ornate speech runs in the vein of Celestina's rebuff to Lord A in *The Lady of Pleasure* (V, 1).[9] In *The Duke's Mistress* (IV, 1) appear the lines,

> You shall lead destiny in cords of silk,
> And it shall follow tame and to your pleasure,

[1] Forsythe, pp. 58, 71.
[2] Pp. 426–428.
[3] Bullen, p. 351.
[4] Act III, scene iv.
[5] Act I, scene iii.
[6] Bullen, p. 383.
[7] Ibid., p. 366.
[8] Ibid., p. 330.
[9] Ibid., p. 350.

which may be compared with *The Country Captain*'s

> We will make lawes to love; teach him new motion
> Or chaine him with the cordage of his haire.[1]

What is more, Bullen has discovered one line which appears identically in *The Bird in a Cage* (IV, 1):[2]

> She and the horse
> *That snorts at Spain by an instinct of nature*
> Should have shown tricks together.

In Act V Engine says:

> In a puppet play
> Were but my storie written by some scholler,
> Twould put downe hocas pocas and the tumblers
> And draw more audience than the Motion
> Of Ninevie or the dainty docile horse
> *That snorts at Spaine by an instinct of Nature.*

It is noteworthy that in *The Country Captain* none of the lines are printed as blank verse,[3] but that many of them ought to be, seems plain on the most cursory reading. Indeed, there is throughout this play abundant evidence of a poetic vein not found elsewhere in Cavendish's literary accomplishment. For instance, when Device refuses to defend himself against the Sister's attack his speech cannot be mistaken for prose, even though printed as such:[4]

> I 'le rather bleede to death then lift a sworde | in my defence; whose inconsiderate brightnesse | may fright the roses from your Cheekes, and leave | the lyllyes to Lament the rude divorce: | but were a man to dare me, and your enemie, | my rage more nimble then the Median shaft | should flye into his bosome, and your eye | change Anger into smiles, to see me fight. |

[1] Bullen, p. 353.

[2] Ibid., p. 409. Engine's lines do not occur in *The Country Captain*.

[3] Except in Act II where the Sister bids Courtwell to woo her in that fashion, and there of course it is labelled. This episode occurs on pages 34–35. In *Captain Underwit*, however, division into lines has been made. See above.

[4] *Country Captain*, p. 89.

And Shirley's fine Italian hand may also be detected in Sir Francis's dream:[1]

> What? have I slept? some witchcraft did betray
> My eyes to so much darkness, yet my dreame
> Was full of rapture, such as I with all
> My wakinge sence would fly to meete; me thought
> I saw a thousand cupids slyde from heaven
> And landing heere made this there scene of Revells
> Clappinge their goulden feathers, which kept time
> While their own feete struck musick to their dance
> As they had trod, and touched so many Lutes:
> This done within a cloude form'd like a throne,
> She to whom love had consecrate this night,
> My Mistresse, did descend, and cominge towards me
> My soule that ever wakes, angry to see
> My body made a prisoner, and so mock'd,
> Shook of the chaines of sleepe, least I should loose
> Essentiall pleasure for a dreame. Tis happie:
> I will not trust my selfe with ease and silence
> But walke and wayte her comming that must blesse me.

The Country Captain is easily the best of the dramatic work ascribed to Newcastle, a fact we must lay to Shirley's credit, for its similarity to his other plays in general outline as well as in detail is marked and Cavendish's unassisted productions are decidedly inferior. This verdict has been generally accepted by modern scholars, including Swinburne,[2] Gosse,[3] Koeppel,[4] Firth,[5] and Forsythe;[6] the only real[7] dissenter is Fleay,[8] who seems to have been actuated by personal pique

[1] *Country Captain*, p. 74; and Bullen, pp. 393–394.
[2] *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1890, p. 476.
[3] Mermaid Series, volume of Shirley's plays, Introduction, p. xxv.
[4] *Shakespeare's Wirkung*, p. 64; and *Ben Jonson's Wirkung*, p. 178.
[5] Pp. xvii–xviii.
[6] Pp. 419–422.
[7] Ward does not altogether accept Bullen's ascription to Shirley, III, 120; also see Nason, pp. 153, 452.
[8] *Chronicle of the English Drama*, I, 48–49.

against Bullen. Forsythe[1] goes so far as to suggest the identification of this play with *Looke to the Ladie*, a lost drama of Shirley's which was entered in the *Stationers' Register*, March 11, 1639–1640,[2] but apparently never printed nor acted under that name. About this time the author returned from his Irish sojourn, and although there is evidently some connection between his reappearance in London and the unfulfilled entry, just what it is has never been satisfactorily explained. Forsythe offers the hypothesis[3] that "Williams and Egglesfield (the would-be publishers) had obtained a MS. of *Captain Underwit*, which they renamed, and were preparing to publish as Shirley's when that author returning to England discovered their intention and put a stop to the publication of the play." This suggestion necessarily throws the date of *The Country Captain* back before 1636, when Shirley left England, a theory which may be supported by two independent considerations. Pepys saw the comedy revived on October 26, 1661, and records that this was "the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw, and the first that ever I was weary of in my life"; a judgment this indefatigable theatre-goer confirmed when he saw it performed again on November 25 of that same year, on August 14, 1667, and May 14, 1668, for each time it is labelled "a dull play" or "a very ordinary play." Pepys's "twenty-five years" if taken literally would settle 1636 as the date of its first production, but we are hardly justified in being so precise when dealing with such a palpable round number and such an inaccurate historian.

The other evidence for placing this comedy before Shirley's removal to Ireland is an allusion to the "Proclamation commanding the gentry to keep their residence in at their mansions

[1] Pp. 422–424. [2] *Stationers' Register*, transcribed by Arber, IV, 501. [3] P. 422.

in the Country and forbidding them to make their habitations in London and places adjoining," which was promulgated June 20, 1632.[1] "This would seem to indicate an earlier date for the play than any heretofore offered," writes Forsythe,[2] "since it seems unlikely that a proclamation at least seven years earlier would be alluded to among other strictly contemporary references." Yet the plot makes such a reference, even if out of date, peculiarly appropriate. Sir Richard Huntlove is about to take his wife and her Sister away from London, which causes Device's remark concerning "the pittiful Complaint of the Ladies when they were banish'd the Towne with their husbands to their Country houses." This fits the situation perfectly and enables the affected fop to expatiate on what a stupid existence the women will lead in their exile. There are, however, two other contemporary allusions which definitely place the present form of this play several years later: one to the Great Ship, built in 1637,[3] and one to "the leager at Barwick and the late expeditions,"[4] which must mean Charles I's march to Scotland and the Pacification at Berwick in June, 1639. Forsythe would have these passages later interpolations in his supposed version of 1635,[5] but this seems hardly necessary when the only reason for imagining an earlier form is the mere title of a lost drama recorded in 1639–1640.

Moreover, if Williams and Egglesfield chose the exact time of Shirley's return to London for publishing a surreptitious copy of his comedy, they were less astute than the average publishers of their day.[6] If, on the other hand, it was done

[1] Bullen, p. 331. [2] P. 422. [3] Bullen, p. 369. [4] Ibid., p. 321.
[5] P. 423.
[6] *The Tragedy of Saint Albans* was licensed for printing on the previous February 14 but evidently never appeared. Shirley may have come home during the intervening period, but in any case the status of the lost *St. Albans* is a separate problem. See Forsythe, pp. 150–152.

with Shirley's permission, he must have been the acknowledged author of *Look to the Lady*, for it was licensed in his name. Had there been such a previous work by him, it could never have been produced, or Newcastle's later plagiarism would have been detected at once; while if no such play was ever acted, it is idle to speculate upon its existence. Another reason for imagining that *The Country Captain* was not given until 1640 is its performance "by His Majesties Servants at the Blackfryers,"[1] a fact attested by its appearance in the list of "Plays of the King's Men," dated August 7, 1641.[2] Now before Shirley's withdrawal to Dublin, he wrote almost exclusively for the Queen's Men, and only one of his plays, *The Brothers*, — and that as far back as 1626, — was given at Blackfriars.[3] After his return the dramatist transferred his activities to the King's Men, and they produced all his later works with the exception of *The Politician* and *The Gentleman of Venice*. The occasion for this shift in the performance of Shirley's plays has been variously explained,[4] but the fact lends color to supposing that his collaboration with Newcastle falls within the later period. Indeed, there is no evidence at all which demands that *The Country Captain* should be dated as previous to 1639; on the other hand every indication serves to show that it was written and acted in that or the following year.

There can be no doubt, however, that *Look to the Lady* would be a most suitable name for the comedy in which Lady Huntlove's underhand plottings have so large a share, and the temptation to relate the two dramas becomes well-nigh irresistible when it is remembered that the single mention of Shirley's lost play also occurs in 1639–1640. It seems possible to establish such a connection if we imagine that the

[1] Title-page of the edition.
[2] *Malone Society Collections*, pp. 368–369, where it follows Shirley's *Imposture*.
[3] Forsythe, pp. 26–27. [4] Nason, pp. 122–131.

author's return to England, instead of preventing the publication of *Look to the Lady*, was the occasion of its entry in the *Stationers' Register*. He may have come back from Ireland with the idea for a new play, if not actually a rough draft of it, which he promised to finish for performance. As a result the publishers might well feel justified in preparing to print the work before it was acted. Then something interfered, perhaps it was Newcastle, who had recently developed a penchant for dramatic writing and who naturally would have turned for assistance to his former successful protégé. The diplomatic Shirley might very well hand over his new scenario to the Earl, help the nobleman extensively in its composition, and, when the comedy was completed, produce it under another title with an attribution to his patron. Then, until modern scholarship came into the field, who was to imagine that *The Country Captain* by the Earl of Newcastle was identical with *Look to the Lady* by James Shirley? Perhaps, too, this explains why the completed play was not published until Newcastle chose to issue it ten years later, and why John Williams and Francis Egglesfield printed no more of Shirley's dramas. That these men did in 1640 bring out *The Arcadia*, which was licensed on November 29, 1639, a few months before *Look to the Lady*, is an evidence that the connection between them and Shirley was not broken off immediately on his arrival in London. Forsythe tries to show that *The Arcadia* may have been issued before the dramatist's return,[1] and although this is possible, it is not likely, as a more probable hypothesis places the break somewhat later. Meanwhile *The Arcadia* might have appeared while Shirley was discovering that it was more profitable to write for the nobility than for unappreciative publishers, even if in the former case you could not acknowledge your own productions. Naturally one supposes

[1] P. 422, i.e. in the very beginning of 1640 (Old Style).

that such industry had its reward, since Newcastle was no niggard of his favors and the dramatist's loss from withdrawing *Look to the Lady* must have been considerable. Moreover, if Shirley had a conscience, it had to be salved for the disappointment to his printers.

But this is romancing, and whatever truth may be in it, there is no proof thereof. What we know is, that on March 11, 1639–1640, *Look to the Lady* was licensed; that in that month or the preceding[1] Shirley returned to London; and that not long after *The Country Captain*, in which he had a large share, was produced by the King's Men at Blackfriars. The inference is not difficult to draw, but that does not necessitate an earlier date for the play's original composition. Dr. Forsythe is to be given complete credit for first suggesting this rather obscure identification, but in imagining a previous version he has gone unnecessarily far astray. Nor, while we recognize the influence of Shirley, must we forget that this drama contains some share of Newcastle's writing, probably in the low comic scenes where any poetic feeling would have been superfluous. Its authorship has been generally ascribed to the Earl, although on the 1649 title-page it is said to be "Written by a Person of Honor."[2] We have seen that Pepys mentions Newcastle as responsible, and there are some verses by a Mr. Joseph Leigh to the same effect. They appeared in the 1651 collection of William Cartwright's works in an address to Humphrey Moseley, the printer, naming the books that he has presented to the public; among them

> fam'd Newcastle's choice *Variety*
> With his brave *Captain* held up Poetry.

[1] Nason, pp. 118–119.

[2] On the separate title-page no author is mentioned, but the printer is given as "Samuell Broun English Bookseller at the Signe of the English Printing House in the Achter-ome." Apparently Moseley obtained complete possession of this Hague edition.

The Variety is always published with *The Country Captain*, but one would not insult Shirley by suggesting that he is responsible for any part of it, although Wood says "certain plays," a distinct plural, and no others by Newcastle were presented before the Civil War. There is in it no hint of Shirley's manner beyond the fact that Monsieur Gaillard, the French dancing master, recalls Le Frisk in *The Ball*, and that Mistress Voluble's discourse to the ladies has come through the Compliment School in *Love Tricks*.[1] The ultimate source for this general type of scene seems to be *The Clouds* of Aristophanes,[2] but it came into Elizabethan drama through the comedies of Ben Jonson. *Cynthia's Revels*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Devil is an Ass* all have some kind of "Academy," and it is very likely that Newcastle took the idea directly from those works. After the Earl's intimate acquaintance with Ben, it is quite natural to find him following that master, as was discernible even in the mixed style of *The Country Captain* and as comes out strongly in the more unadulterated *Variety*. Here the Jonsonian theory of drama reigns supreme, and almost every character is a familiar type: the Jeerers, Major and Minor, are reminiscent of *The Staple of News*; Simpleton, the country chouse, is Master Stephen again, this time with the addition of a cross-eyed mother; while Form-all's propensity to impart court secrets confidentially, brings to mind Sir Politick Would-be of *Volpone*.[3] Manley's humor for praising the past to the extent of arraying himself as Leicester might almost have been suggested by Jonson himself, especially as this lover of old times

[1] Forsythe, p. 430. But Voluble speaks in Act II, scene i, not Act III as Forsythe says.

[2] This is pointed out by Edmund Gosse in Mermaid Series, volume of Shirley's plays, Introduction, p. xii.

[3] M. Kerr's *Influence of Ben Jonson*, pp. 112–117.

engages in a parody[1] of Ben's well-known lines beginning:[2]

> Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
> Before rude hands have touch'd it?

One and all, these humors are properly punished at the end with good Jonsonian morality and according to the Duchess's assertion that her husband's chief design was "to divulge and laugh at the follies of mankind, to persecute vice and to encourage virtue."[3]

It can be seen that *The Variety* lives up to its name, but otherwise little praise may be afforded this wretched production, which is indeed only a farrago of diverse characterizations. Plot there is none, except for a liberal use of the deceitful marriage device that does service in *The Country Captain.* That is well enough in its way but becomes unendurable when employed wholesale as in the conclusion of Act V, where the Justice, Sir William, and Gaillard are respectively duped by Voluble, Simpleton's Mother, and the pert chambermaid, Nice. Our author only redeems himself by two lyrics sung in the inevitable drinking scene, which are worth all the rest of this play put together. One deals with woman's charms:[4]

> Thine eyes to me like sunnes appeare
> Or brighter starres their light;
> Which makes it summer all the year,
> Or else a day of night.
> But truly I do thinke they are
> But eyes, and neither sunne nor starre.

Brow, cheek, nose, and neck undergo the same disillusionment in true Cavalier lilt. The other song,[5] a serenade, is even

[1] Act III, scene i. Simpleton sings the original words and Manley adds ridiculous ones.

[2] The last stanza of his *Triumph of Charis.*

[3] Firth, p. 109.

[4] *The Variety*, p. 62.

[5] Ibid., pp. 60–61.

more finished, and more typical of its age:

I conjure thee, I conjure thee, by thy skin that is so faire,
Thy dainty curled haire,
And thy favour and thy grace,
With the patches on thy face,
And thy hand that doth invite
The cold dullest appetite
Appeare appeare.

Upon these termes I doe invite thee,
And if thou com'st I will delight thee.

If not so, I doe not care,
Though thy breasts be ne're so bare,
Roses rich, with shooe that 's white
Or thy Venus best delight,
If not touch thy softer skin
What care I for thee a pin,
Appeare appeare.

For to heare, and not to see
Is a dull flat history,
And to see and not to touch
If you thinke the last too much
Know all woman's but one toy
If we men not them enjoy.
Appeare appeare.

The subsequent history of *The Variety* is really of greater importance than the play itself. There was made out of it a droll, called *The French Dancing Master*, which enjoyed considerable popularity after the Restoration. It was acted by Killigrew's company on March 11, 1661–1662,[1] and on May 21 Pepys attended a performance, remarking that, "The play pleased us very well; but Lacy's part, the Dancing Master, the best in the world." This impersonation won the piece its vogue and delighted Charles II so extremely that

[1] Malone's *Shakespeare*, ed. Boswell, III, 275.

he had the actor painted as Gaillard.[1] The droll was apparently based on two scenes from *The Variety*, that of Act II where the dancing master proclaims that wit lies in one's toes, and another from Act III, in which like Monsieur Jourdain's Maître à Danser[2] he urges that people be made "to dance, and to make a de boon reverence, for begar dat will make de King de great King in de Varle. . . . Ven dey are so bissey to learn a de dance, dey vill never tink of de Rebellion, and den de reverence is obedience to Monarchy, and begar obedience is ale de ting in de Varle." These two episodes were printed under the name of *The Humours of Monsieur Gaillard* in the 1672 edition of Francis Kirkman's *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*,[3] a famous collection of drolls and farces.[4]

The Variety cannot be given a definite date, but it may be approximately placed with its companion piece in 1639–1640. It was also produced by the King's Men at Blackfriars according to its title-page, but does not appear on the list of their plays reprinted in the *Malone Society Collections*. This suggests that it might have appeared after that date, August 7, 1641, but on the other hand its omission may be due to earlier lack of success, a hypothesis supported by one of Richard Brome's poems. The verses set forth before his comedy of *The Covent Garden Weeded* are inscribed, "To my Lord of Newcastle, on his Play called *The Variety*. He having commanded to give him my true opinion of it." In them Brome

[1] Langbaine, p. 317.

[2] In *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Act I, scene ii, particularly the speech: "Tous les malheurs des hommes, tous les revers funestes dont les histoires sont remplies, les bévues des politiques, et les manquements des grands capitaines, tout cela n'est venu que faute de savoir danser." — *Œuvres Complètes de Molière*, Oxford, 1900, p. 487.

[3] Pp. 134–139.

[4] Many of them are said to have been performed at fairs or taverns during the Puritan ascendency by Robert Cox, the comedian. See the article on Kirkman in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

says that he has considered himself a poet for seven years, and as the first ascertainable trace of his work is *The Northern Lass*, which was acted a short time before its printed appearance in 1632, *The Variety* can be traced back to 1639. Neither was its reception markedly enthusiastic, if Brome's "true opinion" be taken for a criterion, although he was able cleverly to equivocate out of Gil Blas's dilemma. The cunning rogue must have chuckled to himself as, without perjuring his immortal soul, he wrote:

> I could not think these seven yeares, but that I
> In part a poet was, and so might lie,
> By the Poetick License. But I finde
> Now I am none, and strictly am confin'd
> To truth, if therefore I subpæna'd were
> Before the Court of Chancerie to swear.
> Or if from thence I should be higher sent,
> And on my life unto a Parliament
> Of wit and judgement, there to certifie
> What I could say of your *Variety*:
> I would depose each Scene appear'd to me
> An Act of wit, each Act a Comedy,
> And all was such, to all that understood,
> As knowing Johnson, swore By God 't was good.

About this same time (in 1640) Brome dedicated his play *The Sparagus Garden* to Newcastle,[1] but he was too keen to trust in future rewards and had obtained his compensation in advance:

> My Lord!
>
> Your favourable Construction of my poore Labours commanded my Service to your Honour, and, in that, betray'd your worth to this Dedication: I am not ignorant how farre unworthy my best endeavours are of your least allowance; yet let your Lordship be pleased to know you, in this, share but the inconveniences of the most renowned Princes as you partake of their glories: And I doubt not but it will more divulge your noble Disposition to the World, when it is knowne you

[1] Brome's *Works*, 1873, III, 111.

can freely pardon an Officious trespasse against your Goodnes. Caesar had never bin commended for his Clemency, had there not occasion beene offered, wherein hee might shew, how willingly he could forgive: I shall thanke my Fortune, if this weake presentation of mine shall any way encrease the Glory of your Name among Good Men, which is the chiefest ayme and onely study of

Your Honours devoted servant

Richard Brome

During the period of Newcastle's dramatic activity he held his post as governor to the Prince and in connection with this office produced another, very different piece of literature. It is a letter of instructions [1] written to Charles "for his studies, conduct, and behaviour," the keynote of which seems to be moderation and diplomacy. As to education, he must learn languages and the arts of war, "though I confess, I would rather have you study things than words, matter than language; for seldom a critic in many languages hath time to study sense, for words; and at best he is or can be but a living dictionary. Besides I would not have you too studious, for too much contemplation spoils action and virtue consists in that . . . the greatest clerks are not the wisest men; neither have I known bookworms great statesmen; some have heretofore and some are now, but they study men more now than books, or else they would prove but silly statesmen. For a mere scholar, there is nothing so simple for this world." Prince Charles must beware of being too religious, a fault to which his tutor thinks him inclined, but still he must pray to God, lest his subjects wax disobedient, and lest "if any be Bible mad, over much learned with fiery zeal, they may think it a service to God to destroy you and say the Spirit moved them and bring some example of a king with a hard name in the Old Testament." The letter concludes with more practical advice, such as to be courteous,

[1] Printed by Firth, pp. 184–187, and in Ellis's *Original Letters*, Series I, Vol. III, p. 288.

civil, and ceremonious; but enough has been quoted to show that it is a remarkable document, intrinsically of greater worth than the Earl's pretentious dramas.

While governor in the royal household, Newcastle was associated with other men of letters besides Shirley and Brome, so it may have been then that Robert Davenport addressed a manuscript volume of poems to him.[1] In 1638 Jasper Mayne translated Lucian's Dialogues "for your private entertainment," as he tells his patron when they were finally published in 1664. In his dedication to the Marquis he explains the delay by saying, "whether it were Malice or Mistake I know not, but they were here in this place taken for Wanderers; And when they went to the Presse, met the Whipping-Post in their way, by the over severe persecution of some needlessly morose."[2] He adds that he would have translated more, "if the late barbarous Times had not broke into my Study. And by raising a Rebellion against Learning, and their Prince, had not called You away to lead an Army into the Field." Of this period also is a charming letter to Cavendish from gay Sir John Suckling, who is at court, and wonders why his friend stays so long away with the young Prince:[3]

> January 8. London — Are the small buds of the white and red rose more delightful than the roses themselves? And cannot the King and Queen invite as stronglie as the roiall issue?
>
> Or has your lordship taken up your freinds opinion of you to your owne use, so that when you are in my Lord of Newcastle's companie you cannot think of anie other. Excuse me — my Lord — I know it is a pleasure to enioy a priveledge due to the highest excelence — which is to be extreamlie honored and never seen — but withall I believe the goodnesse of your nature so great that you will not think yourself dearlie borrowed, when your presence shall concerne the fortune of an humble servant. I write not this — my Lord — that you should take a journey on purpose, that were as extravagant as if

[1] See Thorpe's *Catalogue of Mss.*, 1836 (No. 1450), and the article on Robert Davenport in *Dict. Nat. Biog.* [2] P. A2. [3] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 133.

> a man should desire — the universall benefactor — the sun, to come a month or two before his time, onelie to make a spring in his garden. I will as men doe his, wait — my Lord — your comming and in the meantime promise myself good howres without the help of an astrologer, since I suddenlie hope to see the noblest planett of our orb in conjunction with your Lordship.

Suckling's association with Newcastle was, of course, on an equal footing; there could be no question of patronage when two courtiers met together with a common interest. It will be remembered, also, that Sir John was largely responsible for entangling Cavendish in the ill-fated Army Plot, which by its discovery cost the Earl his position. Yet there is no sign that anything but the pleasantest relations ever existed between these two kindred spirits.

Another literary man connected with the unlucky conspiracy was William Davenant, who fled to France on its failure. He did not return until after the Civil War had broken out, when he was sent by the Queen with stores to Newcastle and (perhaps by her recommendation[1]) became an officer in the Northern Army. Sir Philip Warwick sneers at this appointment in his criticism of Cavendish[2]:

> He was a gentleman of grandeur, generosity, loyalty, and steady and forward courage; but his edge had too much of the razor in it: for he had a tincture of a romantic spirit, and had the misfortune to have somewhat of the poet in him; so as he chose Sir William Davenant, an eminent good poet, and loyal gentleman, to be lieutenant-general of his ordnance. This inclination of his own and such kind of witty society (to be modest in the expression of it) diverted many counsels, and lost many opportunities, which the nature of that affair this great man had now entered into required.

Davenant did not receive his knighthood from Newcastle as Aubrey asserts,[3] although the general had that power by

[1] Firth, p. xviii, suggests this, citing *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, ed. Green, p. 134.

[2] *Memoirs*, p. 235.

[3] Aubrey's *Lives*, ed. 1898, I, 206, and the article on Davenant in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

commission, but from King Charles in person at the siege of Gloucester. After the defeat of the royal army, Sir William again cautiously sought refuge in Paris and must have met the Marquis there. In view of their close connection, it is astonishing that no notice of it finds a place in Davenant's works, with the exception of a short poem *Upon the Marriage of the Lady Jane Cavendish with Mr. Cheney*. (Her sister Elizabeth wedded Lord Brackley, who took the part of the Elder Brother in *Comus*, and this is the only link between Newcastle and the greatest writer of his age.) Davenant's verses do not seem appropriate to their subject as they run:[1]

> Why from my thoughts sweet rest; sweeter to me
> Than young ambition's prosp'rous travels be,
> Or love's delicious progresses;
> And is next death the greatest ease?
> Why from so calm a heav'n,
> Dost call me to this world, all windy grown;
> Where the light crowd, like lightest sand is driven,
> And weighty greatness, even by them, to air is blown?

During his campaigns Cavendish's own creative work was naturally brought to a standstill, or rather he turned his talents into unaccustomed channels. All his energies were occupied by proclamations and reports, of which the declaration "for marching into Yorkshire" is worth considering for its simplicity of outline and its clean-cut argument.[2] His defense for coming is (1) that he has been invited, (2) that he does not come to pillage or plunder, (3) that he intends to put an end to violent encroachments, and (4) that he will take counsel with his supporters in York and withdraw when his object is accomplished. That he has accepted Popish recusants into his army is freely admitted, but the Parliamentarians had entertained them first. Also it is perfectly legitimate to receive aid

[1] *Works*, p. 291.

[2] Rushworth, III, ii, 78–81. See p. 24, above.

from people of different denominations, as precedent and expediency go to prove, nor is there any reason why they should prove disloyal. Finally, he will see to it that these Papists "do nothing against the Lawes of this Kingdome, for I have received them, not for their Religion, but for the Allegiance which they profess to so gratious a King: whom I pray God to Protect, and long continue amongst us, and let all good People say, Amen."

III

PATRONAGE IN EXILE (1644–1660)

Newcastle's excellent proclamations could not make up for his mediocre military ability, however, and by 1645, as we have seen, he found himself a refugee in Paris. Here he encountered Hobbes again[1] and almost at once became embroiled in one of that philosopher's theoretical disputations. Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry, a staunch Royalist and a friend of Cavendish's, had fled with him after Marston Moor,[2] and he was to be Hobbes's antagonist. The two men had a temperate discussion on the question of free-will before Newcastle, but as no conclusion was reached Bramhall set his views down on paper and sent them to the nobleman to be answered in like manner by Hobbes.[3] At the request of his patron, Hobbes did answer them in a letter dated from Rouen, August 20, 1646, humbly beseeching "your Lordship to communicate it only to my Lord Bishop."[4] Bramhall replied,

[1] Here, too, Newcastle and his brother were "pleased to take notice of" Sir William Petty, on Hobbes's recommendation. See Vaughan's *Protectorate of Cromwell*, II, 368. It was Cavendish's influence also, no doubt, which at this time procured Hobbes his position as tutor in mathematics to Prince Charles. See Leslie Stephen's *Hobbes*, p. 38.

[2] Bramhall's *Works*, I, x, and III, Preface.

[3] Hobbes's *English Works*, V, 2, 22; and Bramhall's *Works*, IV, 17, 23.

[4] Hobbes's *English Works*, IV, 238–278.

and as his opponent remained silent, the controversy seemed likely to be dropped; but before the Bishop's second epistle had been received, a French gentleman obtained permission from Hobbes to have his letter translated by a young Englishman, "who being a nimble writer, took a copy of it for himself." In 1654 this surreptitious copy was printed, without the philosopher's knowledge or consent,[1] but much to the indignation of Bramhall, who believed Hobbes had rudely violated their confidential correspondence. He thereupon published in 1655 all three tracts, item by item, under the name of *A Defence of True Liberty from Antecedent and Extrinsecal Necessity*, and dedicated it to Newcastle with a preface, stating in no uncertain terms the author's supposed grounds for complaint against his enemy.[2] The following year Hobbes set forth the entire transaction again, calling it *The Questions Concerning Liberty, Necessity and Chance*, explaining the circumstances of the pirated version, and adding "animadversions" on each several section.[3] Bramhall retaliated with *Castigations of Mr. Hobbes his last Animadversions*[4] and then carried the argument into broader fields by his *Catching of Leviathan*,[5] 1658. The final chapter in this dispute was Hobbes's answer, probably written ten years later but only given to the public posthumously.[6]

Newcastle's name, it may be seen, disappears early in the discussion but crops up again in a sort of sequel to it. In 1676 Benjamin Laney, Bishop of Ely, issued a tract against the original 1646 letter on liberty and necessity, to which it is alleged by Richard Blackburne that Hobbes replied in an address to the Duke.[7] No trace of this answer has been found,

[1] Hobbes's *English Works*, V, 25–26.
[2] Bramhall, IV, 5–196.
[3] Hobbes's *English Works*, V.
[4] Bramhall, IV, 197–506.
[5] Ibid., IV, 507–597.
[6] Hobbes's *English Works*, IV, 279–384.
[7] *Vitæ Hobbianæ auctarium* in Hobbes's *Latin Works*, I, lxvii.

and very probably it never existed.[1] We have, however, in manuscript still another work dedicated to Cavendish: *A minute or first draught of the Optiques. In two parts. By Thomas Hobbes. At Paris, 1646.*[2] The first part, *On Illumination*, was never printed, but the second, *On Vision*, appears in Latin as part of the *De Homine*. Its introduction states that "the desire of knowledge and desire of needlesse riches are incompatible, and destructive one of another" and that this treatise "is grounded especially upon that wh^{ch} about 16 years since I affirmed to your Lo^{pp} at Welbeck, that light is a fancy in the minde, caused by motion in the brain." The hope is further expressed "that your lordship, after having performed so noble and honourable acts for defence of your countrie, may thinke it no dishonour in this unfortunate leasure to have employed some thoughts in the speculation of the noblest of the senses, *vision*." Newcastle was not the sort of man to lament his lost opportunities, and when the theatre of affairs was closed to him he speedily sought consolation in his earlier and less exacting pursuits; patronage of science or art was always a congenial occupation for him.

Association with Hobbes, together with Sir Charles Cavendish's practical knowledge of science,[3] brought the Marquis into relations with foreign men of learning. "I have heard Mr. Edmund Waller say," writes Aubrey,[4] "that W. Lord Marquis of Newcastle was a great patron to Dr. Gassendi, and M. Des Cartes, as well as to Mr. Hobbes, and that he hath dined with them all three at the Marquis's table at Paris." The Duchess gives some support to this statement when she

[1] Robertson's *Hobbes*, p. 202, n.

[2] *Harleian Ms. 3360.* See Hobbes's *English Works*, VII, 467–471, where the dedication and concluding paragraph are given.

[3] See Vaughan's *Protectorate of Cromwell*, Vol. II, App.; Halliwell's *Letters on Scientific Subjects*, 1841; and Hobbes's *English Works*, VII, 455–462.

[4] *Lives*, ed. 1898, I, 366.

defends herself against having appropriated opinions from the two latter:[1]

> I cannot say but I have seen them both, but upon my conscience I never spoke with monsieur De Cartes in my life, nor ever understood what he said, for he spake no English, and I understand no other language, and those times I saw him, which was twice at dinner with my Lord at Paris, he did appear to me a man of the fewest words I ever heard. And for Master Hobbes, it is true I have had the like good fortune to see him, and that very often with my Lord at dinner, for I conversing seldom with any strangers, had no other time to see those famous Philosophers; yet I never heard Master Hobbes to my best remembrance treat, or discourse of Philosophy, nor I never spake to Master Hobbes twenty words in my life, I cannot say I did not ask him a question, for when I was in London I met him, and told him as truly I was very glad to see him, and asked him if he would please to do me that honour to stay at dinner, but he with great civility refused as having some businesse, which I suppose required his absence.

Possibly in view of her habitual silence on previous occasions, he did not anticipate that her Ladyship would give him a very stimulating evening's entertainment.

Still the Duchess was very proud of the connection with Hobbes, for in the *Life* she records his delight in some of her husband's sayings. The conversation turned on whether it might be possible for men to fly with artificial wings, and "my Lord declared, that he deemed it altogether impossible, and demonstrated it by this following reason. Man's arms, said he, are not set on his shoulders in the same manner as birds' wings are; for that part of the arm which joins to the shoulder is in man placed inward, as towards the breast, but in birds outward, as toward the back; which difference and contrary position or shape hinders that man cannot have the same flying action with his arms as birds have with their wings. Which argument Mr. Hobbes liked so well, that he was pleased to

[1] In "An Epiloge to my Philosophical Opinions," prefixed to *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, 1655.

make use of it in one of his books called Leviathan, if I remember well."[1] Later they talked of witches, and Hobbes said he would not believe there were such things except that they admitted it themselves. Newcastle gave it as his opinion "that the confession of witches and their suffering for it, proceeded from an erroneous belief, viz. that they had made a contract with the devil to serve him for such rewards as were in his power to give them, . . . and this wicked opinion makes them industrious to perform such ceremonies to the devil, that they adore and worship him as their god, and choose to live and die for him. Thus my Lord declared himself concerning witches, which Mr. Hobbes was also pleased to insert in his fore-mentioned book."[2] Professor Firth says he has not been able to find these arguments in the *Leviathan*,[3] and it is absolutely certain that the former does not appear in it. There is an allusion to witches, however, which may be held roughly to coincide with Cavendish's expressed view. In a brief and unimportant passage the author states:[4]

> As for witches, I think not that their witchcraft is any real power; but yet that they are justly punished for the false belief they have that they can do such mischief, joined with their purpose to do it if they can; their trade being nearer to a new religion than to a craft or science.

The Duchess did not "remember well" in the first instance and her second example is hazy, to say the least, but she comes out of the ordeal with her reputation for intentional veracity unimpeached, if condemned more strongly than ever as an over-ardent hero-worshipper.

This lady took her turn at patronage, too, after her marriage to Newcastle and while they were still in Paris. The recipient of her favor was John Birkenhead, editor of the *Mercurius*

[1] Firth, pp. 106–107.
[2] Ibid., p. 107.
[3] Ibid., p. 106, n.
[4] *English Works*, III, 9.

Aulicus, of whom Aubrey writes:[1] "He went over into France, where he stayed some time, I thinke not long. He received grace there from the dutchess of Newcastle, I remember he tolde me." This must have been in 1648, the year of Birkenhead's arrival and of Descartes's long stay in Paris. In July the Marquis and the Marchioness left France for the Low Countries, where they resided during the remainder of their exile. Here there were few literary men with whom they could foregather, and as neither husband nor wife cared much for reading,[2] they both turned to composition according to their individual taste and genius.

The most interesting work that Newcastle produced in this period is thus described in his biography:[3]

> And here I cannot forbear to mention, that my noble Lord, when he was in banishment, presumed out of his duty and love to his gracious master, our now sovereign King, Charles the Second, to write and send him a little book, or rather a letter wherein he delivered his opinion concerning the government of his dominions, whensoever God should be pleased to restore him to his throne, together with some other notes and observations of foreign states and kingdoms; but it being a private offer to his sacred Majesty, I dare not presume to publish it.

Two manuscript copies of this document survive, one, evidently the royal copy, bound in white parchment, with fine gold tooling and blue silk strings, among the Clarendon Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library,[4] the other in the Duke of Portland's possession. This letter was printed in 1903 by S. A. Strong in his *Catalogue of Letters and Other Historical Documents*

[1] *Lives*, ed. 1898, II, 105.

[2] S. A. Strong's *Catalogue*, p. 173; "A Preface to the Reader," prefixed to *Philosophical Letters*; and "To the Reader," prefixed to *Observations upon Experimental Philosophy*.

[3] Firth, p. 100.

[4] Madan's *Summary Catalogue of the Western Mss.*, Vol. III, No. 16,195, where it is ascribed to Clarendon.

preserved in the Library at Welbeck[1] and is an important addition to our knowledge of the man and his period. Monsieur Émile Montégut, in complete ignorance of this treatise, prophesies of it with startling accuracy:[2] "Nous connaîtrions les vraies opinions de Newcastle sur le gouvernement civil et la religion, et il est probable que nous verrions qu'elles furent elles même d'un Hobes modéré, prudent et sans insolence agressive." They are moreover the views of an overpractical Hobbes and thus form an instructive corollary to the Hobbesian theories by applying them more specifically.

The "Little Book" begins with the assertion that "these discourses are oute off my longe Experience" and plunges at once into the question of militia, "for withoute an Armeye In your owne handes you are butt a kinge Uppon the Courteseye of others" — a good Leviathan principle with which to start.[3] That monster is actually named in urging that its head, London, be mastered, "for so you master all Englande, & as one sayde whatt shoulde they bee Armde for, butt In time off peace to playe the fooles, In finsburye feeldes, In trayninge there, — Ande in time of warr to playe the Rebells agaynst their kinge, so still I Conclude Master London & you have dun your worke." He advises that trained bands be kept in every county, that two forts be built on each side of the Thames below Greenwich as was done at Antwerp, and that good garrisons be kept in port towns. This last move will help insure the safety of shipping, which according to the old saying "is the Brason walls off Englande." Closely connected with that

[1] Pp. 173–236. [2] Pp. 271–272.

[3] John Selden, who also was a follower of Hobbes, writes: "If the Prince be *servus natura*, of a servile base Spirit, and the Subjects *liberi*, free and Ingenuous, oft-times they depose their Prince, and govern themselves. On the contrary, if the People be *Servi Natura*, and some one amongst them of a free and Ingenuous Spirit, he makes himself King of the rest; and this is the Cause of all changes in State: Commonwealths into Monarchies, and Monarchies into Commonwealths." — *Table-Talk*, CIX, 9.

is a plea for encouraging trade, "Itt is the merchante thatt onlye bringes Honye to the Hive," and with true seventeenth-century ring, the theory that was to reach its highest development under Colbert, "Trade muste bee considerde, thatt the merchante maye Exporte, more than Importe, that hee Carrye oute more Comodeties than he bringes in." The more trade, the greater custom revenues for the King, but of late there has been too much confusion in collecting them. Let monopolies be abolished, the rate of interest be lowered, and an excise adopted as the fairest tax possible, although, even so, "a Rich Curmougin thatt will almoste Starve him selfe, with rawe Porke and Candles Endes maye have advantage for the Purse though nott the Bellye, butt thatt can nott bee helpte." Since manufacture is of the utmost importance for enriching a country, it would be an excellent plan to bring into England foreign industries such as the production of silk and of linen, "so for all maner off fine thred lases, as flanders famous for Itt, Iper & Gaunte hath been famous above 300 yeares for chaser [Chaucer!] speakes off Itt."

As in his letter to Charles when a prince, Newcastle considers the Church as merely a political tool. This is strictly in accord with Hobbes's idea that religion must ever be subservient to the State, by the very nature of the contract implied in all government.[1] Consequently the Church of England is the only permissible form of observance, "for Indeed, Popery, & Presbetery, though theye looke divers wayes, with their heads, yett theye are tied together like Samsons Foxes by theyr Tayles Carienge the same fierbrandes off Covetusnes & Ambition, to putt all Into a Combustion whersoever theye coume, thatt will nott Submit to them." In Catholicism the jurisdiction of the Pope interferes with civil

[1] As Selden expresses it, "Every law is a Contract between the King and the People, and therefore to be kept." — *Table-Talk*, LXXVII, 4.

administration, and "for presbetrye Itt Is as distructive to monarchye as uncomlye in it, & a litle to sauseye with God Almightye sans seremoneye, butt lett anye tell mee wher anye monarkeye Is wher Itt Is planted, naye wher theye are butt aloude as In France whatt worke have theye made howe manye Civell warrs, untill Cardnall Richelewe tooke order with them In takinge a waye all theyr stronge Holdes." Then certain practical truths as to the regulation of Episcopacy are propounded. The bishops should be wise men, as they have a right to sit in the upper house and are to supervise the schools, so that no weaver can scatter heresy among the pupils, "for sertenlye as wee are Bred, off thatt Religion or opinion wee are off for the moste parte." Let each minister have but one living; let the preachers confine themselves to printed orthodox sermons and catechisms that they may prevent fanaticism from creeping into the fold. "The Bible in Englishe under everye wevers & Chambermadyes Arme hath dun us much hurte," writes Newcastle, as he reviews the Rebellion in the light of Hobbes's system. Therefore only Latin books of controversy can be permitted, the press must be subjected to a rigid censorship, and the number of students in colleges and schools limited. Part of the bishops' function is to report public opinion, together with the movements of all dangerous persons. "But S^r^ ther Is nothinge can so well setle the church & keepe Itt In order as the power to bee In your owne handes, which Is the Drum & the Trumpett, for disputts will never have an Ende, & make newe & greate disorders, butt force quietts all thinges & so this amongeste the reste."

One great protection for the King against the Church was law, but of late that has increased to such an extent that it must be regulated. Lawyers have multiplied like grasshoppers, until now one cannot get a decision in any court because of the red tape which is the livelihood of that profession. Chancery of

course is the most dilatory tribunal, and by contrast the Star Chamber the most efficient. "They will saye Indeed whoesoever Coumes ther, iff hee scape a broken pate hee Is shure to have a Scratchte face, butt one shoulde aske him whye hee coumes Ther." A merciful judge turns out to be more cruel in the end than a severe magistrate, who soon gets his jurisdiction so well in hand that leniency is not needed. A corrupt judge ought to be examined by the King in person, and the sovereign should establish a record office in each county to diminish the need of lawyers. By these means he will be able to keep all departments under his control and, when this has been accomplished, to govern through kindness. "I shoulde wishe your Ma^tie to Governe by both Love & feare mixte together as ocation serves, — havinge the power which Is forse & never to use Itt butt uppon nesesetye, when ther Is eyther Comotion, or to prevente Itt, when anye what soever begins to Sowe sedition between the kinge & his People & to Governe as God Almightye doth by promise & Threatninges; Rewardes for doinge well & punishmentes for those that offende." Here Newcastle clearly reveals the justification of Hobbes's philosophy when carried out to its impractical ideal, which is not so very different from many another Utopia; but danger often lies in the methods advocated to gain this common end. Specific suggestions on the government of Scotland and Ireland (not Home Rule, needless to say) and on diplomatic relations with foreign countries follow, though their particularity puts them beyond the province of literature.

Again the Marquis asserts the importance of ceremony in accents strongly reminiscent of the King in *Henry IV*[1]: "Seremonye & order with force, Governes all both In Peace & Warr, & keepes Everye man & Everye thinge within the Circle off their owne Conditions," — a sentiment which finds even more

[1] Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part I*, Act III, scene ii.

striking expression in Selden's *Table-Talk*: "Ceremony keeps up all things: 'T is like a Penny-Glass to a rich Spirit, or some excellent Water; without it the Water were spilt, the Spirit lost."[1] Therefore the King is to hold aloof from the common herd as Queen Elizabeth did, and not to endure familiarity even in his bedchamber. He must honor the nobility, who at the worst would only depose him in favor of another ruler, while the commons are hostile to all monarchy. At the same time his courtiers must continually be kept up to a high level, for sometimes foppery has found its way in so ruinously that the greatest noble in England would be jeered, "iff hee did nott make the laste monthes Reverence A La Mode thatt Came with the laste Danser frome Paris packte upp In his fidle Case." The royal privileges are not even open to discussion, much less should Parliament be allowed supreme power, and to prevent this the King must keep plenty of money by him — good advice for a Stuart, if only he would follow it. This money is for rewarding friends, not to bribe enemies, a mistake frequently made in former times, and one that Hobbes condemned with severity. To Newcastle it is "the Greateste Error off State thatt Ever was Committed In these two laste Raynes." "The Cardinall de Richelewe was the wiseste & Greateste States-Man in his times, & hee went playnlye to worke withoute litle Juglinges hee had butt two thinges which hee did All withal, which was moneye & Armes, sayenge iff the moneye would nott doe the Armes woulde, & iff the Armes fayled the moneye would & iff theye weare Singlye to weake beinge joyned theye woulde Effecte moste thinges In this worlde."

Although Newcastle warned Charles against extravagance, he also added to his pamphlet a section, "For Your Ma^ties Devertisementes." They were to include masks, balls, and plays,

[1] *Table-Talk*, XI, 1.

riding horses in the manage, tiltings on coronation days, hunting and hawking, and elaborate progresses through the country. The people also must have diversions to keep them contentedly loyal; the "Thou shalt nots" of the Protectorate had already prevented gaiety and happiness too long. Paris Garden, the home of bear-baiting, and all the theatres shall be open wide again, there will be puppet plays and rope dancing "with Guglers & Tumblers, — Besides strange Sightes, off Beastes, Birdes, Monsters & manye other thinges with severall Sortes off Musike, & dansinge, — Ande all the olde Holedayes, with their Mirth, & rightes sett up agen; Feastinge daylaye will be in Merrye Englande, for Englande Is so plentifull off all provitiones, that iff wee doe nott Eate them theye will Eate Use, so wee feaste In our Defense."[1] Many of these amusements shall go travelling up and down the country-side as they were wont to do, but the rural folk have their own relaxations as well: "Maye Games, Moris Danses, the Lords off the Maye, & Ladye off the Maye, the foole, — & the Hobye Horse muste nott bee forgotten. — Also the whitson Lorde, & Ladye, — Thrashinge off Hens at Shrove-tite, — Caralls & wassells att Christmas, with good Plum Porege & Pyes which nowe are forbidden as prophane ungodlye thinges, wakes, — Fayres & markettes mentaynes Comerse & Trade, — & affter Eveninge Prayer Everye Sundaye & Holedaye, — The Countereye People with their fresher Lasses to tripp on the Toune Greene about the Maye pole, to the Louder Bagg-Pipe ther to be refreshte with their Ale & Cakes." With what gusto the Marquis writes of the good old days, and with what anticipation he looked forward to their renewal! It is sad to think how changed was the

[1] Compare "An Apology for English Gluttony" in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, I, 326–327: "The thyrde cause is for drede; we have so grete aboundance and plente in ower realme, yf that we shulde not kyll and dystroye them, they wolde dystroy and devoure us, bothe beste and fowles." — *Harleian Ms. 2252*, fol. 84, v° (of Henry VIII's time).

England to which he went back, and sadder still to realize what Fate held in store for Newcastle himself. The "Little Book" did not hold counsel pleasing to the second Charles, if we may judge from subsequent events, under a régime where pleasure and not policy was at the helm.[1] It contained much sound practical advice none the less, which if followed might have delayed the Stuart downfall. As it stands, the work is an invaluable commentary on Hobbes's philosophy and an important contribution to the political literature of that day. It does not look forward, but, turning backward with the keen eye of experience, it pierces the tangled causes of the Great Rebellion. The extreme Royalist view is set forth, after a lapse of years had allowed passions to cool and reason to reassert itself; the impetuosity of the Cavalier has been tempered with the careful deliberation of a Hobbes. The author's personality and past history merge in the product, which is as unique as it is remarkable — Newcastle never wrote with less thought of the public, but never with better effect.

There is also in existence at Welbeck Abbey a book "containing songs and sketches of plays in the handwriting of the Duke" which, to judge from the scant selection given by Mr. Strong,[2] must have been composed during the stay in Flanders. One poem was to have been spoken before a pastoral drama at Antwerp and evidently to an audience of English refugees, since it defends entertainments given in the gloomy days of exile. Another is *Upon Giving Mee The Late Kinges Picture*; a third was to be set to music by Mr. Lanier. We know that such a song was rendered at the ball in honor of Charles (1658), and this may have been the identical lyric sung by the Duchess's Moor:

[1] It is true that Charles carried out some of Newcastle's precepts, especially in regard to amusements (Airy, *Charles II*, p. 114), but the spirit of his reign was entirely opposed to the "Little Book."

[2] *Catalogue of Letters etc. at Welbeck*, pp. 57–60.

Her absence makes mee suffer for her,
Nott greefe, or sorowe, butt whatts Hor-rer,
Fanside [fancied] softe Virgins murderde, Bledinge,
On those pewre streames sawe Tigers feedinge,
Then vewde distracted Parentts Lienge,
Cursinge their Fates, Pininge, & Dyenge.

There follow three other verses of "hor-rer" which cause the poet to exclaim,

Therefore returne with loves Intention,
For frome Hells thaughts, Ther is redemtion.

This is pretty poor stuff, and the other printed verses are scarcely better.

In 1658 Newcastle had published at Antwerp his first book on horsemanship, which, with his second work on the same subject, has secured for him a large portion of his present fame.[1] With that fame has also come no small share of ridicule, for riding in the manage soon ceased to be a fashionable diversion, and nothing is more absurd than an outworn fad. Bishop Warburton in his edition of Clarendon[2] succinctly labelled the Duke "a fantastical virtuoso on horseback," and the occasion was too good for Walpole to let slip without a passing sneer:[3]

> He was fitter to break Pegasus for a manage than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace and his faithful duchess who was never off her pillion.

[1] Many books on horsemanship had already been published during the last part of the sixteenth and the first part of the seventeenth century, notably those by Gervase Markham: *A Discourse of Horsemanshippe; Cavelarice, or the English Horseman*, etc. See *Cambridge History*, IV, 364–369, and F. N. Huth's *Works on Horses and Equitation*. Newcastle seems to have owed little or nothing to them, however, for in such writing the author's own experience is all-important; nor would the Duke have condescended to sit at the feet of any master in this, his chosen subject.

[2] VII, 77. [3] *A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, ed. Park, III, 189.

The full title of the earlier volume is *La Méthode Nouvelle et Invention extraordinaire de dresser les Chevaux les travailler selon la Nature et parfaire la nature par la subtilté de l'art; la quelle n'a jamais été treuvée que Par Le tres-noble haut et tres-puissant Prince Guillaume, Marquis et Comte de Newcastle etc. etc. Traduit de l'Anglois de l'Auteur en Francois par son Commandement.*[1] Concerning the circumstances of its appearance Newcastle writes to Nicholas on February 15, 1656–1657:[2]

> I am so tormented about my book of horsemanship as you cannot believe, with a hundred several trades, I think, and the printing will cost above £1300, which I could never have done but for my good friends Sir H. Cartwright and Mr. Loving; and I hope they shall lose nothing by it, and I am sure they hope the like.

In 1743 it was translated back into English to form the first volume of *A General System of Horsemanship in all its Branches*, printed by John Brindley, Bookseller to the Prince of Wales.

The Introduction states Descartes's opinion that horses can reason as well as human beings and the author's deduction that they must therefore be taught like children, i. e. by rewards and punishments. The First Book is occupied with considerations of color and shape in horses, with their breeding, rearing, and breaking. Book II explains Newcastle's great invention, a new way to fasten the reins of the cavesson,[3] which has turned out to be a panacea for ills in the manage. Lessons are given on how to supple a horse's shoulders, how to make him obey the heel or bridle, how to work him with the false reins, with the bit, or with the reins held in the left hand. All these exercises are given for the gait of

[1] On June 29, 1653, Newcastle asks Edgeman to procure a translator for him. See *Calendar of Clarendon Papers*, II, 220.

[2] *State Papers* (*Domestic*), Record Office. See Firth, p. 206.

[3] A cavesson is a kind of stiff noseband used in training horses.

terra-à-terra, but the next book treats of the so-called "airs": corvets, groupades, caprioles, balotades, and demi-airs. For these airs, the horse is tied to the single pillar by a rather short rope and pricked with a poinson[1] to help out the rider's instruction. One essential quality in a well-trained horse is being put easily upon his haunches and another is to turn readily. Book IV treats of ways to attain these and other virtues; as a last resort one is to let the horse have his own way, until he becomes tired of it and willing to obey his rider. The steed must not bear too heavily on the hand, nor should he be too light upon it, that is, not to have a good appuy. An "Epitome of Horsemanship" emphasizes certain preceding points, such as not to work the croup of a horse before his shoulders upon a circle, while an Appendix of afterthoughts brings the treatise to a conclusion.

Much more interesting to the average reader than the text of this volume are the illustrations, which consist of forty-two — with the title-page, forty-three — copper-plate engravings, designed by Abraham Diepenbeck and executed by various skilled workmen. The majority show Newcastle and his master of horse, Captain Mazarin, executing the different gaits and evolutions of their steeds.[2] One depicts the Marquis and Marchioness, their three daughters and sons-in-law, together with their two daughters-in-law, watching the feats of their two mounted sons. In another, Charles II is guided by Pallas and led by Mars, with Mercury as lackey and Cupid as page. Newcastle himself is often glorified, for we see him crowned by angels, drawn in a chariot by satyrs, and, most frequently, worshipped by horses. Verses are sometimes appended, composed by a Mr. D. V., of whom we would know more, for he writes:

[1] The wielder of this instrument stands not far off on foot.

[2] The landscape frequently contains the buildings at Bolsover or Welbeck.

Apres l'homme le Cheval le plus noble animal
Est rendu par ce Seigneur si juste et si égal.
Par cette Methode, que tout le monde admire
Qu'on voit aisément qu'il est sujet de Son Empire.

And again, describing the picture so exactly that one feels it was drawn to fit his poem:

Il monte avec la main les éperons et gaule
Le Cheval de pegase qui volle en Capriole;
Il monte si haut qu'il touche de sa teste les Cieux
Et par ses merveilles ravit en extases les Dieux.
Les Chevaux corruptibles qui là-bas sur terre sont
En Courbettes demi-airs, terre à terre vont
Avec humilitié, soumission et bassesse
L'adorer comme Dieu et auteur de leur adresse.

In 1667 Newcastle published his English book on the subject, "being neither a Translation of the first, nor an absolutely necessary Addition to it."[1] Such a warning seems necessary, for the title is an exact equivalent of the French already cited. There are no engravings to lighten this disquisition, but its style is, *per contra*, rather informal and conversational. For instance, there is a defense of the refinements of life, riding in the manage being one, that does not lack virility or force:

It is True that if there was nothing Commendable but what is Useful, strictly Examined; we must have nothing but Hollow Trees for our Houses, Figg-leaf-Breeches for our Clothes, Acorns for our Meat and Water for our Drink; for certainly most things else are but Superfluities and Curiosities.

Frederic Grison, the Neapolitan authority on horses, and his translator Mr. Blundeville are subjected to cutting satire:

They Bid us take Heed, by any Means, Not to make the Horse too Weak-Neckt; which is a Prime Note! But Mr. Blundevile did not know that all Horses are a stiff-Necked Generation.

[1] "To the Readers."

The Duke's simple egotism and pride speak out in a most straightforward and attractive manner:

> There is no Horse-man but shall Make my Horses go, for his Use, either in a Single Combat, or in the Wars, better than he shall any bodies Horses else; and that's Sufficient: for, to make them go in Perfection as I can, were too much, and too great a Miracle.

Sir Walter Raleigh is mentioned twice, once as having "told me, That in the West-Indies there were the Finest Shap't Horses, and the Finest Colours in the World, beyond all Spanish Horses and Barbs that ever he saw; and they knew there so little the Use of Horses that they killed them for their Skins"—a most engaging traveller's tale! Again it is recorded that "Sir Walter Rawley said well, That there are Stranger Things in the World than between Stains and London."

The plan of this 1667 volume follows the early work[1] but differs materially in its proportions. Each separate breed of horses is taken up for a careful analysis, the division treating of farriery and the veterinary art is somewhat augmented, and, indeed, the whole book seems merely an elaboration of certain points in the earlier treatise. The author says it "may be of use by it self," but that must be for those who already know something of the manage; for uninitiated readers *La Méthode Nouvelle* is more instructive, though "both together will questionless do best." The Duke had his second text also turned into French and published both versions in the same year at London. A French copy fell into the hands of Monsieur de Solleysel, whose own knowledge of horsemanship enabled him to detect the faults in translation and who wrote to Newcastle asking permission to undertake a more perfect rendering. This the Englishman granted, and afterwards, with

[1] Both have four parts and an "Epitome of Horsemanship" added.

his grandson as intermediary, he approved certain notes and explanations added by de Solleysel.[1] A German translation by Johann Philipp Ferdinand Pernauer followed in 1700. It was printed at Nuremberg with the French in a parallel column and was adorned by essentially Teutonic attempts to reproduce the plates of Newcastle's earlier work. Thus it may be seen that the Marquis's two books had a decided vogue and at once became the authorities on manage, which they have ever since remained.

Gerard Langbaine confirms this popularity, both directly by anecdote and indirectly by an admission of his own indebtedness to Cavendish:[2]

> Signior del Campo, One of the most knowing Riders of his Time, said to the Duke (upon his Dismounting) as it were in an Extasie, *Il faut tirer la Planche*; *The Bridge must be drawn up*: Meaning that no Rider must presume to come in Horsemanship after him. M. De Soleisel (one of the best Writers that I have met with amongst the French) when he enlarged his *Le Parfait Mareschal*, borrowed the *Art of Breeding* from the Duke's Book, as he owns in his *Avis au Lecteur*: and stiles him *Un des accomplis Cavaliers de nôtre temps*. But having nam'd this Foreigner's borrowing from his Grace, I should justly deserve to be branded with Ingratitude, should I not own, That 'tis to the Work of this Great Man, that I am indebted for several Notions borrow'd from his Grace, in a little Essay of Horsemanship, printed 8° Oxon. 1685.

This refers to *The Hunter: a Discourse of Horsemanship*, published by Leonard Lichfield and bound up with the third edition of Nicholas Cox's *Gentleman's Recreation*.[3] Langbaine's predisposition in favor of Newcastle, whether as general or author, may perhaps rest on this common interest in horsemanship, a subject at which the nobleman excelled both in his age and for all time.

[1] See reprint with the German version. [2] Langbaine, p. 388.

[3] The article on Langbaine in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*; and *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686.

While the Marquis and Marchioness were still on the Continent, they acquired one literary friend whose name was to echo down the ages in no very dignified manner. What is more, they became so extremely intimate with Richard Flecknoe that a great admiration developed on both sides. The earliest indication of it was some verses by Newcastle prefixed in 1655 [1] to this poetaster's *A Relation of Ten Years' Travels in Europe, Asia, Affrique, and America.* Three years later Flecknoe first brought out his *Enigmaticall Characters, all taken to the Life from several Persons, Humours, and Dispositions,* and again Newcastle launches into hyperbolic compliment. Here there are two introductory poems by him, of which the first runs:

> Fleckno, thy Characters are so full of wit
> And fancy, as each word is throng'd with it,
> Each line 's a volume, and who reads would swear,
> Whole Libraries were in each Character:
> Nor Arrows in a quiver struck, nor yet
> Lights in the Starry Skies are thicker set,
> Nor Quils upon the Armed Porcepine,
> Than wit and Fancy in this Work of thine.

The complacent author reciprocates this flattery, for his character "Of a certain Nobleman" [2] is evidently drawn from Newcastle, whom, as we shall see, he later mentions by name in similar terms. The anonymous nobleman here "remembers his Ancestors more to their praise than his own . . . swels not with speaking big, but is courteous and affable to all, holding courtesie so main an ornament of Nobility, as that Nobleman (he imagines) disguises but himself, and puts on Pesants cloathing, who is discourteous; above all he holds loyalty so essential to a Nobleman, as who proves disloyall once (he imagines) not only degrades himself, but even his posterity of their Nobility."

[1] The article on Flecknoe, *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, gives the date as 1656. [2] P. 103.

After the death of Cromwell, in 1658, Flecknoe published a panegyric upon him,[1] so that when the Restoration occurred he found it wise to bring out his *Heroick Portraits* to ingratiate himself with the new administration. Charles led the array, and among the other descriptions was one of Newcastle, praising the Marquis for his ability, wisdom, and generosity. To him Flecknoe dedicated, in 1664, *Love's Kingdom. A Pastoral Trage-Comedy. Not as it was acted at the Theatre near Lincoln's Inn, but as it was written and since corrected.*[2] Attached to it was *A Discourse of the English Stage* in the form of a letter to his patron, which Langbaine takes[3] "to be the best thing he has extant." *A Farrago of Several Pieces* appeared in 1666, dedicated to the Duchess as a thank offering for her hospitality and assistance. It contains a prose "pourtrait" of her and various verses celebrating the two Newcastles. Among them are *To Janus. Recommending Welbeck to him. On New-yearsday 1666, The Birth-Day,* and

Of Welbeck
The Duke of Newcastles house
Where he entertain'd
The last King so magnificently, Anno 33.[4]

On the Dutchess of Newcastles Closset breathes an atmosphere of the most sycophantic abasement:[5]

What place is this? looks like some sacred Cell
Where ancient Hermits formerly did dwell
And never ceast importunating Heaven,
Till some great blessing unto Earth was given?
Is this a Ladies Closset? 't cannot be,
For nothing here of vanity we see,
Nothing of curiosity, nor pride,
As most of Ladies Clossets have beside.

[1] Printed in 1659. [2] The earlier version was known as *Love's Dominion.*
[3] P. 203. [4] Lohr's dissertation on Flecknoe, p. 85.
[5] *Epigrams of 1670,* p. 26; and Lohr's dissertation, p. 85.

Scarcely a Glass, or Mirror in 't you finde
Excepting Books the Mirrors of the minde.
Nor is 't a Library, but onely as she
Makes each place where she comes a Library.
Here she 's in rapture, here in extasie,
With studying high, and deep Philosophy:
Here those cleer lights descend into her minde,
Which by reflection in her Books you finde:
And those high Notions, and Idea's too,
Which but her self, no Ladies ever knew.
Whence she 's the chiefest Ornament and Grace
O' th' times, and of her Sex. Hayle sacred place,
To which the world in after-times shall come
As unto Homers Shrine, or Virgils Tomb;
Honouring the Walls, wherein she made aboad,
The air she breath'd, & ground whereon she trod.
So Fame rewards the Arts, and so agen
The Arts reward all those who honour them;
Whilst those in any other things do trust,
Shall after death lye in forgotten dust.

The incongruities of this piece are only equalled by its utter lack of sophistication.

Flecknoe dedicated his *Damoiselles à la Mode* (1667) to the Duke and Duchess, and in the *Epigrams of all Sorts, made at Divers Times on Several Occasions* of 1670 he offers additional homage to them. In this collection are reprinted some of the Cavendish poems contained in the *Farrago* and one new effort, contrasting Newcastle with "an unworthy Nobleman":[1]

But now behold a Nobleman indeed,
Such as w' admire in story when we read;
Who does not proudly look that you shud doff
Your hat, and make a reverence twelve score of;
Nor take exceptions, if at every word
You call him not *his Grace* or else *my Lord*;
But does appear a hundred times more great
By his neglect of 't, than by keeping state.

[1] *Epigrams*, p. 34.

He knows Civility and Curtesie,
Are chiefest signes of true Nobility;
And that which gains them truest honourers,
Is their own Vertues, not their Ancesters.
By which through all degrees that he has past,
Of Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke at last,
H' as always gain'd the general esteem
Of honouring those, more than they honour'd him.

These verses appear again in *A Collection of the Choicest Epigrams and Characters of Richard Flecknoe*, 1673, with other of the earlier panegyrics and an elegy *On the Death of the Lady Jean Cheney*,[1] who, one supposes, was Newcastle's eldest daughter. *Euterpe Revived*, 1675, is still another collection of epigrams old and new, one being occasioned by the Duchess's life of her husband:[2]

Ne'er was life more worthy to be writ,
Nor pen more worthy of the writing it.
She makes you famous, and you her agen
By th' famous subject you afford her pen.
Whence 't is a question ever will remain,
Whe'er fame makes writers, or else writers, fame.
So, whilst you live i' the life that she does give,
And she in writing of your life will live,
Betwixt you both your fame will never die,
But one give t' other immortality.

Flecknoe's literary ability was mediocre, if not worse, and it may even deserve the consummate scorn heaped upon it by his contemporaries and immortalized by Dryden. Cavendish, however, seems to have been blind to the writer's defects, as he was to those of any author who would flatter him highly and consistently enough. So it was that the persistent Flecknoe praised him for the course of twenty years and no doubt throughout that period received the reward of his devotion.

[1] P. 3.
[2] P. 13. Quoted in Walpole's *Catalogue*, ed. Park, III, 147, n.

IV

PATRONAGE AFTER THE RESTORATION (1660–1676)

Meanwhile Newcastle had returned from Flanders to the changed England of the Restoration. If he ever wrote a comedy, *The Exile*, attributed to him by Whincop,[1] its title would assign it to this period. Yet no other mention of this work is found any more than of *The Heyresse*, which Pepys deposes to have been "wrote, they say, by my Lord Newcastle."[2] The Duke did, however, produce a play entitled *The Humorous Lovers* not long after his home-coming. It was published posthumously in 1677, but must have been acted at least ten years earlier, for Pepys saw it on March 30, 1667, at the Duke of York's Theatre. He wrongly attributes it to the Duchess and perhaps for that reason labels it "the most silly thing that ever come upon a stage. I was sick to see it," but adds, "yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her." As the title of this comedy suggests, it is also of the Jonsonian school, slightly adapted to accord with changing fashions in the theatre. Furrs, for example, the old gentleman always wrapped up for fear of catching cold, is a palpable modification of Morose with his dislike of noise and, like him, furnishes excellent comic material.[3] On the other hand, his illegitimate daughter, the innocent Dameris, who is country bred but instructed in worldly wisdom by crafty Mistress Hood, savors far more of the Restoration ingénue than of the preceding era. It is true that we do not see her actually employing feminine arts, save for the simple "I have seen nothing Sir, but the Paradise in Shoo-lane";[4] yet her

[1] *Theatrical Records*, p. 75; and Walpole's *Catalogue*, ed. Park, III, 192, n.

[2] February 1 and 2, 1688–1689.

[3] As when his proposed rival strips off the coverings and hales him out under a pump.

[4] P. 33.

old schoolmistress's advice foreshadows such characters as Miss Prue and Miss Hoyden. Courtly and Emilia are commonplace lovers, while Sir Anthony Altalk, who lives up to his surname, falls into line with many another loquacious "pretender."

What originality and interest there are in the play rest on the main plot concerning Colonel Boldman and the widow, Lady Pleasant. This story of feigned madness is only a framework for strange conceits and fantastic poems, but its essence is that used by Congreve for the Angelica-Valentine portion of *Love for Love*. The later dramatist too is almost as obscure as Newcastle in regard to "whys" and "wherefores." Such a lack of motivation and the fact that what explanation is vouchsafed occurs after the event, centres the attention not on the persons but on their peculiar actions. This procedure causes a loss in dramatic effect, but the low order of entertainment that results is successful for a time if the surprises are made striking enough. Boldman's disregard for all women is upset by his swift capitulation to the Widow, and her subsequent floutings at his assumed powder and perfume give cause for the lover's insanity, which becomes even more diverting. The Colonel's threats to haunt Lady Pleasant and his lunatic attempts to square a circle are followed by the scene in which he gazes at his loved one through a perspective glass, as though he were at Calais and she on Dover Cliff. Finally the maid Tatle describes how the madman attempted to climb up a chimney and was pulled down, only to escape from surveillance again, an adventure which explains his extraordinary tirade:[1]

> In my Loves despair I fell
> Down to that Furnace we call Hell:
> The first strange thing that I did mark
> Was many fires, and yet 't was dark:

[1] Pp. 47–48.

Instead of costly Arras there
The walls poor sooty hangings were;
Spirits went about each Room
With pans of sulphur for perfume:
Sod tender Ladies in a pot
For broths, and jellies they had got;
The spits were loaded with poor sinners
That Devils wasted for their dinners;
While some were drying damned souls,
Others made rashers on the coals:
The waiting Women they did stew,
That robb'd their Ladies of their due:
Gammons of Us'rers down were taken,
That hung i' th' chimney for their bacon:
Here Lawyers bak'd in Ovens stand,
For couzening Clients of their Land:
. . . . . .
In throngs where new-come sinners stood,
A Reverend Lady lost her hood:
A Chamber-maid cry'd out, alas,
A Devil had broke her Looking-glass;
A Merchant cry'd, burnt was his Stuff,
A City Wife did singe her Muff:
A Purchaser did howling cry
Alas, his Deeds and Seals did fry:
A Courtier lost his Perriwig,
A Hector lost his looking big:
Of Whoremasters, there was great store
Who pleaded, they'd been burnt before:
The Drunkards that were in the rout,
At last did piss the fires out:
Hell being spoil'd I came away,
And sinners now make holy day.

As a corollary to this astounding document may be noted the conceit of an aërial banquet to which the madman invites Lady Pleasant:[1]

Unto a Feast I will invite thee,
Where various dishes shall delight thee;

[1] Pp. 51–52.

The steeming vapours drawn up hot
From Earth, that 's Nature porridge-pot
Shall be our broth; we 'l drink my dear
The thinner air for our small beer;
And if thou lik'st it not, I 'le call aloud,
And make our Butler broach a cloud;
Of paler Planets, for thy sake,
White-pots, and trembling Custards make;
The twinkling stars shall to our wish
Make a Grand Salad in a dish;
Snow for our sugar shall not fail
Fine candied ice, comfits of hail;
For Oranges gilt clouds we 'l squeeze,
The milkie way we 'l turn to cheese;
Sun-beams we 'l catch, shall stand in place
Of hotter Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace;
Sun-setting Clouds for Roses sweet,
And Violet skies strow'd for our feet;
The Sphears shall for our Musick play,
While Spirits dance the time away;
When we drink healths, Jove shall be proud
Th' old Cannoneer to fire a Cloud,
That all the Gods may know our mirth,
And trembling Mortals too on earth;
And when our Feasting shall be done
I 'le lead thee up hill to the Sun,
And place thee there that thy eyes may
Add greater lustre to the day.

The conclusion of the affair between these "humorous lovers" turns the tables in a carefully planned surprise ending. When the Widow is at last reduced to tears by Boldman's continued ravings, it transpires that she has been the victim of a plot hatched by the others against her unreasonable and unnecessary contempt for the Colonel. They are united of course, none the less, but other, more unlooked-for occurrences take place. Furrs marries not Mistress Hood, as one would expect, but Tatle, while the schoolmistress contents herself with James, Master Furrs's manservant. Sir Anthony

is beguiled into wedding the penniless Dameris on the supposition that she is her father's heir, in the manner we have seen Newcastle employing so frequently throughout his earlier dramas. There can be little doubt that this comedy is, like *The Variety*, largely, if not entirely, his own work. It shows the constant use of Surprise for Suspense so common with the inexperienced playwright; it is composed for the most part of humors, eccentricities, and conceits; and it contains at least one Cavalier lyric,

> I love the fat, I love the fair,
> The lean, that 's nimble full of air;[1]

written in the same strain as those of *The Variety*.

Finally, the masque in Act III[2] may well be the work of Cavendish, for whom Ben Jonson had long before written two similar entertainments. After the Restoration that form of diversion was held outworn and in small esteem, so that any author incorporating it in his play unmistakably characterized himself as a contemporary of the first Charles. Thus it was that the Duke, reverting to the pleasures of his youth, introduced a masque, with the professed purpose of weaving an enchantment around Boldman but really to bring in Cupid and Venus, their songs and dances. The Colonel is represented by a lay figure, into which the deities of Love stick poisoned arrows; but somewhat livelier is an antimasque of the Winds, who appear with bellows to plague old Master Furrs. This divertisement has no organic right to exist, nor is it justified by any beautiful, if unnecessary, adornment associated therewith; indeed, it is merely a dim reflection of more spacious and more distant glories. Greater genius than that of Newcastle would have been needed to revive interest in the masque, at a court where stately pleasures were no longer

[1] P. 2. [2] Pp. 28–32.

the mode, so that naturally the lesser man met with neglect and derision. Except for Pepys's reference and the partial Langbaine's mild comment that "this Play equals most Comedies of this Age," the work seems to have passed at once into oblivion. After reading *The Humorous Lovers*, one can hardly wonder.

Perhaps because of the comparative failure of his unassisted production, Newcastle shortly after took to collaboration again, this time with the dominant figure in Restoration literature. On August 16, 1667, *Sir Martin Mar-all; or The Feign'd Innocence* was originally acted, the author being unnamed, although the play was entered at Stationers' Hall as by Cavendish. There is no doubt that the nobleman was in some way connected with it, for Pepys, who attended the first performance and who was generally well up on theatrical gossip, calls it, "a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as every body says, corrected by Dryden." The next year it was published anonymously, but a reprint of 1691 definitely attributes it to the greater writer,[1] whom every subsequent copy names as the author. Downes in his *Roscius Anglicanus, or an Historical Review of the Stage 1660–1706*, dated in 1708, furnishes the most specific external evidence we have, asserting that Newcastle gave Mr. Dryden[2] "a bare Translation of it, out of a Comedy of the famous French Poet, Monsieur Moleiro: He Adopted the Part purposely for the Mouth of Mr. Nokes and curiously Polishing the whole." The Duke, it will be remembered, had his works on horsemanship turned into French by some one else, but no doubt he knew that language well enough to translate Molière; residence abroad could not have failed to perfect his youthful accomplishment.

[1] This reprint is part of the 1695 edition of Dryden's works. In the Scott-Saintsbury edition and elsewhere the independent edition of 1697 is mentioned as being the first to have Dryden's name.

[2] Reprint of 1886, p. 28.

If Downes's assertion is correct, it definitely limits the amount of Newcastle's participation in *Sir Martin*, since a very small proportion of that play comes direct from *L'Étourdi*. Even what does derive from it is radically changed,[1] for in Dryden the heroine Millisent marries not her blundering suitor, but Warner, his clever servant. Quinault's *L'Amant Indiscret* furnishes a large share of Acts I and II, and the adapter's own invention is responsible for much new material. Dryden must be held the inventor of that famous scene in which Sir Martin pretends to play upon his lute and — a much graver charge — of the entire "Feigned Innocence" story with all its objectionable features. The final result was most satisfactory, as the extreme popularity of this piece testified. After its première at the Duke of York's Theatre (probably given here at the request of Newcastle, for Dryden was employed by the other house), it ran thirty-two nights and had more than four performances at court.[2] Pepys saw it seven or eight times and records with an ever-increasing crescendo of enthusiasm: "It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life. I laughed till my head ached all the evening and night with the laughing; and at very good wit therein, not fooling";[3] and again, "saw 'Sir Martin Marr-all,' which the more I see, the more I like."[4] Despite its coarseness, this play is by far the most amusing of Dryden's comedies, the humor is by no means contemptible, and it must act capitally. Even if Downes's account of the collaboration is rejected, Newcastle's share in it shrinks to a minimum, as the Duke shows nowhere a particle of the dramatic skill employed in the construction of *Sir Martin*

[1] L. Albrecht's *Dryden's "Sir Martin Mar-all" in Bezug auf seine Quellen*, Rostock, 1906.

[2] Downes, Reprint of 1886, p. 31.

[3] August 16, 1667.

[4] April 25, 1668.

Mar-all, much less any ability to write pointed and animated dialogue. What is more, Newcastle has already been found with Shirley's work masquerading under his name, and it will later be seen that he also received literary assistance from Shadwell. In the case under consideration Dryden was to father his comedy on Newcastle, but the truth gradually leaked out and after the nobleman's death there was no reason why its rightful authorship should be concealed. The ethics of such a substitution presumably troubled neither party to it, in a day when literature was merely an adjunct of society; but time, as so often, has set the matter right, rendering honor to whom honor is due.

That this arrangement may have rested upon a pecuniary basis seems quite likely, for the very next year, 1668, Dryden brought out *An Evening's Love; or, The Mock Astrologer.* It was soon printed, with a dedication[1] to Newcastle[2] owning "my great obligations to your grace," and revealing Dryden's marked tendency to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. Yet it is written as only Dryden in his day knew how to write, in such fluent and well-rounded prose as was never addressed to Newcastle by any other hand. Smoothly and felicitously it reviews the course of the Duke's life:

> As you came into the world with all the advantages of a noble birth and education, so you have rendered both yet more conspicuous by your virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crowned your undertakings with success, but she has only waited on your valour, not conducted it. She has ministered to your glory like a slave, and has been led in triumph by it; or, at most, while honour led you by the hand to greatness, fortune only followed to keep you from sliding back in the ascent. That, which Plutarch accounted her favour to

[1] Scott-Saintsbury *Dryden*, III, 229–236.

[2] In speaking of the fact in his "Life of Dryden," Dr. Johnson moralizes after this fashion: "It is unpleasing to think how many names, once celebrated, are since forgotten. Of Newcastle's works nothing is now known but his Treatise on Horsemanship." — *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Waugh, II, 141.

Cymon and Lucullus, was but her justice to your grace; and, never to have been overcome where you led in person, as it was more than Hannibal could boast, so it was all that Providence could do for that party, which it had resolved to ruin. Thus, my lord, the last smiles of victory were on your arms; and everywhere else declaring for the rebels, she seemed to suspend herself, and to doubt, before she took her flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that cause, for which you fought.

But the greatest trials of your courage and constancy were yet to come: Many had ventured their fortunes, and exposed their lives to the utmost dangers for their king and country, who ended their loyalty with the war; and, submitting to the iniquity of the times, chose rather to redeem their former plenty, by acknowledging an usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable fidelity (as those meaner spirits called it) for their lawful sovereign. But, as I dare not accuse so many of our nobility, who were content to accept their patrimonies from the clemency of the conqueror, and to retain only a secret veneration for their prince, amidst the open worship which they were forced to pay to the usurper, who had dethroned him; so, I hope, I may have leave to extol that virtue which acted more generously; and which was not satisfied with an inward devotion to monarchy, but produced itself to view, and asserted the cause by open martyrdom. Of these rare patterns of loyalty, your grace was chief: Those examples you could not find, you made. Some few Catos there were with you, whose invincible resolution could not be conquered by that usurping Cæsar. Your virtue opposed itself to his fortune, and overcame it, by not submitting to it. The last and most difficult enterprise he had to effect, when he had conquered three nations, was to subdue your spirit; and he died weary of that war, and unable to finish it.

In the meantime, you lived more happily in your exile, than the other on his throne. Your loyalty made you friends and servants amongst foreigners; and you lived plentifully without a fortune; for you lived on your own desert and reputation. The glorious name of the valiant and faithful Newcastle was a patrimony which could never be exhausted.

Thus, my lord, the morning of your life was clear and calm; and though it was afterwards overcast, yet, in that general storm, you were never without a shelter. And now you are happily arrived to the evening of a day, as serene as the dawn of it was glorious; but such an evening as, I hope, and almost prophesy, is far from night: 'T is the evening of a summer's sun, which keeps the day-light long within the skies.

There is more in the same manner, further classical allusions, some flattery addressed to the Duchess, with a final word on Newcastle's patronage of former and better poets:

> But, though all of them have surpassed me in the scene, there is one part of glory, in which I will not yield to any of them: I mean, my lord, that honour and veneration which they had for you in their lives; and which I preserve after them, more holily than the vestal fires were maintained from age to age; but with a greater degree of heat, and of devotion, than theirs, as being with more respect and passion than they ever were,
>
> Your Grace's
>
> Most obliged, most humble,
>
> and most obedient Servant,
>
> John Dryden

With such prose as this for a criterion, it is no wonder that its author found Thomas Shadwell's frequent addresses to the Duke and Duchess awkward and inflated. Once he scathingly refers to his enemy as "the Northern dedicator,"[1] and again, in the satiric lines of Flecknoe's advice to his successor, writes with utter contempt:[2]

> And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
> Trust nature; do not labour to be dull,
> But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
> Sir Formal's[3] oratory will be thine:
> Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
> And does thy northern dedications fill.

The first of these dedications was that to *The Sullen Lovers: or, The Impertinents*, printed in 1668, but Shadwell had evidently received favors from Welbeck already, for after expatiating on Newcastle's courage and wit he continues: "Those Excellencies, as well as the great Obligations I have had the

[1] *Vindication of the Duke of Guise*, Scott-Saintsbury, VII, 180.

[2] *Mac-Flecknoe*, lines 165–171. See Scott-Saintsbury, X, 455.

[3] Sir Formal Trifle is a florid and conceited orator in *The Virtuoso*, by Shadwell.

Honour to receive from your Grace, are the Occasion of this Dedication." This experiment resulted so well for the honest author that in 1671 we find him offering *The Humourists* to the Duchess:

> The favourable Reception, my *Impertinents* found from Your Excellent Lord, and my Noble Patron, and the great Mercy, Your Grace has for all Offenders of this kind, have made me presume humbly to lay this Comedy at Your Feet. . . . You have not been content only to surmount all Your own Sex in the excellent Qualities of a Lady and a Wife; but you must overcome all ours in Wit and Understanding. All our Sex have reason to envy You, and Your own to be proud of You, which by You have obtained an absolute Victory over us. It were a vain Thing in me to Endeavour to commend those excellent Pieces that have fallen from your Grace's Pen, since all the World does. And this is not intended for a Panegyrick, but a Dedication.

Quite as obsequious is the address to Newcastle before *Epsom Wells*, acted in 1672 and printed the following year, in which he calls his patron "the only Mæcenas of our Age; I am sure, the only one I can boast of. You are He, who still preserves and maintains the Magnificence and Grandeur of our ancient Nobility; and being one that 's truly great in Mind as well as Fortune, you take Delight in rewarding and encouraging of Art and Wit: And while others detract from Poetry, or at least neglect it, your Grace not only encourages it by your great Example, but protects it too. Welbeck is indeed the only Place, where the best Poets can find a good Reception." "The Epistle Dedicatory" to *The Virtuoso* (1676) is largely a defense and explanation of the Jonsonian humors exemplified in that play: "When I shew'd your Grace some part of this Comedy at Welbeck, being all that I had then written of it, you were pleased to express your great liking for it, which was a sufficient Encouragement for me to proceed in it; and when I had finished it, to lay it humbly at your Feet." These two "sons of Ben" agreed so well in literary matters

that it is not remarkable they got on admirably in more personal ways. Something of their relationship is to be discovered in "hasty"[1] Shadwell's fifth and last "northern dedication," that to *The Libertine*, also of 1676:

> So vast was your Bounty to me, as to find me out in my Obscurity, and oblige me several Years before you saw me at Welbeck; where (when I arrived) I found a Respect so extreamly above the Meanness of my Condition, that I still received it with Blushes, having nothing to recommend me, (but the Birth and Education, without the Fortune, of a Gentleman) besides some Writings of mine, which your Grace was pleased to like. . . .
>
> Then (by the great Honour I had to be so daily admitted into your Grace's publick and private Conversation,) I observed that admirable Experience and Judgment surmounting all the Old, and the Vigorousness of Wit, and Smartness of Expression, exceeding all the Young I ever knew; and not only in sharp and apt Replies, the most excellent Way of pursuing a Discourse; but (which is much more difficult) by giving easie and unforced Occasions, the most admirable Way of beginning one; and all this adapted to Men of all Circumstances and Conditions: Your Grace being able to discourse with every Man in his own way; which, as it shews you to be a most accurate Observer of all Mens Tempers, so it shews your Excellency in all their Arts. But when I had the Favour daily to be admitted at your Grace's more retir'd Conversation, when I alone enjoyed the Honour, I must declare, I never spent my Hours with that Pleasure or Improvement; nor shall I ever enough acknowledge that, and the rest of the Honours done me by your Grace, as much above my Condition as my Merit.

A year or two before these last dedications, which immediately preceded Newcastle's death, the Duke brought out his last drama, *The Triumphant Widow, or the Medley of Humours*,[2] but not without marked aid from his latest protégé. Langbaine[3] puts the shoe on the other foot and accepts facts

[1] The epithet is Rochester's. See *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*, line 43.

[2] This play was, like *The Humorous Lovers*, published in 1677.

[3] P. 387.

at their face value, when he writes: "This was thought so excellent a Play by our present Laureat [i.e. Shadwell], that he has transcrib'd a great deal of it in his *Bury Fair*." There can be no doubt of that, for Sir John Noddy, "an arch wag, a coxcomb full of monkey-tricks," [1] is taken over exactly in Sir Humphry of the same name. Many of their practical jokes are identical, as the striking away a cane upon which some one is leaning,[2] the pushing another gentleman into a "plash" of water,[3] and tying an unsuspecting victim to his chair or to a companion.[4] Then there is the word-play on rabbit (raw-bit!), goose, and woodcock, with the dinner story of a doctor of divinity, whose wife used to entertain him with three dishes every day, "bitter, pout, and tart." The effect of telling this tale was to make the ladies "tihee" under their napkins, and the te-hee catching one old lady as she was drinking, "she squirted the beer out of her nose, as an Indian does tobacco." [5] Both the Noddies become embroiled in comic duels as well, so that it is quite evident that this portion of *Bury Fair* came straight from *The Triumphant Widow*. But there are other considerations.

Each play has a number of incidents which do not appear in the other, although all seem much of a piece. In Newcastle's comedy Sir John pulls off the Justice's periwig,[6] pushes down a servant carrying dishes,[7] and narrates how he made some other man sit on a hot stone; [8] the additional puns are upon "plaice," "owl," "gull," "about" (a bout), and on cheese, not from Cheshire, but Windsor, "because it is near Eaton." [9] *Bury Fair* shows us Sir Humphry tweaking the pseudo Count's

[1] Dramatis Personæ.
[2] *Triumphant Widow*, Act II; and *Bury Fair*, Act III.
[3] *Triumphant Widow*, Act I.
[4] *Triumphant Widow*, Act V; and *Bury Fair*, Act I.
[5] *Triumphant Widow*, Act III; and *Bury Fair*, Act III.
[6] Act II. [7] Act III. [8] Act II. [9] Act III.

nose,[1] cudgelling the impostor,[2] and pluming himself on having "twirled another fellow's hat over a little river, that was not navigable; and he was forced to go a mile about to fetch it."[3] The comic dialogue turns on a wainscot's being weak because "the weakest goes to the wall," a window mutinous "for 'tis full of quarrels," a looking-glass ill-natured "because it makes reflections," and a day scabby "because the sun's broken out."[4] Such humor is of a very low order, but it runs in much the same vein throughout and appears indisputably to be the work of a single hand. When one remembers that *Bury Fair* was not brought upon the stage until 1689, thirteen years after Newcastle's death, that nowhere in the Duke's other writings is there this strong tendency towards knock-about farce, and that at the time of *The Triumphant Widow's* production the nobleman had Shadwell for an intimate dependent, Firth's conclusion that the real author of this portion of the play "was only reclaiming his own property"[5] becomes very nearly a certainty. That, too, is quite in accord with Newcastle's habit of engaging silent partners in his dramatic labors.

What share each playwright had in the remainder of the piece is not so easy to determine. The low-life scenes among assorted servants, one of them a military cook,[6] may be attributed to the Duke, if only for their similarity to his portion of *The Lady Contemplation*. In this work by the Duchess, Newcastle furnishes the encounters between Mall Mean-bred and various gentlemen from town,[7] who promise more than they are willing to perform. She later berates Sir Golden Riches after this fashion:[8]

[1] Act III.
[2] Act IV.
[3] Act I.
[4] Act III.
[5] Firth, Introduction, p. xix.
[6] Pp. 27, 46–48.
[7] Part I, Scenes xvii, xx, xxiv, and Part II, Scenes xxv, xxxv.
[8] *Playes*, 1662, pp. 245–246.

> As I am a true woman which he knows I am, I never had more than this white fustion wastecoat and three pence to buy me three pennyworth of pins, for he would allow me no incle to tie it withal, and this old stamel petticoat, that was his great Grandmother's in Eighty eight . . . and the garters he talks of were lists of cloth, which a Taylor gave me for my New-years-gift.

Certainly this is in the same manner as Gervas's gift to Cicely in *The Triumphant Widow* of[1] "a white Fustian Wastcoat, and a brave Stamel Petticoat regarded with black Velvet" or the billingsgate between James and Margery, in which he describes her mother[2] "with a Petticoat of more patches than one can number, indented at the bottom and so short, I saw up to her old cruel Garters with her stockings of three colours, three stories high, with Incle about her Hat, knitting at the Gate for an Alms." Lady Haughty, the widow, seems to owe something to Newcastle's influence also, for, although a lady courted by many suitors is not a distinctive creation, it is unusual for her to accept none of them in the end and to continue "triumphant." Yet this was an ideal very common in the Duchess's theoretical plays, which her husband may well have taken over for actual stage presentation.[3] Its originality will not carry alone, and a complete lack of psychological analysis leaves the main plot very dull indeed.

Of Lady Haughty's admirers, foolish Justice Spoilwit and Colonel Bounce have little individuality, the Colonel's *raison d'être* being chiefly to furnish a mate for Isabella, the widow's witty kinswoman. We have already seen that Sir John Noddy is a creation of Shadwell's, but his tricked marriage to the maid Nan in Act V is the old device of which Newcastle appears to have been so fond that he introduces it at least once into each of his dramas. This time the victim is told he

[1] Act I, p. 4. [2] Act IV, p. 64.

[3] Compare also Lady Haughty's objections to her suitors, pp. 8–12, with the refusal of various wooers in the Duchess's *Publick Wooing* (*Playes*, 1662).

should be satisfied, for "her father was a Gentleman, your's an Ironmonger at London; her's was ruin'd by Loyalty, as your's was raised by Rebellion." A similar Cavalier ring is found in a wooing song of Noddy's, which the Duke probably inserted, though it is not probable that he composed it:

I dote, I dote, but am a Sot to show it,
I was a very Fool to let her know it,
For now she doth so cunning grow,
She proves a friend worse than a foe.
She 'l neither hold me fast nor let me go;
She tells me I cannot forsake her.
When straight I endeavour to leave her,
    She to make me stay
    Throws a kiss in my way:
O then I could tarry for ever.
But good Madam Fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
    Either love me or leave me,
    And do not deceive me,
But let me go home to my Lodging.

The first ten lines had appeared as the first stanza of an anonymous song, *The Drunken Lover. J. D. Delight*, in *Wit Restor'd*, 1658, while the last five occur in its seventh stanza.[1] *The Bagford Ballads*[2] attributes this entire performance to Newcastle, but it is more likely that he already knew the longer version and made use of certain snatches from it. Such slight differences as do exist in the two forms would be almost inevitable after oral transmission had taken place, and *The Drunken Lover* was in existence fifteen years before *The Triumphant Widow*.

The most striking character in this play is Footpad, a rogue, whose song on his first appearance sounds the keynote of his personality:[3]

[1] Pp. 165–168.

[2] II, 514–515. It is reprinted here, and the various other appearances of it noted; the title is given as "The Lover's Mad Fits."

[3] P. 3.

Since e'ry Profession's become a lewd Cheat,
And the little, like fish, are devour'd by the great;
Since all Mankind use to rob one another;
Since the Son robs the Father, the Brother, the Brother;
Since all sorts of men such Villains will be
When all the world plays the Rogue, why should not we?

We see him thereafter as a peddler singing like Autolycus, "Come Maids, what is it that you lack?"[1] as a fortune-telling and pocket-picking gypsy,[2] as a fiddler,[3] and finally as a crippled beggar.[4] His clever attempts to escape detection are successful in arousing the reader's sluggish interest, while his ultimate capture seems thrilling in comparison with the greater part of this comedy. The lucky Constable with his "Mr. Matthew Mattical" and "Geogrecum" learning adds not a little to a scene, which ends almost climactically with Footpad's line, "I have had a merry life, though a short one." In the last act he is brought to the gallows amidst a questioning, babbling populace, so vividly depicted that perhaps the author drew it from life. The realism in this scene resembles that employed upon the three pairs of servants, and these passages may all be the work of Newcastle, — that is the only hope for the Duke's artistic reputation as a dramatist. Footpad makes a speech to the people, saying he is a *memento mori* to them and admitting quite candidly his regret that he cannot escape. His reprieve comes just in the nick of time, and, though the assembled throng feels cheated of its legitimate pleasure, the audience is completely reconciled to a pardon for this fascinating but unprincipled rascal.

It remains to consider two other characters, Codshead, "a coxcomb," and his friend Crambo, "an heroick poet," whose humors have their place in the medley. With them we come

[1] Act I.
[2] Act II.
[3] Act III.
[4] Act IV.

upon further unmistakable traces of Shadwell, and this time Og is revealed by no less a person than Doeg, his companion in infamy. It seems strange that Elkanah Settle, who in 1682 was to be pilloried with Shadwell by the arch-satirist Dryden, should in 1675 have been an object of their joint animosity. The main facts about the case are as follows:[1] In 1673 young Settle's popular play *The Empress of Morocco* was published, with a sneering reference to the failure of Dryden's *Assignation*; the following year this provoked a reply entitled *Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco*. Shadwell and Crowne assisted Dryden with the pamphlet, and in their turn were mentioned in Settle's answering defense. Shadwell, to whom were ascribed many of the strictures on the fourth act, was let off very easily as,[2] "The Authour of *Epsom-Wells*, that has Wit if he can keep it." Nevertheless Og's enmity seems rather increased than diminished thereafter, for soon Settle complains after this fashion:[3]

> And yet so much Civility had only this effect upon him, Having a Play, call'd the *Triumphant Widow*, given him to bring into the Duke's Play-house, he spitefully foists in a Scene of his own into the Play, and makes a silly Heroick Poet in it, speak the very words he had heard me say, and made reflexions on some of the very Lines he had so sencelessly prated on before in his *Notes*. And the reason he gives for this scurrilous Language in his Preface to the *Libertine*, was, that I had abused him in a Postscript to *Love and Revenge*, which if I had done, had been but just after his ill usage in that *Triumphant Widow*.

Love and Revenge was printed in 1675 with the malicious postscript, which does not appear in the 1674 manuscript version.[4] This reference, then, firmly dates Newcastle's play and as surely proves that Shadwell had a hand in its composition.

[1] F. C. Brown's *Elkanah Settle, His Life and Works*, pp. 50–61.
[2] "The Preface to the Reader," prefixed to *Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa*.
[3] Ibid. [4] *Harleian Ms. 6903*. See Brown, p. 60.

Specific citations from *The Empress of Morocco* do not, however, occur in the published version of the Duke's comedy, possibly because discretion prevented a printed libel when the spoken word had been found to give offense. Nor can we identify Settle's "very words," if indeed the interpolated scene be present in any form. Yet Crambo's entire character suggests satire at once, so that with a hint such as "heroically mad"[1] Elkanah gives us, he is himself revealed as the object of this ridicule. The absurdities inherent in an abstract heroic poet necessarily react upon the most prominent of that genus, and Shadwell's hostility towards Settle has already been noticed. Despite a lack of particular evidence, there can be little doubt that the Crambo-Codshead portion of *The Triumphant Widow* is only one more attack made by the future laureate upon his unfortunate enemy. Crambo rails against dull or common similes, against oaths, curses, and petty affectations,[2] but he is easily put to confusion by his inamorata, the witty Isabella.[3] The poet says that when his lady came out of doors, "the Garden smiled, and put on a fresh Verdure," whereupon she tries to disconcert him by replying, "It seems the Garden is merrily disposed." He is so stupid that he cannot make one quibble when all the others are punning madly,[4] and he steals with avidity Codshead's similes[5] that breath is like a heavenly dew and teeth like "Oriental Pearls, or Twin Lambs newly shorn." The heroic tendency towards rhetorical questions and elaborately costumed dances is burlesqued,[6] and Crambo sets forth a translation which was to do duty again in *Bury Fair*.[7] The Latin[8]

> Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab Archiepisco —
> Po non ponatur, quia potus non mihi datur

[1] *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part II, line 417.
[2] Act I.
[3] Pp. 22–23.
[4] Pp. 37–38.
[5] P. 44.
[6] Act V.
[7] Act I.
[8] P. 82.

is notably rendered

> Here in a Dish
> Is sent me some fish
> By the Archbish,
> Hop was not there,
> Because he sent me no Beer.

The poet also writes a scene[1] with which his friend Codshead is to woo the Widow, composing both the suitor's protestations and the lady's answers. But after she is compared to a lily, instead of replying,

> Your Phrases make my modesty to blush,

her prosaic remark is, "Methinks I do not look so very pale as a Lily, though I confess I am very pale." Consequently the following lines beginning,

> Then you appear like the new budded Rose,

fall rather flat, and afterwards matters go from bad to worse. When, about this time, Crambo is taken sick because of his fustian and heroic couplets, the Doctor is at a loss how to cure him.[2] Various ancients and moderns are proposed as remedies, but Shakespeare has too much wit, while "Fletcher and Beaumont have so much of the Spanish Perfume of Romances and Novels."[3] As was unavoidable in a play by two loyal sons of Ben, Jonson's works finally perform the miracle, for although Crambo reviles that author as dull and without wit, "he was the Honour of his Nation, and the Poet of Poets."[4] The Doctor's charm, which aids in effecting the recovery, hints again at plagiarism and has a word or two in definition of the true poet that are not without their significant relation to Newcastle's own life:[5]

[1] Pp. 61–63.
[2] Pp. 59–61.
[3] P. 60.
[4] P. 61.
[5] P. 72.

Ye Gods this Poet now restore,
Or else he never will write more;
Him with Poetick flames inspire,
And give him a Celestial fire,
Give him fresh Fancies, new, unknown,
Ne're let him write but what 's his own.

A Poet is not made, but born,
All helps of reading he should scorn,
Ne're vexes Authors, but will look
On the whole World, that is his Book.
Let him not here languishing lye,
Restore him now, or let him dye.

Cavendish certainly never troubled books, but neither unfortunately was he born with a poetical genius. Nor does his workmanship on *The Triumphant Widow* demand any important place for him in the memory of after ages.

The Duke's share in the quarrel between Shadwell and Settle did not terminate with the production of his play. In 1675, as we have seen, Elkanah brought out the tragedy of *Love and Revenge*, adding a violent postscript to attack his enemy and dedicating the whole to Newcastle:

> That so worthless a Present to so Eminent a Person, is a piece of Arrogance, I am as Conscious as I am that your Grace has Goodness to Pardon it; for if sins of Presumption could not be forgiven, the punishment of offences would put a restraint on Virtue, and make Mercy one of the noblest Ornaments of Greatness a Stranger to it; and at that rate a Patron would be as confined as a Judge, who at the same time he is a Kings Representative and presides over Justice, is a Slave to it; whilst his Sentence is but the voyce of Law, & his Favour or Cruelty not voluntary, but prescribed.

The stock adulation here offered is almost identical with that Brome prefixed to his *Sparagus Garden*, but in spirit these two dedications are as far apart as the poles. Brome, who had already obtained favor, is almost jocular in tone; Settle, a man of another sort, humbly fawns for the bone that has not yet

been cast to him. The chances are that he ultimately received it, although the Duke was by this time on intimate terms with Shadwell. That author, it will be remembered, offered two plays to his patron during the next year and prefixed to one, *The Libertine*, still further abuse aimed at Settle. Newcastle, however, was of an easy-going disposition and he may have tried to ride both horses at once; besides, he was an old man now, caring little for the fiery disputes of youth. At any rate, when *Ibrahim* was published in 1676 and Settle took a final fling at his enemy, he deposed that "he [Shadwell] has not laboured only to blast my Plays, but made it his study by all interest and subtilty, with all the scandalous Aspersions he could invent to ruine me in the esteem of that Honourable Family, whose smiles, though with more zeal than Merit, above all my other interest in the World I study to preserve. Yet methinks he might have had so much Wit in his anger, or at least as much good Manners, as not to have thought so meanly of Persons of such Worth and Honour as to imagine their Favours could be alienated by Malice or their Judgements byass'd by Villany."[1] The "Honourable Family" was presumably the Cavendishes, who in the person of Newcastle must have shown continued impartiality to both contestants.

On Christmas Day of the same year, 1676, the Loyal Duke's long life came to an end amid these petty bickerings of Restoration poetasters. He whose literary associations had begun with the towering personality of father Ben had lived to witness momentous changes in England's artistic atmosphere. He had seen the philosophy of Hobbes form, expand, and fall away, until the stage was nearly set for the appearance of John Locke. He had seen the portraits of Van Dyck give place to Sir Peter Lely's artful imitations of them. He had seen the long rich stream of Elizabethan drama reach its

[1] Preface to *Ibrahim*.

end in Ford, Shirley, and Brome, and the rise of a new order in the work of Davenant and Shadwell, Settle and Dryden. He had known the lyrics of Suckling and Waller; he had been cosmopolitan enough to patronize the foreign men of science, Descartes and Gassendi. To each he offered the hand of friendship and assistance; each voices grateful affection for their common patron. If Newcastle was not deep or strong in character, he was broad and catholic in his interests, and that basically explains his position in history. He was not a great general, but he was a noble gentleman; and he truly appreciated the fine arts, if he was too weak to be a creator in them. He was too sincere to be called a dilettante, too superficial to make an imprint on his age, but too influential to be completely forgotten. He is remembered not for what he did himself, but for his association with the lives of others.

It is not to be wondered at that, in his position as Mæcenas, Newcastle tried his own hand at literature of many kinds, nor that in the drama he collaborated with his protégés, Shirley, Dryden, and Shadwell. When the work of these men is discounted, very little remains to the Duke's credit; a complete lack of sense for situation and dialogue, a palpable ignorance of his audience, and a smug self-satisfaction are the most striking features. He begins his career with the ultra-didactic attitude of Ben Jonson, at the same time often deliberately pandering to his public. This is a course frequently adopted by professed moralists, who must lure an audience to their plays before it is worth while to commence a sermon. The extreme view of popularized drama is stated in an Epilogue to *The Triumphant Widow*:

> 'T is not the Poet with celestial fire,
> Nor all the Muses that can him inspire
> To write well, 't is in you the power is had,
> 'T is as you make it either good or bad.

But the author who follows Horace's advice and "miscuit utile dulci"[1] is likely to find, unless he be as uncompromisingly ethical as Jonson, that the pleasant soon drives out the greater part of the useful — at least that was the case in Restoration drama, and Newcastle seems to have proved no exception to the rule. For him, however, catering to the public taste brought little popularity in his own time, while it must serve now to heap further critical opprobrium upon him.

Yet Cavendish had a certain skill in realistically picturing such scenes as he saw among the common people, whether it were his own servants or the country folk dwelling near at hand. Combined with that aptitude was a more or less uneven lyric gift, which he shared with many of his contemporaries. Sometimes he produced as fine a piece as the serenade in *The Variety*, again his muse brought forth the unpublished doggerel cited by Mr. Strong. In sum and substance Newcastle's specifically literary accomplishments amounted to little, and one can understand how the author of *The Session of the Poets*[2] made him base his claim to eminence on the Duchess's writings. Rochester, if it was he, coarsely writes to the tune of *Cock Laurel*:[3]

> Newcastle and 's Horse for entrance next strives,
> Well stuff'd was his Cloakbag, & so was his Breeches.
> And unbutt'ning the place where Nature's Posset-maker lives,
> Pulled out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Essays & Speeches.
>
> Whoop, quoth Apollo, what a Devil have we here,
> Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquiss,
> And home again, home again, take thy Career,
> To provide her fresh Straw, and a Chamber that dark is.

In less professedly artistic ways Newcastle accomplished far more. His books on horsemanship have gained their place among our standard works, but his political writings are too

[1] *Ars Poetica*, line 343. [2] *Poems on Affairs of State*, I, 206–211. [3] P. 209.

slightly known. Numerous proclamations and dispatches, the letter of advice to Prince Charles, and above all the "Little Book" deserve a wider, more general reputation. Many of the Duke's ideas on government are to be found in the last part of the *Life*, but to get a full and final statement of them one must study his address to the King. It has already been suggested that this document is a masterpiece in little, a clean-cut if roughly formed work of the utmost importance to philosophers, to historians, or to artists. For a man who tries to combine the functions of all three and would worm himself close to the life of a bygone day, who would strive to obtain a cross-section view of seventeenth-century England, to feel its pulsing vitality surge now as it did three hundred years ago, Newcastle's manuscript is invaluable. It takes hold of things at their roots, and whereas more imaginative forms of literature may reveal a nation's manners, morals, and general atmosphere with greater beauty or more skill, this little treatise, in criticizing past history, interprets present conditions from that economic standpoint which is at the basis of all human society. Nor can the hand of an art-lover be concealed in its workmanship, where proportion, balance, and specific incident usurp the place of the scientist's dry statistics. Newcastle has small right to literary fame, but his "Little Book" assures him of one permanent memorial.

Not, however, as a creator but as a patron is the Duke chiefly important. The length and breadth of his career have been sufficiently discussed to prove Langbaine's comparison of him to Mæcenas not absurd. Like the Roman, Newcastle was actively interested in affairs of state; like him he wrote with rather poor success, while like him his main function was to assist and stimulate more talented artists. Both men were absolutely sincere, which explains the great affection each kindled among his followers, since it is not easy to care

for one's condescending benefactor. Mæcenas had the more definite ideal, for to him literature must be used to upbuild the government and it is doubtful whether Newcastle had any such ulterior motive. He assisted artists because he was genuinely interested in them and their work; giving such assistance was one of the unnecessary pleasures as essential to him as life itself. But in gathering about him these authors the Duke produced a larger effect than he dreamed of; in fact he was exerting a decided influence upon the rising tide of patronage. In the Elizabethan days, to be sure, there had been noblemen interested in letters: the Earl of Leicester, who befriended Spenser and Ascham; the Earl of Southampton, eternally immortalized by his connection with Shakespeare; Sir Philip Sidney; and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. These, however, were rather the exception than the rule, so that the supply was greatly surpassed by the ever-increasing demand made by professional writers under the Renaissance revival.[1] It was not until the seventeenth century that almost every courtier came to have his protégés. Then there set in that leech-like condition of successful authorship, which Swift ridiculed so keenly in 1704 when he dedicated *The Tale of a Tub* to "His Royal Highness, Prince Posterity," but which was to continue until Dr. Johnson sounded its death knell by his letter to Lord Chesterfield in 1755. Among the men responsible for the rapid growth of this system none was more influential than Newcastle. His connection with the artistic world, extending from 1617 to 1676, roughly sixty years, his position in politics and his inclination, all helped to make him a vital factor in shaping the course of English literary history. His influence may not have been an elevating one, yet he is a figure to be reckoned with, a moving force in the literature of his day and generation.

[1] Phœbe Sheavyn in *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age*, pp. 9–38.

CHAPTER III

THE MINOR WRITINGS OF THE DUCHESS

I

POEMS AND PSEUDO-SCIENCE (1653–1668)

The Duke of Newcastle's importance in literary history is, as we have seen, not dependent on his original productions, but the Duchess gains her importance chiefly by virtue of the books she wrote. Their value, however, does not consist in form or contents, but in the mere fact that they exist. Easily the best is her *Life of William Cavendishe*, which has already been sufficiently discussed to show that, in spite of a vivid fictional tendency, its success is largely fortuitous, its scheme essentially haphazard. What then shall be said for the Duchess's other works? Plays, poems, scientific treatises, letters, orations, fantasies, they present a bewildering array of documents, as extended as it is various.[1] When the numerous volumes containing them have been read and thoroughly digested, it must be admitted that little of permanent interest is to be found there. Yet one needs to remember that masterpieces have seldom been produced by a pioneer and that Margaret Cavendish was one of the first English women seriously to undertake written composition. Until the seventeenth century had run half its course, an authoress in print was a practically unknown phenomenon, although between 1650 and 1700 more

[1] John Nichols in the notes to his *Select Collection of Poems*, 1780–1782, Vol. IV, p. 353, says that the manuscripts of the Duchess were given to her husband's college (St. John's, Cambridge), where they were to be found in good order.

than one talented woman entered the profession of literature. Mrs. Aphra Behn and "the matchless Orinda" share with the Duchess the distinction of being the first of their sex to attract notice by published works. Each of the three had a distinct and sharply defined personality, each came to her career by a different approach, but all together mark a common tendency, the growing importance of women and specifically their entrance into the world of letters.

The development of this tendency, whether consciously or not, was largely through French influence, to which the Duchess was particularly subjected. In 1644, at the age of twenty-one, she had accompanied Henrietta Maria to France, living at Paris during four impressionable years, and after that, as we have seen in Chapter I, residing nearly as long in the Low Countries. This continental atmosphere must have had its effect on the girl, since in 1649 she commenced her first mature work. At any rate that appears to be the date, for in an "Epistle to her Braine," prefixed to *Philosophical Fancies*, appears the following verse:[1]

> For seven yeares 't is, since I have married bin.

This line must have been written in 1652, and near the close of the same volume she gives the reader further information as to times and seasons:[2]

> I begun a booke about three years since, which I intend to name *The World's Olio*, and when I come into Flanders, where those papers are, I will (if God give me life and health) finish it, and send it forth in print.

This places the Duchess's earliest extant production in 1649,[3] two years before Mrs. Philips's first published poems[4] and four

[1] Walpole's *Catalogue*, ed. Park, III, 153.

[2] Ibid., III, 154.

[3] "I writ most part of it before I went into England."—*A True Relation*, Firth, p. 170.

[4] The article on Katherine Philips in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

previous to her own public appearance as a writer. In 1653[1] she brought out the *Poems and Fancies*,[2] which was composed under the circumstances described in an introductory epistle, "To the Reader":[3]

> If any do read this Book of mine, pray be not too severe in your Censures. For first I have no children to imploy my Care, and attendance on; And my Lords Estate being taken away, had nothing for Housewifery or thrifty Industry to imploy my selfe in. . . . Thirdly, you are to spare your severe Censures, I having not so many yeares

[1] Though dated so the book may have been out by 1652, for under that date was written, "Upon y^e^ La Margaret Marchioness of Newcastle her rare poems new come forth." See *Hist. Mss. Comm.*, *10 Rep.*, *App.*, *IV*, p. 47.

[2] "In the British Museum is a copy of the *Poems and Fancies* with ms. notes by the authoress which are mentioned in the catalogue, but are neither many, nor curious, they occasionally inform us, *these lines my lord writ*." — Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*, pp. 89–90. Originally there seems to have been prefixed a portrait by Diepenbeck, representing the authoress seated "before a table on a balcony; four cupids above her head hold up the folds of a curtain, and prepare to crown her with a laurel wreath; a tablet below is inscribed with the following verses:

> Studious She is and all Alone
> Most visitants, when She has none,
> Her Library on which She looks
> It is her Head, her Thoughts, her Books
> Scorninge dead Ashes without fire
> For her owne Flames doe her Inspire."

See Grolier Club *Collections and Notes. Wither to Prior*, I, 136. In some copies this plate is lacking, and in some, other portraits have been inserted. On the fly-leaf of a copy in Mr. Henry E. Huntington's library, the Earl of Westmoreland has written a poem of eighteen lines ending,

> The Stile, the Method & the phrase
> Doe heighten soe the Authoress' prayse
> That I should too iniurious be
> To cast into such Treasury
> For all the Graces heer are mett
> To make a Pearle of Margeret.

[3] The Duchess does not profess great ability in poetry, "for though I am a poetess, yet I am but a poetastress, or a petty poetess, but howsoever, I am a legitimate poetical child of nature, and though my poems, which are the body of the poetical soul, are not so beautiful and pleasing as the rest of her poetical childrens bodies are, yet I am nevertheless her child, although but a brownet." — *CCXI Sociable Letters*, Letter CXLVI.

> of Experience, as will make me a Garland to Crowne my Head; onely I have had so much time, as to gather a little Poesie to stick upon my Breast. Lastly, the time I have been writing them, hath not been very long, but since I came into England, being eight Yeares out, and nine Months in; and of these nine Months, onely some Houres in the Day, or rather in the Night. For my Rest being broke with discontented Thoughts, because I was from my Lord, and Husband, knowing him to be in great Wants, and my selfe in the same Condition; to divert them, I strove to turne the Stream, yet shunning the muddy and foule waies of Vice, I went to the Well of Helicon and by the Wells side, I have sat, and wrote this Worke.

The volume is appropriately dedicated to Sir Charles Cavendish, who, we know, was her companion in England, but there are also introductory letters, "To All Noble, and Worthy Ladies," "To Mistris Toppe,"[1] "To Naturall Philosophers," and not a few verses which set forth the authoress's trepidation about publishing. The last begs that the reader

> Condemne me not for making such a coyle
> About my Book, alas it is my Childe.
> Just like a Bird, when her Young are in Nest,
> Goes in, and out, and hops and takes no Rest;
> But when their Young are fledg'd, their heads out peep,
> Lord what a chirping does the Old one keep.[2]

The first division of this book deals with physics, or, in the phrase of that day, "natural philosophy." It is chiefly important as marking the Duchess's earliest statement of her original scientific system, which is not science at all, but fancy, pure and simple. Its form of rhymed, almost jingled, couplets seems strongly reminiscent of the gnomic verses and mock epitaphs in the *Hesperides*, and it is probable that Herrick's poetry was well known to her. However, the Duchess is for the most part so occupied with her thought that she takes little

[1] Her waiting maid (Firth, p. 46). She is "Lady Toppe" in the third edition, 1668.

[2] "An Excuse for so much writ upon my Verses."

pains in expressing it, and once or twice she even relapses into prose the better to explain her idea.[1] Still, an occasional approach to poetic feeling appears in her writing; witness "Of Shadow and Echo":[2]

> A Shadow fell in love with the bright Light,
> Which makes her walke perpetually in her sight
> And when He 's absent, then poore Soule she dyes,
> But when He shewes himselfe, her Life revives.
> She sister is to Eccho loud, and cleere
> Whose voice is heard, but no Body appeare:
> She hates to see, or shew her selfe to men,
> Unless Narcissus could live once agen.

Near the end of each part occurs a strange heading, "The Claspe," which seems meant to connect what goes before with that which follows. Her first Clasp begins with these astonishing lines, describing the throes of composition,

> When I did write this Booke, I took great paines,
> For I did walke, and thinke, and break my Braines;

and continues with an application of arithmetical laws to the passions. How this relates natural to moral philosophy may have been known to the Duchess, but it seems singularly obscure to us Philistines. At any rate her second division consists chiefly of "Dialogues" or Debates, — between man and nature, earth and cold, joy and discretion, wit and beauty, and "betwixt an Oake and a Man cutting him downe," with many other like discussions. One wonders if that "between a Bountifull Knight and a Castle ruin'd in War" was occasioned by knowledge of Bolsover's condition, for the castle bewails its plight as follows:

[1] P. 20, n., and just before "Of Elements." Also "A Circle Squar'd in Prose (Note: Because my Lines are too long for my Rhimes, therefore I put them in Prose)."

[2] Of this poem Southey writes, "Never was fancy more poetically conceived or unpoetically expressed." — *Common-place Book*, 4th Series, p. 334.

Where every Feild, like Gardens, is inclos'd,
Where fresh green Grasse, and yellow Cowslips grow'd
There did I see fat Sheep in Pastures go,
Hearing the Cowes, whose bags were full, to low
By Wars am now destroy'd, all Rights o'repowr'd
Beauty, and Innocency are devoured.

Quite the best of all these colloquies is "A Dialogue of Birds,"[1] which has never been reprinted but deserves to be known for its sympathetic description of nature. The different birds lament how badly man treats them but explain that Nature should receive no blame:

For Love is Natures chiefest Law in Mind,
Hate but an Accident from Love we find.
Tis true. Self-Preservation is the chiefe,
But Luxury to Nature is a Theefe.

Such a benevolent statement of the struggle for existence is hardly typical of the seventeenth century or those Hobbesian principles that underlay it, but it clearly reveals the Duchess's innate goodness. So does that delightful picture she draws of the birds' nest-building and their return home at night:

But none did labour like the little Wren,
To build her Nest, to hatch her young Ones in.
She laies more Eggs than all the rest,
And with much Art doth build her Nest.
The younger sort made love, and kiss'd each others Bill
The Cock would catch some Flies to give his Mistress still
The Yellow hammer cried, tis wet, tis wet,
For it will raine before the Sun doth set.
Taking their Flight, as each Mind thought it best,
Some fled abroad, and some home to their Nest.
. . . . . .
Then did they stretch their Wings to flye fast home
And as like Men, from Market home they come,
Set out alone, but every Mile adds some:

[1] Pp. 70–75.

Untill a Troop of Neighbours get together,
So do a flight of Birds in Sun-shine weather.
. . . . . .
When they their wings had prun'd and young ones fed,
Sate gossipping before they went to Bed.
Let us a Carroll, said the Black-bird, sing,
Before we go to Bed this fine evening.
The Thrushes, Linnets, Finches, all took parts,
A Harmony by Nature, not by Arts.
But all their Songs were Hymnes to God on high,
Praising his Name, blessing his Majesty.
And when they askt for Gifts, to God did pray,
He would be pleas'd to give them a faire day.
At last they drowsie grew, and heavie were to sleep,
And then instead of singing cried, Peep, Peep,
. . . . . .
Thus went to rest each Head, under each wing,
For Sleep brings Peace to every living thing.

More famous is the "Dialogue between Melancholy and Mirth," which gave rise to a lively description of the Duchess in *The Connoisseur*.[1] In what purports to be a vision, certain female poets undertake to ride Pegasus, beginning in the order of their seniority:

Upon this a lady advanced; who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet had a noble presence, that commanded at once awe and admiration. She was dressed in an old-fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bugles and points; such as was worn in the time of king Charles the First. This lady, I was informed was the duchess of Newcastle. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility and giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakspeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against

[1] No. LXIX for Thursday, May 22, 1775.

melancholy, which (she said) were so extremely picturesque. The duchess, with a most pleasing air immediately began. .

> Dull Melancholy . . .
> She 'll make you start at ev'ry noise you hear,
> And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
> Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound;
> She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
> Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
> Which various shadows make against the wall.
> She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
> As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
> The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan;
> And shrieking owls, that fly i' th' night alone;
> The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
> A mill, where rushing waters run about.
> She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
> And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
> In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
> She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
> There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
> While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.[1]

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seemed very attentive; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* to this lady's Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy.

As a matter of fact, Milton's lyrics were written twenty years before the Duchess's, but the error has often been repeated[2] or ignored.

Following the "Dialogues" come "Moral Discourses," on love, pride, ambition, humility, and other abstractions. "Of the Ant" shows minute observation of that insect's coöperative faculty, likening its community to the Lacedæmonians', where

[1] Leigh Hunt says there are some "very good lines" in this poem. See *Men, Women, and Books*, II, 101.

[2] Notably by D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, where he writes that her "verses have been imitated by Milton," ed. 1833, II, 61, from "A Literary Wife." Kippis in his edition of *Biographia Britannica*, III, 341, "believes" this connection to be groundless; and cf. Rhys, Everyman edition of the *Life*, p. xxii.

everything was held in common. The next Clasp voices a sentiment of pretty frequent occurrence in the Duchess's work:

> Give me a Stile that Nature frames, not Art;
> For Art doth seem to take the Pedants part.

The formlessness of her book is seen by the immediate succession of "The Hunting of the Hare," [1] in which poor Wat's ultimate end is lamented in a most astonishingly humanitarian way, and "The Hunting of the Stag," [2] with its catalogue of trees, which extends for some twenty lines. Of the latter verses Edmund Waller is said to have "declared that he would give all his own compositions to have written them; and being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation answered that 'nothing was too much to be given, that a Lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance.'" [3] This Clasp is completed by "Of an Island,"

> Where Grasse growes up even to the Belly high,
> Where Beasts, that chew their Cud, in Pleasure Lye,

and by "The Ruine of the Island" after the people became so proud that they threw down the altars of their gods. Throughout her work, fantastic and romantic as it is, the Duchess never lets one entirely forget the unhappy state of England and of its nobility.

The third division in *Poems and Fancies* is headed "To Poets" and is composed of similes, wherein death becomes likened to Nature's cook, the head to a barrel of wine, the

[1] Pp. 110–113. [2] Pp. 113–116.

[3] Johnson's "Life of Waller," in *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Waugh, II, 50. Two satiric lines written on the fly-leaf of Waller's copy of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, 1663, may also be by that poet:

> New Castles in the air this Lady builds,
> While nonsense with Philosophy she guilds.

The volume containing this couplet is now owned by Mr. Henry E. Huntington of New York City.

tongue to a wheel, and many another odd conceit appears such as was possible only because of the Elizabethan tradition. One passage compares "the Sea to Meadowes, and Pastures, the Marriners to Shepheards, the Mast to a Maypole, Fishes to Beasts," and, as though that mixture of metaphors were not enough, a marginal note informs us that "the Ship is taken for a Horse." The most interesting poems in this section are two which come at the beginning and which illustrate certain literary doctrines held by our authoress. One states the importance of originality, and it is very fitting that the Duchess, who gains her place in literature by that virtue, should place so much emphasis upon it:

> There 's None should Places have in Fames high Court,
> But those that first do win Invention's Fort:
> Not Messengers, that onely make Report.

The other hits at what she considers the common error of paying too little attention to substance and too much to the form of its expression:

> Most of our moderne writers now a days
> Consider not the fancy but the phrase:
> As if fine words were wit or one should say
> A woman 's handsome, if her clothes be gay:
> Regarding not what beauty's in the face,
> Nor what proportion doth the body grace;

"Fantasmes Masque" occupies the following Clasp. It is supposed to take place in the brain and under the guise of a ship's voyage narrates Margaret Lucas's wanderings. Her setting forth, the haven of refuge in France, the union with a noble lord, her subsequent poverty and expedition to the North would leave no room for doubt as to this identification, even if it were not for the couplet,

> But when the Stormes of Dangers all were past,
> Upon the Coast of —— it was cast.

When the authoress was writing in England she did not know on what shore her future lot would fall, but in the 1664 revision of her book the word "Flanders" is inserted to fill that blank. The next part, "To all Writing Ladies," is mainly given over to verses on the Queen of Fairies. The Duchess wonders that people should not believe these little creatures exist, "for Nature can as well make small bodies, as great, and thin bodies as well as thicke. We may as well thinke there is no Aire, because we do not see it."[1]

There are four poems devoted to this subject: "The Fairy Queen," "The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairyland," "The Pastime of the Queen of Fairies, when she comes upon the Earth out of the Center," and "Her descending downe." Naturally these themes give full play to the Duchess's fancy, but the subject is not an original one. Moreover, echoes of Herrick and Shakespeare are well-nigh inevitable in any work patterned upon theirs. The Newcastle fairies, like Herrick's Oberon, eat off a mushroom table,[2] feast on ants' eggs,[3] and have a palace illuminated by glowworms' eyes.[4] The Duchess names her queen Mab, as Mercutio does, and both mention the royal chariot's being made from a nutshell.[5] Most striking parallel of all is the account of Hobgoblin's pranks when compared with Puck's in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.[6] In every case the lady proves inferior to her

[1] "To the Readers Concerning Fairies."

[2] *Hesperides*, No. 294, line 7; and "Pastime and Recreation."

[3] *Hesperides*, No. 294, line 3; and "Pastime and Recreation."

[4] *Hesperides*, No. 444, line 7; and "Pastime and Recreation."

[5] *Romeo and Juliet*, I, 4; and "Pastime and Recreation."

[6] Act II, scene i; and "Pastime of the Queen of Fairies." This and other passages from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are imitated in Drayton's *Nymphidia* and in *The Pranks of Puck*. See notes to Rolfe's edition of the play. Drayton was a connecting link in the fairy tradition but does not seem to have had any direct influence on Margaret, in spite of the *Cambridge History*, IV, 193; the windows of his palace are made from cats' eyes and his queen's chariot is the shell of a snail.

predecessors, as was to be expected; only in an "Epilogue" to the series does she attain real novelty and real charm, mingled with a most gracious account of her relations with Newcastle's brother:

Sir Charles unto my chamber coming in,
When I was writing of my Fairy Queen;
I pray, said he, when Queen Mab you do see
Present my service to her Majesty:
And tell her I have heard Fame's loud report
Both of her beauty and her stately court.
When I Queen Mab within my fancy viewed,[1]
My thoughts bowed low, fearing I should be rude;
Kissing her garment thin which fancy made,
Kneeling upon a thought, like one that prayed;
In whispers soft, I did present
His humble service which in mirth was sent;
Thus by imagination I have been
In Fairy court and seen the Fairy Queen.
For why, imagination runs about
In every place, yet none can trace it out.[2]

The following Clasp nearly spoils this fairy poetry by trying to relate it to the Duchess's scientific system of atoms which are at war within the human body. That brings in an "Epistle to Souldiers" and introduces a section occupied with battles, varying from one between courage and prudence to one between King Oberon and the Pygmies. These martial themes

[1] Compare a stanza formerly supposed to be by John Donne, but now ascribed to Sir John Harington (*Cambridge History*, IV, 209). Of his lady-love he writes:

By absence this good means I gain
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain;
There I embrace and kiss her
And so enjoy her, and none miss her.

[2] M. Émile Montégut with a truly Gallic point of view imagines that this epilogue reveals a secret love the Duchess felt for her brother-in-law. See *La Duchesse et le Duc de Newcastle*, pp. 222–223.

are appropriately succeeded by "A Register of Mournfull Verses," that is, a series of laments without any special purpose or unity. Appended to the poems is a prose treatise of twelve pages[1] entitled "The Animall Parliament," where the soul, the thoughts, and the body take order for the preservation of their world. There are various complaints lodged concerning abuses in ears, eyebrows, teeth, and stomach, but the chief grievance is "that the Puritans and Roman Priests cut downe all the stately and thick woods of Haire, as there is almost none left grown to build ships of ornament with . . . besides the prodigall effeminate Sex burns it up with Iron workes, or breaks it off at the rootes, in making traps for Lovers." Indeed, the Duchess seems to lay much censure upon the dictates of fashion, which, as we shall see, she herself refused to follow.

The last three pages in this volume[2] are composed of several short pieces, setting forth some of the authoress's main hobbies. There is a prose as well as a verse statement that expression of one's thought is not so important as the thought itself, with a very frank confession of her own delinquencies in rhyme and metre. There is comment upon the prevalence of backbiting criticism, and a final word deals with the Duke's excellences, this time in connection with literature:

A Poet I am neither born nor bred,
But to a witty poet married:
Whose brain is fresh and pleasant as the Spring,
Where Fancies grow and where the Muses sing.
There oft I lean my head, and list'ning, harke,
To heare his words and all his fancies mark:
And from that garden Flowers of Fancies take
Whereof a posie up in verse I make.
Thus I, that have no garden of my own,
There gather flowers that are newly blowne.

[1] Pp. 199–211. [2] Pp. 211–214.

Newcastle certainly reciprocated, for in the second edition (1664)[1] he addressed a panegyric to his wife, which after comparing her in favorable terms with Spenser, Jonson, Fletcher, and Shakespeare, not to mention Van Dyck, modestly concludes,

> I thought to Praise you, but alas, my Way
> To yours, is Night unto a Glorious Day.[2]

An added note in the earlier edition declares, "Reader, I have a little Tract of Philosophicall Fancies in Prose, which will not be long before it appear in the World." This was not, however, the first work on the subject that the Duchess had written. In an "Introductory Epistle" to the *Life* she placidly records that "it pleased God to command his servant Nature to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind, before I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order, I would never divulge."[3] And in another place:[4]

> You desired me to send you the Sixteen Books I Writ in my Childhood; methinks they sound like the Twelve Labours of Hercules, only that there are Four Labours more . . . In my Sixteen Books is Sense and No Sense, Knowledge and Ignorance, Mingled together, so that you will not know what to make of it; or in a Lower Comparison, you will find every Book like a Frippery, or Brokers-shop, wherein is nothing but Remnants, Bits and Ends of Several things, or like Taylors Shreds, that are not fit for any Use; wherefore I cannot Imagine why you should Desire them, unless out of a Friendship, you will See, and Burn them before I Die, fearing I should Neglect

[1] There was a third issue in 1668 under the transformed title of "Poems or Several Fancies in Verse: with the Animal Parliament, in Prose."

[2] Clarendon writes to Newcastle on May 30, 1653, that he has diligently studied "my ladyes booke" (probably the *Poems and Fancies*) "and could not have believed . . . so many tearmes of arte, and such expressyons proper to all sciences and to all kinds of learninge could have flowed from a person unskilled in any but our mother tongue, which is now made much more copyous than it was." — *Calendar of Clarendon Papers*, II, 209.

[3] Firth, p. xxxvi.

[4] *CCXI Sociable Letters*, Letter CXXXI.

the Sacrificing of them my self, for you are Pleased not only to send for One, but all the Sixteen. But, I suppose, you believe them to be so many several sheets of Paper folded into Quarters, or Half Quarters, as into little Baby-books, for it was in my Baby-years I writ them, and it had been well they had been no Bigger than Baby-Books, but the least of these Books are two or three Quires of Paper; Neither can you Read them when you have them, unless you have the Art or Gift to Read Unknown Letters, for the Letters are not only Unlegible, but each Letter stands so Cowardly from th' other, as all the Lines of your Sight cannot Draw, or Bring them into Words.[1] . . . Moreover there are such huge Blots as I may Similize them to Broad Seas or Vast Mountains . . . Also there are Long, Hard Scratches, which will be as Bad for your Eyes, as Long, Stony Lanes would be to your Feet; wherefore let me persuade you as Your Friend, not Desperately to Venture to Read them, since you can neither receive Profit nor Pleasure in the Labour.

The World's Olio, her first fully developed work, contains some few opinions on physics,[2] which were first published as Part I of *Poems and Fancies*, to be rearranged but not materially altered in 1664. As the authoress asserts in protesting their originality, "though the Opinion of Atoms is as Old as from the Time of *Epicurus*, yet my Conceptions of their Figures, Creating and Disposing are New, and my Own."[3] She goes on to say that she felt the world could not be made

[1] "You might think I had been bound to the Profession of a Scrivener not to Write an Intelligible Hand, but to make Wast Paper, for they being paid for the most part by the Sheets and not by the Letters, put as few Letters in a Sheet of Paper as subtilly as they can, leaving a Large Space betwixt every Line, and they make their Letters as Big, and Broad as they may, as not to misshape them, also with Large and Long Flourishing Scratches." — *CCXI Sociable Letters*, Letter CXXXIV.

[2] Marvell in the *Last Instructions to a Painter* writes:

> Paint then again her Highness to the life
> Philosopher beyond Newcastle's wife.

See The Muses' Library, *Satires*, p. 22.

[3] "Another Epistle to the Reader," prefixed to the 1663 edition of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*. Compare "Thats an old opinion of Atomes, say some, witnesse *Democrates* and many others." — "An Epistle to Justifie the Lady Newcastle" prefixed to *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, 1655.

of atoms unless each one had life and knowledge, yet all must be under some mightier force, called God, or there would be confusion amongst them. How this idea tended to subordinate the conception of atoms is further explained in the same context:

> But my Opinion of Atoms, in my Book of Poems is, if the Infinite and Eternal Matter be Atoms, that those Figures of Atoms, which I there mention, as Round, Square, Long, Triangular, Pointed and all other Figures, are part of those Figures which make Air, Fire, Water and Earth, and how they are Disposed in the Creation of Animals, Vegetables and Minerals; also that the Weight and Quantity of each Atom must be Alike, for if every Atom be so small as in Nature it can be, then the Weight and Quantity of each Atom must be Alike, all which I treat of in my Book of Poems; but by reason it is in Verse, it is not so Clearly or Solidly Expressed, as I might have done it in Prose; besides it was the First of my Works that I Divulged, being Printed in the Year 1653, in which Year also I caused to be Printed the first Edition of my Philosophical and Physical Opinions, but since that time I have thought more of it, and could give Better Reasons concerning Atoms than I could then, having since Spent the most of my Time in Contemplations; but now I Wave the Old Opinion of Atoms, for it is not probable, they should be the Cause of such Effects as are in Nature, and it seemeth not so Clearly to my Reason as these my Own and Absolutely New Opinions of Natural Philosophy.

The 1653 edition of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, to which allusion is here made, coincides with the "little tract of Philosophicall Fancies" promised at the end of *Poems and Fancies*. It was composed in 1652 and published on May 21 of the next year as *Philosophicall fancies, written by the Rt. Hon. the Lady Newcastle*,[1] but in its revision two years later was known by the longer title. Before 1655 the Duchess had already returned to Flanders,[2] and accordingly her husband introduced the reprint by a laudatory poem, with "An Epistle To justifie the Lady Newcastle, and Truth against falshood,

[1] Catalogue of the British Museum.
[2] *A True Relation*, Firth, p. 170.

laying those false, and malicious aspersions of her, that she was not Author of her Books." The wonder of a woman as writer may have caused these doubts, for otherwise it is difficult to understand how she could be considered a plagiarist. All her writings, whether pseudo-scientific or professedly imaginative, are so fantastic and individual as to be indisputably her own invention.[1] Nevertheless the Duchess was much disturbed by adverse criticism, especially that directed against her originality, and herself wrote a lengthy address, "To the Reader," repudiating these charges. There are numerous other introductions set before the work and a dedication "To the Two Universities," as they ought to encourage any idealistic movement for the emancipation of women, "lest in time we should grow irrational idiots . . . for we are kept like birds in cages to hop up and down in our houses, not suffered to fly abroad to see the several changes of fortune, and the various humours, ordained and created by nature; thus wanting the experiences of nature, we must needs want the understanding and knowledge and so consequently prudence, and invention of men."[2]

The difference in emphasis between Part I of *Poems and Fancies* and *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* may be seen at a glance; for the earlier interest centers in what kinds of atoms compose diverse elements,

> The Square flat Atomes as dull Earth appeare,
> The Atomes Round do make the Water cleere.
> The Long streight Atomes like to Arrowes fly,

[1] Rhys (p. xviii) supposes "she had read and pondered" Hobbes's *Decameron Physiologicum*, which did not appear until 1678, five years after her death. If Hobbes's basic theory of motion, as fully expounded in his *De Corpore* (Latin Works, Vol. I), did have any influence on the Duchess, it was of the slightest, and entirely unknown to herself. Even so, her imaginative extension of this germinal principle justifies her claim to originality.

[2] "To the Two Universities."

Mount next the points and make the Aiery Skie;
The Sharpest Atomes do into Fire turne,
Which by their piercing quality they burne.[1]

In the later book the first heading is "Of Matter and Motion," which, directed by figure, form Nature. Matter is infinite, the Duchess claims, and its changed form is only motion, external or internal, working upon it:[2]

Motions do work according as they finde
Matter that 's fit and proper for each kinde.

All of which are possible improbabilities accounting for the never-ending, inexplicable mystery of life. It should be borne in mind, here, at the outset of any discussion concerning the Duchess's scientific views, that there is nothing essentially impossible about them, for they do not run counter to established principles. At the same time they are not in the least scientific, because they are not based upon observation and experimentation; their connection with recorded fact is of the slightest and comes entirely from second-hand experience.[3] The Duke in common with many men of his day felt a genuine interest in scientific investigation, but the feminine mind of his wife could grasp only the external trappings of such research. For this lack of rational power she unconsciously substituted an overactive imagination but wisely did not dispute what had been already established by proof. Instead, she began where others left off, and, her fancy soaring above

[1] "The four principall figur'd Atomes make the foure Elements as Square, Round, Long and Sharpe," in *Poems and Fancies*, Part I.

[2] "Of the Working of several Motions of Nature," § 32 in *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, 1655.

[3] It is illuminating to compare the Duchess's lack of scientific procedure with Francis Bacon's superfluity of it. In the second book of the *Novum Organum* he exemplifies his methods in proving a thesis not unallied to the Duchess's: that heat is a special case of motion. Even so much particularity in such a limited field, however, did not attain the whole truth and nothing but the truth. See *Works of Bacon*, ed. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, I, 225–365.

mundane things, attempted to pierce beyond human knowledge. Her system does not explain the laws that govern our being, nor does it offer a solution for the problem of existence. It chooses a middle course, in professing to reveal the machinery by which God rules his universe.

Part II of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* treats "Of Fortune," that is to say of Nature, with renewed emphasis on the subject of motions: attraction, contraction, retention, and the like. Part III continues in the same strain to show how motion may change one element into another, without any intrinsic shift of matter. Now the Duchess is so near scientific truth as to assert that colors are broken lines of light from the sun;[1] and again, she fantastically declares that tides are due to the extension of individual drops in the ocean.[2] "Of the Motion of the Bodie," Part IV, explains the two kinds of movable innate matter, rational and sensitive, standing for mind and body respectively. The last part, "The Natural Wars in Animal Figures," takes up various diseases[3] on the basis of those unnatural motions that are supposed to cause them and suggests remedies calculated to restore a normal condition in the human system. Thus consumptions are said to be the result of unnatural expulsions;[4] palsies, of supernatural extenuation of the nerves;[5] pain in general, of cross or jumbling motions.[6] Finally, the importance of a proper correspondence between outward objects and inward motions, whether sensitive or rational, is insisted upon as necessary for all health and sanity.[7]

[1] § 120. [2] §§ 127–128.

[3] "But would you know how we know the great Mystery of these Physical terms, I am almost ashamed to tell you; not that we have been ever sickly, but by Melancholy often supposed ourselves to have such diseases as we have not." — Newcastle's "Epistle to Justifie the Lady Newcastle," prefixed to *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, 1655.

[4] § 191. [5] § 195. [6] § 171. [7] §§ 204–206.

Then at the end of this strange book its author definitely states that all her ideas are merely the working out of infinite deity in terms of infinite matter and motion. Section 210, "The Diatical Centers," is an expression of the Duchess's broad, if vague, religious belief, summed up in the last sentence:

> And though nature is infinite matter, motion and figure creating all things out of its self, for of matter they are made, and by motion they are formed into several and particular figures, yet this Deity orders and disposes of all natures works.

This creed is further formulated in a rhymed address to the Divinity:

> Great God, from Thee all infinites do flow;
> And by thy power from thence effects do grow;
> Thou orderest all degrees of matter, just
> As tis thy will and pleasure move it must,
> And by thy knowledge order'st all the best,
> For in thy knowledge doth thy wisdom rest;
> And wisdom cannot order things amiss,
> For where disorder is, no wisdom is.
> Besides, great God, thy will is just, for why?
> Thy will still on thy wisdom doth rely.
> O pardon Lord, for what, I now hear speak
> Upon a guesse my knowledge is but weak;
> But thou hast made such creatures as mankinde
> And gav'st them somthing which we cal a mind,
> Alwayes in motion, never quiet lies
> Untill the figure, of his body dies,
> His several thoughts, which several motions are
> Do raise up love, hope, joyes, doubts and fear;
> As love doth raise up hope, so fear doth doubt
> Which makes him seek to find the great God out:
> Selflove doth make him seek to finde, if he
> Came from, or shall last to eternity.
> But motion being slow, makes knowledge weak,
> And then his thoughts 'gainst ignorance doth beat,
> As fluid waters 'gainst hard rocks do flow,
> Break their soft streams, and so they backward go:

Just so do thoughts, and then they backward slide,
Unto the place, where first they did abide;
And there in gentle murmurs, do complain,
That all their care and labour is in vain;
But since none knows, the great Creator must,
Man seek no more, but in his greatness trust.

The same thought occurs in "An Epistle to the Reader" prefixed to the 1663 revision of this book, in condemning any presumptuous attempt to prove there is a God:

> Men cannot Prove, what they cannot possibly know, for God hath not given any one Creature nor All Creatures, were they Joyned into One, a Sufficiency to Know him, and since God is so much Above Nature, or Natural Matter, as I a Single Creature cannot Guess at Him, I will not Dispute on Him, but Pray to that Incomprehensible and Inexpressible Deity, to Favour me with that which is Best for me.

These passages are especially worth noting, as it has been on several occasions[1] remarked that the Duchess lacked true religious feeling. Her belief was perhaps neither supremely intellectual nor ecstatically devout, but it was sincere and it was not narrow. Moreover, it seems to have been ever present in the background of her consciousness.

The second edition of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* varies so much from the original one as to demand special consideration. Parts I, II, and III cover the same ground as Part I in the earlier volume, a distinction being made between animate and inanimate matter, the latter a medium through which the sensitive animate matter works. Further emphasis too is laid upon man as a specific figure, and his motions are particularly examined. Parts IV–VII amplify Parts II–V of the 1655 volume, treating each division in far greater detail. The list of sicknesses with their remedies has increased

[1] *The Cavalier and his Lady*, ed. Jenkins, p. 126, n.; and Montégut's *La Duchesse et le Duc de Newcastle*, pp. 335–339.

exceedingly, and in the chapter on fluxes we get a personal reminiscence combined with the prescription:[1]

> In all sorts or degrees of Fluxes there is nothing better than Laudanum, such as is prepared by Doctor Davidson's Prescription; the Quantity must be from One Grain to Two or Three, but above Four must not be taken, and to put it in a Small Pill of Bread and so Swallow it down; the time of Taking is, when the Patient goes to sleep, but the patient must not Eat nor Drink in Three Hours before taking of it, and when taken, lie still to Rest; as for this Laudanum I have had Experience, for when I was in France with the Queen of England, I had Died of a Purging Flux if I had not taken Doctor Davidson's Laudanum and he gave it to me every Night for a week together.

What the Duke thought of his wife's scientific views may be gathered from "His Opinion concerning the Ground of Natural Philosophy" at the end of her book. As we have seen in his relations with Hobbes, Newcastle had a real knowledge of physics, so that he must have been gently poking fun at the Duchess's theory of "motion" when he wrote:

> Since now it is A-la-mode to Write of Natural Philosophy, and I know, no body Knows what is the Cause of any thing, and since they are all but Guessers, not Knowing, it gives every Man room to Think what he lists, and so I mean to Set up for my self, and play at this Philosophical Game as follows, without Patching or Stealing from any Body. They talk that Motion doth every thing, I grant it, but this Motion must be from Some-thing. They say, This Motion and Spirit was put in at the Creation of the World . . . Why, then, thus for my Opinion That Salt is the Life that giveth the Motion to all things in the World.

He goes on to describe an experiment in which saltpetre and inflamed brimstone appeared just like the sun, and concludes:

> This is my Opinion, which I think can as hardly be Disproved as Proved since any Opinion may be Right or Wrong, for anything that anybody knows, for certainly there is none can make a Mathematical Demonstration of Natural Philosophy, and so I leave it to the Mercy of my Readers.

[1] Edition of 1663, Part VII, § 43.

The Duchess could hardly have perceived her husband's irony here; indeed, she seems to have been completely lacking in a sense of humor. Otherwise she would not have admitted this address into a work which she regarded with such lofty seriousness. She even writes concerning it:

> Of all my Works, this Work which I have Writ,
> My Best Belov'd and Greatest Favorite,
> I look upon it with a Pleasing Eye,
> I Pleasure take in its Sweet Company;
> I Entertain it with a Grave Respect,
> And with my Pen am ready to Protect,
> The Life and Safety of it 'gainst all those,
> That will Oppose it, or Profess it Foes:
> But I am sure, there 's none Condemn it can,
> Unless some Foolish and Unlearned Man,
> That hath no Understanding, Judgment, Wit,
> For to perceive the Reason that 's in it.

The *Opinions* were issued again in 1668 under another title, *Grounds of Natural Philosophy Divided into Thirteen Parts: with an Appendix containing Five Parts. The Second Edition, much altered from the first which went under the Name of Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, and with a comprehensive dedication, "To all the Universities in Europe." The alterations are extended enough to justify a change in title for the work, although there are few new ideas expressed in it; rearrangements and amplifications make up the most radical differences. After a general statement of her system (Part I), the Duchess passes to a consideration of creatures (Part II), and so to productions (Parts III and IV). That brings her to man (Part V) and his motions (Part VI), notably sleeping or waking (Part VII), together with irregular sicknesses (Parts VIII–X). The marked diversity in creatures (Part XI) suggests a discussion of elements (Part XII), of metals, and of vegetables (Part XIII). It may be seen that our authoress has

attacked her material from a novel angle, but the results she obtains are almost identical with her previously published judgments.

Part I of the Appendix deals with Immaterials and Materials, that is, God and Nature; Parts II–IV consist in an argument between parts of the mind about regular and irregular worlds. These latter terms are found to be synonymous with happy and miserable worlds, which the Duchess discusses at some length. Part V, "Concerning Restoring-beds or Wombs,"[1] shows how firmly her imagination had seized upon the subject of reproduction, no doubt because of that problem's basic importance and its absolute inexplicability. The theory of a continuous mobile existence for matter is fantastically set forth:[2]

> The last Conception of my Mind, concerning Restoring-Beds was, That the Parts of my Mind did conceive, That the Center of the whole Universe, was the Sea, and in the Center of the Sea was a small Island; and in the Center of the Island, was a Creature, like (in the outward Form) to a great and high Rock: Not that this Rock was Stone; but, it was of such a nature, (by the natural Compositions of Parts) that it was compounded of Parts of all the principal Kinds and Sorts of the Creatures of this World, viz. Of Elemental, Animal, Mineral and Vegetable kinds: and, being of such a nature, did produce out of it self, all kinds and sorts of Restoring-Beds . . . nor can they produce new Creatures, but only restore former Creatures; as, those that had been Produced, and were partly Dissolved.

Truly the Duchess's muse knew no bounds, and she might have gone on spinning fancies around her philosophy to the end of the chapter. Each time she revised a book its bulk was sure to increase, usually with a corresponding loss in artistic value. Little harm was done to these pseudo-scientific works, however, as at their best they are of slight literary importance except as revealing the quality of our authoress's mind and art. She was not even content with the numerous mediocre

[1] Pp. 291–309. [2] Pp. 308–309.

variations upon her *Opinions* but must needs produce more works to set forth still other aspects of the physical system she had created.

Such was the *Philosophical Letters: or modest Reflections Upon some Opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several Famous and Learned Authors of this Age, Expressed by way of Letters,* printed at London in 1664. In "A Preface to the Reader," the Duchess states that she has read much of certain scientific writers lately and now better understands the technical terms than she did before, "for my error was I began to write so early, that I had not liv'd so long as to be able to read many Authors; I cannot say I divulged my opinions as soon as I had conceiv'd them, but I divulg'd them too soon to have them artificial and methodical." She admits her weaknesses but dislikes having concessions made because of her sex:

> I have been informed, that if I should be answered in my Writings, it would be done rather under the name and cover of a Woman, than of a Man, the reason is, because no man dare or will set his name to the contradiction of a Lady; and to confirm you the better herein, there has one Chapter of my Book called *The World's Olio*, treating of a Monastical Life, been answer'd already in a little Pamphlet, under the name of a woman, although she did little towards it; wherefore it being a Hermaphroditical Book, I judged it not worthy taking notice of.

The distinguishing feature of the Duchess's volume is its form — that of letters to a supposed lady who has sent the authoress the works of Hobbes, Descartes, Dr. More, and Van Helmont, asking her opinion of their writings. In Section I she takes up Hobbes's *Leviathan* and *Elements of Philosophy*, with that part of Descartes which had been translated for her;[1] Section II deals with Dr. More's *Antidote* and *Of the Immortality of the Soul*; Section III is given over to Van Helmont.

[1] See "A Preface to the Reader," where she states her ignorance of any languages other than her native tongue.

Each author is considered only in so far as he disagrees with the Duchess's theories, the passages discussed are chosen quite arbitrarily, and the whole plan simmers down into one more statement of the *Opinions*. Section IV in fact leaves actual authors behind and ventures into whatever fields appear most tempting. One or two matters of detail are worked out more fully than in the earlier volumes, and some few terms are changed. "Matter" is no more to be called "spirits" as it was in the first edition of the *Opinions*,[1] while "animate matter," which with inanimate matter makes up Nature, is for the future "corporeal self-motion."[2] "Perception" is defined as "sensation," the working of sensitive animate matter.[3] Generally this matter copies outward objects in the body's inanimate matter but occasionally moves in itself without patterns.[4] Yet the other division of animate matter, the rational, always works in its own essence and more often with no patterns.[5] The Deity, it is again asserted, is beyond human comprehension:[6] "Oh! the audacious curiosity of Man! Is it not blasphemy to make the Infinite God of a frail and human shape, and to compare the most Holy to a sinful Creature?"

Philosophical Letters was dedicated to the University of Cambridge, as was the Duchess's remaining scientific book, *Observations upon Experimental Philosophy*, printed first in 1666, and again in 1668. As usual there are numerous introductory epistles before this work, of which the most striking is a dialogue between two speakers, headed "An Argumental Discourse Concerning some Principal Subjects in Natural Philosophy; necessary for the better understanding, not onely

[1] Section II, Letter XXXIV, and Section III, Letter XVI.
[2] Section IV, Letter XXXIII.
[3] Section II, Letter XVI.
[4] Section I, Letter IV, and Section IV, Letter XXIX.
[5] Section I, Letter VII.
[6] Section III, Letter XXII.

of this but all other Philosophical Works, hitherto written by the Authoresse." It contains a simile well calculated to impress the Duchess's system on the reader, when the rational part is likened to an architect, the sensitive to workmen, and the inanimate to their material. As may be gathered from its title, this volume was apparently intended to approach the subject from a truly scientific point of view. In the "Observations" proper there are abundant references to magnifying glasses,[1] the loadstone,[2] to seeds[3] and telescopes,[4] but by the time "Further Observations" are reached the author is pleading for more contemplation and less experimentation in science.[5] Then follow certain "Observations upon the Opinions of some Ancient Philosophers" treated in much the same manner as those modern arguments she had discussed in the *Letters*. Finally, "An Explanation of Some obscure and doubtful passages occurring in the Philosophical Works, hitherto published by the Authoresse," gives "matter" its latest name of "corporeal figurative motion." Inanimate matter is said to have life and self-knowledge according to its nature, but no self-motion, that depending on the animate matter working through it. "Sense" is interpreted as "life," and "reason" as "knowledge," but there are practically no important deviations from the system as originally propounded.

The vogue of these so-called philosophical books has, needless to say, been extremely restricted. They are valueless from a scientific point of view but crowded with all the meticulous detail demanded by that branch of human knowledge. The fantasy in them is in such small proportion to their vast bulk as to be scarcely worth the search. Their general style is so redundant and complicated that one can understand it only

[1] § 3. [2] § 6. [3] § 15. [4] § 34.

[5] § 1. She also quotes from *Poems and Fancies*, whence her system arose, § 8. She did this too in *Philosophical Letters*, Section IV, Letter IX.

with great labor and effort. It is no wonder that James Bristow of Christ Church College, Oxford, did not get far in translating these volumes into Latin. He began "upon a desire of those whom she had appointed to inquire out a fit person for such a matter;[1] but he finding great difficulties therein through the confusedness of the matter, gave over."[2] The world is no whit the poorer for his failure, as it conceivably might be without the original versions. Certainly they are unique and on that score alone are worthy to be preserved. Likewise they help to reveal the Duchess's eccentric personality and fantastic imagination, although fanciful science is a paradoxical form of art not deserving extensive cultivation.

II

THE WORLD'S OLIO (1655) AND *NATURE'S PICTURES* (1656)

The World's Olio, as has been seen, was composed for the most part in 1649, but was not published until 1655. "Most of this Book was written five years since," it tells us,[3] "and was lock'd up in a Trunk, as if it had been buried in a Grave; but when I came back from England, I gave it a Resurrection: After a view, I judged it not so well done, but that a little more care might have placed the words so, that the Language might have run smoother, which would have given the Sense a greater lustre; but I being of a lazie disposition, did chuse to let it go into the World with its Defects, rather than

[1] Jasper Mayne undertook to find a translator. See his letter of May 20, 1663, in the 1676 volume of *Letters and Poems to the Duchess*.

[2] Wood's *Athenæ*, Vol. II, Col. 160. Also John Harmar latinized "one or more of the plays of Margaret dutchess of Newcastle for which he was well rewarded." — Wood, III, 920.

[3] This sentence may very likely have been composed the year before its appearance, which would make the statement quite correct.

take the pains to refine it."[1] The Duchess dedicates this volume to Fortune, explaining to her husband,[2] "that when I have writ all I mean to print, I intend (if I live) to Dedicate all my Works together unto you." To Sir Charles Cavendish she offers "payments of Prayers"[3] for his earlier generosity and in another foreword begs that whoever reads this book aloud will carefully articulate its words.[4] "The Preface" proper excuses her deficiencies on the ground that "Nature hath made Man's Body more able to endure Labour, and Man's Brain more clear to understand and contrive, than those of Women; and as great a difference there is between them, as there is between the longest and strongest Willow, compared to the strongest and largest Oak." She goes on to say that some women have complained because they do not receive education,[5] but those that have been instructed turn out no better than the others; they can only work "like Apes, by Imitation." Finally, too much freedom is dangerous for women, so that nature has given man strength to govern the weaker sex.

The *Olio*[6] itself lives up to its name, but the numerous short sections, although individually unrelated, when taken one after another trace their authoress's train of thought.

[1] "Advertisement to the Reader."

[2] "To his Grace the Duke of Newcastle," in 1671 edition.

[3] "An Epistle that was writ before the death of the Noble Sir Charles Cavendish, my most Noble Brother in law," in the 1671 edition.

[4] Sociable Letter CLXXIII also takes up at some length the importance and difficulty of oral reading.

[5] This may refer to herself, for in "To the Universities," prefixed to the 1655 edition of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, she strongly urges that further opportunities be granted to women. The truth seems to be that the Duchess's conviction and desire were at odds over this point.

[6] In 1657 S. Du Verger published *Humble Reflections Upon some Passages of the Right Honorable the Lady Marchionesse of Newcastle's Olio. Or An Appeale from her mesinformed to her own better informed iudgement.* See Hazlitt's *Collections and Notes*, Third Series, 1887, p. 21.

No general unity binds them together, yet each is connected in idea with the preceding paragraph, however foreign it may be to the preceding page. The result is a string of observations which might have been arranged in an artistic pattern, but, as so often with the Duchess, nature here completely domineers over art. Book I, Part I, expatiates on fame, whence it logically passes to writings of various kinds, then proceeding to translation, languages, discourses, wisdom, music, and invention. Part II condemns excesses in gluttony or asceticism, dilates upon passion's power over mankind, and insists that one's mind should rule one's body. Part III commences with diplomacy and wars but soon enters upon analysis of human nature. An interesting section, "Of the Breeding of Children," [1] advises parents not to permit baby talk, such as "do, do" for "go," "tum" for "come," or "My Chid tant open its Nies" instead of "My Child cannot open its Eyes." The Duchess is quite modern in her theories, but it must be remembered that there was no chance for her to be disillusionized in practice. She felt that children should be instructed, not entertained by games of "Bo-peep," "Blind-man-buff," or "Cocks-hod," in which they "hide themselves behind Hangings, and old Cupboards, or dirty Holes, or the like places, where they foul their Clothes, disaffect the Brain with stincks, and are almost choak't with Dirt, and dusty Cobwebs, and Spiders, Flyes, and the like." [2] Youth and age receive some attention, as well as husbands and wives. The authoress thinks that marriages of interest are likely to be more happy than those of fancy, a statement which is not without personal significance. She supposes indifferent handsome women make the best wives but permits them to paint their faces for attracting men, except widows, who ought not to marry again. Certain cosmetics, however, are dangerous, disfiguring, or

[1] Pp. 123–126. [2] P. 125.

sluttish, "especially in the Preparatives, as Masks of Searclothes, which are not only horrid to look upon, in that they seem as Dead Bodies embalmed, but the stink is offensive . . . Oily Drops can be no grace to their Face. Dry Painting shrivels up the skin so, that it imprints Age in their Face." [1]

Part I of Book II is made up of fifty-eight Allegories, such as Number 9: [2]

> The World is a Shop, which sells all manner of Commodities to the Soul and Senses: The Price are Good Actions and Bad, for which they have Salvation or Damnation, Peace or Warr, Pleasure or Pain, Delight or Grief.

Number 28 states that "Thoughts are like Pan-cakes, and the Brain is the Pan, wherein they are tossed and turned by the several Objects, as by several Hands." [3] Part II consists of "Short Essays," the first hundred and five of which live up to their designation. Number 99, for instance, reads: [4]

> Our natural English Tongue was significant enough without the help of other Languages; but as we have Merchandized for Wares, so have we done for Words; of which there is more brought in, than carried out.

Numbers 107–122 are sufficiently long to have particular titles, but their worth is not commensurate with their bulk. Part III occupies itself with describing famous characters in English or classical history. Queen Elizabeth is said to have "clothed herself in a Sheeps-Skin; yet she had a Lions Paw, and a Fox's Head; she stroked the Cheeks of her Subjects with Flattery, while she pickt their Purses; and though she seemed loath, yet she never failed to crush to death those that disturbed her way." [5] That is keen enough writing after its kind, but many such fragments do not constitute a work of art. The *Olio*, in addition to its authoress's usual faults, is marred by immaturity and experimentation.

[1] P. 178. [2] P. 196. [3] P. 207. [4] P. 234. [5] P. 248.

Book III, Part I, treats of men and beasts, their passions and appetites. Love, envy, fear, and hate are severally taken up, while afterwards courage is differentiated from valour: the former follows appetite, the latter depends upon "consideration." Part II contains a rough draft of the Duchess's system in so far as it affects the elements. Part III opens with her customary review of diseases and their remedies, mentions royal favorites, and then comes to "The Inventory of Judgment's Commonwealth; which the Author cares not in what World it is Established." Good Hobbesian principles underlie this government, since it depends upon a contract existing between king and people. Striking details are that the monarch shall have a library rather than a collection of knickknacks,[1] and that there shall be set times for popular recreations. Also, "If a Gentleman must or will have a Whore, let him have one of his own, and not feed upon Reversions";[2] "No Husband nor Wife, although but a day married, shall kiss each other in publick, lest it turn the Spectators from a lawful wholsome Appetite of Marriage, to a Gluttonous Adultery; or weaken the Appetite so much, as to cause a loathing or an aversion to the Wedlock-Bed";[3] and Dancing is "commendable as a graceful Art in Maids or Batchelors; but shall be accounted an Effeminacy for Married Men, a May-game for Old Men, and a Wanton-lightness for Married Women."[4] Two short, irrelevant sections are inserted, "Of Noble Souls and Strong Bodies" and "Of those that steal from Books," after which the Duchess concludes[5]

[1] P. 402. [2] P. 406. [3] P. 409. [4] P. 410.

[5] The lines

> Of all my Works, this Work which I have writ,
> My best Belov'd, and greatest Favourite, etc.

follow, but in "To the Reader," prefixed to *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, 1655, she says they were intended for that book. There too she notices this erroneous intrusion of "a character of the strength of the soul and body."

by breaking into verse anent her ideal ruler:[1]

> But I would have this Monarchy I make,
> To have a Judg * that will good Counsel take:
> One that is wise to govern and to see
> What faults to mend, and what the Errors bee:
> Making the Commonwealth his only Minion,
> And striving to enlarge his own Dominion.
>
> * I call the Chief Ruler Judg as they did in the old time.

The World's Olio was reprinted in 1671,[2] and the same year appeared a second edition of *Natures Picture Drawn by Fancies Pencil to the Life. Being several Feigned Stories, Comical, Tragical, Tragi-comical, Poetical, Romancical,*[3] *Philosophical, Historical, and Moral: Some in Verse, some in Prose; some Mixt, and some by Dialogues.* The first edition of 1656 (some copies dated 1655)[4] also contained *A True Relation of my Birth, Breeding and Life,* while its title had the plural form, *Nature's Pictures,* etc. In 1671 it is preceded by an enniched portrait of the authoress[5] and by some laudatory lines from her husband. "The Preface," after announcing

[1] P. 420.

[2] It is this edition to which the references above are made.

[3] Charles Lamb using this word of certain writers adds in parenthesis "as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them." See "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," *Essays of Elia*, p. 194. Indeed, the redundancy of this formation is typical of the Duchess's style.

[4] The article on Margaret Cavendish, first Duchess of Newcastle, in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

[5] Under it are these lines:

> Here on this Figure Cast a Glance,
> But so as if it were by Chance,
> Your eyes not fixt, they must not stay,
> Since this like Shadowes to the Day
> It only represents; for Still,
> Her Beuty's found beyond the Skill
> Of the best Paynter, to Imbrace
> Those lovely Lines, within her face,
> View her Soul's Picture, Judgment, witt,
> Then read those Lines which She hath writt,
> By Phancy's Picture drawne alone
> Which Peece but Shee, Can justly owne.

this book's moral purpose, tells under what circumstances it was composed:

> As I was writing, by a little fire,
> These Feigned Histories; I did desire
> To see my Native Country, Native Friends,
> That lov'd me well, and had no other ends
> Than harmless mirth to pass away dull time,
> With telling Tales either in Prose or Rime.
> But though Desire did then like a Wind blow
> The Sails of Wishes on Love's ship to go;
> Yet Banishment to my dear Lord, was then
> A dangerous Rock, made of hard-hearted men.
> And hearing of such dangers in my way,
> I was content in Antwerp for to stay;
> And in the circle of my Brain to raise
> The Figures of my Friends crowned with Praise.

This was found to be such a successful method of procedure that the Duchess invited scholars and poets also, whom she entertained with the stories that follow.

Those in Book I are told in verse and are connected by a scheme roughly analogous to that of the *Decameron* or *The Canterbury Tales*.

> In winter cold, a Company was met,
> Both Men and Women by the Fire were set;
> At last they did agree (to pass the time)
> That every one should tell a Tale in Rhyme.

Most of their narrations deal with love, like the account of a mournful widow, an easily consoled widower, an inconstant woman, and a lover that deserts his pock-marked mistress. "A Description of Constancy" recounts how two parted lovers think each other dead, whereupon the man becomes a hermit. The woman sings dirges over his supposed grave,[1] until they

[1] In the British Museum copy there is an entry in the Duchess's handwriting, "These songs my Lord writ." See Everyman edition of the *Life*, p. xx. Rhys thinks the third of them the Duke's highest mark in verse.

are united by a benevolent queen. One of the company doubts that such steadfastness often exists and tries to prove his point by a similar tale with a tragic ending. Humanity, Despair, and Jealousy are personified by another man, while a merry lass tells of a husband's courting his wife's maid. One moralizer states that students rarely can talk well; the next romance is of a brave stranger's freeing and marrying a captive lady. A bachelor expatiates on feminine amorousness, which in old age becomes spite:

> And if a Lady dress, or chance to wear
> A Gown to please her self, or curl her Hair,
> If not according as the Fashion runs,
> Lord, how it sets a-work their Eyes and Tongues!
> Straight she's fantastical, they all do cry,
> Yet they will imitate her presently;
> And for what they did laugh at her in scorn,
> With it think good themselves for to adorn.

A tragic account of two young lovers who do not wait for the marriage ceremony intervenes, followed by another philosophical speech in praise of temperance. Then comes an argument over the advantages and disadvantages of wedlock, the various points being enforced by precept or example. A soldier tells of how a princess falls in love with her father's slayer. "The Surprisal of Death" relates the sudden end of a lovely young girl.

To these rhymed stories Newcastle likewise contributed two "mock-tales" and a poem called "The Philosopher's Complaint." The first was of an old woman's marriage to a serving-man, the second about an inconstant husband who is deserted by both his wives. The philosopher laments in uninspired stanzas that men have so many more responsibilities than beasts. Other narratives are concerned with human doubts, foolish pride, and ill-advised love. One man compares castles in the

air to the homes of spiders or silkworms, which he describes with particular detail. "The Tale of the Four Seasons of the Year"[1] contains as successful poetry as the Duchess achieves in this volume:[2]

> The Spring is dress'd in buds & blossoms sweet,
> And Grass-green Socks she draws upon her feet,
> Of freshest air a Garment she cuts out,
> With painted Tulips fringed round about,
> And lines it all within with Violets blew,
> And yellow Primrose of the palest hew:
> Then wears an Apron made of Lillies white,
> And lac'd about it is with Rays of Light.

Finally comes "A Description of Civil Warrs," in which a lady, evidently Margaret Cavendish herself, laments that,

> My Brother then was murther'd in cold-blood,
> Incircled round with Enemies he stood;
> . . . . . .
> Vollies of Shot did all his Body tear;
> Where his blood 's spilt, the Earth no Grace will bear,
> As if, for to revenge his Death, the Earth
> Was curs'd with barrenness ev'n from her birth.[3]

The Second Part of *Natures Picture* drops from poetry to prose and gives up the unified setting of Part I. These changes permit even freer rein to the Duchess's fancy, which flies off in every possible direction. Men and women, France and England, tobacco, schools, the court, one and all are reviewed under the name of story-telling. "The Vulgar

[1] Rhys calls it "a piece of tapestry in verse which is rare and fine."—Everyman edition of the *Life*, p. xxi.

[2] P. 101.

[3] Cf. Evelyn, II, 85, when on July 8, 1656, he visited Colchester: "But what was shewed us as a kind of miracle at the outside of the Castle, the wall where Sir Cha. Lucas and Sir Geo. Lisle, those valiant and noble persons who so bravely behav'd themselves in the last siege, were barbarously shot. . . . The place was bare of grass for a large space, all y^e^ rest of it abounding with herbage."

Fights,"[1] contrasting unrest at home and in the street, comes as near to real life as any of these short paragraphs. Marriage of course figures largely, with neglect, unfaithfulness, ambition, or greed as its necessary concomitants. Metaphysical subjects treated are "Love's Cure,"[2] "The Propagating Souls"[3] (their offshoots are meteors), "The Marriage of Life and Death,"[4] and "Of the Indisposition of the Mind."[5] In one of these fantasies the hero arrives at the center of the earth, where "he saw a light like Moonshine; of which, when he came near, he saw that the first Circle about the Center, was Glow-worms Tails, which gave that Light; and in the Center was an old man, who did neither stand nor sit, for there was no thing to stand or sit on; but he hung (as it were) in the Air; nor ever stirr'd out of his place; and had been there ever since the World was made; for he, having never had a Woman to tempt him to sin, never dyed."[6] "The Speculators"[7] takes its title from three glasses which show wonderful happenings in the firmament; a lady preacher comments on the text, "In the Land of Poetry there stands a steep high Mount Named Parnasus. At the top issues out a flame which ascends unto Fames Mansion."[8] There are three "moral tales" of an ant and a bee, in which the bee generally comes out victorious, since it has a monarchical rather than a republican government. Other improving dialogues are held between a woodcock and a cow on the subject of wings, between a butcher and a fly, a man and a spider, or between a lady and several interlocutors.

The first long story in this book is "The Contract,"[9] and here the Duchess enters upon the domain of the novel. Her imagination has worked up a simple anecdote into sixty pages

[1] Pp. 157–164.
[2] Pp. 217–223.
[3] Pp. 223–226.
[4] Pp. 231–234.
[5] Pp. 234–236.
[6] P. 253.
[7] Pp. 259–267.
[8] Pp. 275–280.
[9] Pp. 321–389.

of sustained interest, and that without tradition or precedent. "The Contract" is indisputably a romance, but in the late seventeenth century extended prose romances were uncommon in English letters. A tale like this could have exerted little influence upon future novelists, but it demands notice amidst the ferment which preceded the birth of a new form of art. Its plot revolves around a Duke who breaks the betrothal contract agreed to on his father's deathbed. He marries another lady and thereafter meets his first fiancée, only to fall deeply in love with her; at last all obstacles are removed, so that the happy pair may be united. This bare outline conveys no idea of how vividly the story is told, since its characters are more than the puppets customary in Margaret Newcastle's compositions. For instance, the Duke's servant is a charming person, and a parting of the lovers has genuine delicacy in feeling and phrase:[1]

> Heaven direct you for the best, said she, it is late, Good night.
> You will give me leave, said he, to kiss your hand?
> I cannot deny my Hand, said she, to him that hath my heart.

The climax occurs in an interview in which the Duke forces his rival, the pusillanimous Viceroy, to abandon all claims upon the lady. Their quick, staccato utterance makes this scene dramatically alive from the Viceroy's first line,

> And what is your Demand?
> My Demand, that you will never mary her.
> How, says the Vice-Roy? Put the case you should die, you will then give me leave to marrie her?
> No, said the Duke; I love her too well, to leave a possibility of her marrying you.
> I will sooner die, than set my hand to this, said the Vice-Roy.
> If you do not, you shall die a violent death, by Heaven, answered he; and more than that, you shall set your hand never to complain against me to the King: Will you do it? or will you not? for I am desperate said the Duke.

[1] P. 367.

The Vice-Roy said, You strike the King in striking me.

No disputing, says he; set your hand presently, or I will kill you.

Do you say, You are desperate?

Yes, answered he.

Then I must do a desperate Act, to set my hand to a Bond I mean to break.

Use your own discretion, to that.

Come, said he, I will set my hand before I read it; for whatsoever it is, it must be done.[1]

Nor is the dialogue alone to be commended, for the heroine's old uncle "was so pleased to see his Neece admired, that as he went home, he did nothing but sing after a humming way; and was so frolick, as if he were returned to twenty years of age."[2]

"The Contract," marks the highest point in *Natures Picture*, for those stories which follow it are of much less value. "The Ambitious Traitor"[3] briefly narrates an evil counsellor's fall and execution. "Assaulted and Pursued Chastity,"[4] on the other hand, is a long-drawn out account of undeserved persecutions. The heroine, variously named Miseriae, Travelia, or Affectionata, endures the attentions of a certain married prince in the kingdoms of Sensuality, Fancy, and Amity. The second of these realms offers most opportunity to the Duchess's imagination, so that it receives detailed consideration. Its inhabitants were "of a deep Purple, their Hair as white as Milk, and like Wool; their Lips thin, their Ears long, their Noses flat, yet sharp; their Teeth and Nails as black as Jet, and as shining; their Stature tall, and their Proportion big,"[5] all except the royal family, who differed by being "of a perfect Orange-colour, their Hair coal-black, their Teeth and Nails as white as Milk; of a very great height but well shaped."[6]

[1] Pp. 368–369. [3] Pp. 389–394. [5] P. 421.

[2] P. 347. [4] Pp. 394–514.

[6] P. 429. Cf. *The Blazing World*, where there are complexions of azure, purple, scarlet, and other bright colors.

Fish are closely associated with these people, for they sacrifice fishes, their houses are built of fishbones and thatched with fish scales, and one of their common beasts was "half Fish, half Flesh." Our heroine arrives in this strange land, disguised as a boy and accompanied by an old sailor. She learns to talk like the inhabitants, and that accomplishment, together with certain pistols which her friend is able to make, persuades the native population that these strangers are divine messengers. They do not use their new power for personal aggrandizement,[1] but to reform the cannibalism and sexual promiscuousness rampant throughout this kingdom. Travelia's teaching was that "The Gods were not to be known nor comprehended; and that all they have discovered of themselves to their Creatures, was only by their Works, in which they should praise them." "By which Doctrine," the Duchess adds, "they were brought to be a civilized people."[2] Then our travellers make good their escape to the Queen of Amity, who falls in love with Travelia disguised but accepts the King of Amours on discovering her inamorata's sex. Meanwhile Travelia has conquered Amours's forces under command of her insistent pursuer, and his wife's accommodating decease clears the way for these lovers to be united. So after a hundred and twenty pages the Duchess, feeling that she has clearly proved her point, i.e. that young girls ought not to travel about unprotected, brings her story to a haphazard close, which might have resolved all difficulties at any previous point in the chronicle.

"The Tale of a Traveller" begins with a certain young man's birth and education:[3]

> After he came to ten years old, or thereabouts, he was sent to a Free-School, where the noise of each Scholar's reading aloud, did drown the sense of what they read, burying the Knowledge and Understanding

[1] Mr. Kipling has developed such a situation in *The Man Who Would Be King*. [2] P. 442. [3] P. 515.

> in the confusion of many Words, and several Languages, yet were whipt (for not learning) by their Tutors, whose ill teaching broke and weakned their Memories with overheavy burthens . . . being afraid of whipping, they got their Lessons by rote, without understanding the sense.

Later he travels for some years, attends at court, but finally settles down in the country, where his expenses become greater than his receipts. A poor woman, whom he benefits one day, warns him to be temperate in all things, and he decides to follow her advice. As a result, he marries a moderately rich and moderately handsome wife, settles down to a moderate scale of existence, and lives happily ever after. This sketch so well embodies the Duchess's view of an ideal life that it is no wonder she recommends[1] it particularly to the reader, along with "The She Anchoret," which follows next in *Natures Picture*. Probably, too, this recommendation caused these pieces to be reprinted in 1766 as an appendage to Alexander Nicol's *Poems on Several Subjects*. Taken together they are entitled *A Treasure of Knowledge; or The Female Oracle. Wherein is delineated The Experienced Traveller; likewise the She Anchoret; in which many curious Questions are resolved, put by Natural Philosophers, Physicians, Moral Philosophers, Theological Students, Preachers, Judges, Tradesmen, Masters of Families, Married Men and their Wives, Nurses, Widowers, and Widows, Virgins, Lovers, Poets and Aged Persons.*

The list should also include orators, statesmen, soldiers, and historians, for all these classes come to consult the "She Anchoret," after her father's death has caused her to retire from the world in single blessedness. To each she replies with some fullness, so that this document alone gives the reader a very good idea of Margaret Cavendish's intellectual processes — they are those that we have seen repeated over and over again

[1] "The Preface."

in divers forms under divers circumstances. The Duke contributes to natural philosophers his explanation of why cats see in the dark, a phenomenon which he takes to be caused by the sea-water-green matter about their eyes, that being the same color one finds in rotten wood and glowworms' tails. "The times," Newcastle explains,[1] "give me leave to study the nature of all things from the Mouse to the Elephant." The Anchoret tells theologians that every religious opinion "judges all damned but their own: and most opinions are, That the smallest Fault is able to damn, but the most Vertuous Life, and innocent Thoughts, not sufficient to save them,"[2] a dictum of profound if practical wisdom, quite in accord with seventeenth-century latitudinarianism. Wives are told that to retain their husbands' affections they "must act the Arts of a Courtizan to him, which is very lawful, since it is to an honest End; for the Arts are honest and lawful, but the Design and End is wicked."[3] Many specific instructions are given for bringing up children, the drawbacks to common and free schools are set forth, and nurses come in for a large share of criticism. When children cry, "Nurses most commonly take their Tears to be shed out of a froward passion, rather than a mournful complaining, or a craving redress; which makes them only to sing, or prate, or whistle, or rattle to them, to please them; but not to search about them, or observe them, to find out their Malady to ease them; but rather, by the dancing and rocking them, they put them to more pain."[4] And further on,[5] "Nurses feed Children as if they had Ostritch's Stomacks, which is able to digest Iron." The Duchess's love of didactic writing has here led her far from such a narrative style as she was developing in "The Contract." She refused to be confined within artistic limits and consequently broke down the necessary restraints of

[1] P. 570.
[2] P. 614.
[3] P. 665.
[4] P. 666.
[5] P. 669.

story-telling, until "The She Anchoret" has become one more conglomeration of assorted ideas, unified only by its creator's imagination.[1] An extreme antithesis to everything which has gone before closes *Natures Picture*, for the chaos of the volume is made complete by a critical review of noted men, labelled "Heaven's Library, which is Fame's Palace, purged from Errors and Vices."[2]

III

PLAYS AND ORATIONS (1662–1668)

It would have been surprising if in her extended use of literary forms the Duchess had neglected the drama. After the Restoration, plays were more than ever a fashionable diversion. Newcastle had tried his hand at them, and his wife naturally followed suit. From the amount of work she produced in this genre, it seems clear that her genius felt itself eminently at home in such writing, and, indeed, as she understood the art, her fancy had limitless scope there. For the setting of the Duchess's plays was her own brain, where personified abstractions could argue or debate as long as pen and paper gave them leave. Any suggestion of dramatic technique is completely lacking, for that would at once imply repression and "I love ease so well as I hate constraint even in my works."[3] Her theory was not altogether wrong when she rebelled against the unity of time and the tradition of closing fifth acts with a full stage, for in these respects posterity has

[1] "You will find my Works like Infinite Nature," she herself writes, "that hath neither Beginning nor End, and as confused as the Chaos wherein is neither Method nor Order, but all Mix'd together, without Separation, like Evening Light and Darkness." — Sociable Letter CXXXI, although here she is referring to her early experimentations in philosophical writing.

[2] Pp. 706–718.

[3] *Playes*, 1662, "To the Readers" (No. 3).

sustained her; but in asserting that the characters need not all be kinsfolk and acquaintance, she denied even the most primitive artistic unity. As to the more subtle laws of play-writing, the Duchess was entirely innocent, for no dramatic sense had been granted to her by Providence. It is not remarkable, then, that her plays were never accorded a single performance, although she intended them for actual representation and explained that if they had not been given, it was merely because of their length and the closing of theatres in England.[1] Two reasons always look like an excuse, and so it was to prove in this case. Time went on and conditions changed, but still the Duchess's plays remained unacted and unactable. They are closet drama indeed — but closet drama so lifeless and so dull that one shrinks from it even on the printed page. They mark the lowest ebb of their authoress's literary production.

Her first volume of *Playes* was printed in 1662 and contains fourteen dramas, seven of them in two parts, making a total of twenty-one pieces. There are ten epistles, "To the Readers," prefixed, a "General Prologue," and "An Introduction," of which the "Prologue" in verse is chiefly interesting. For one thing, it asserts that she wrote all her plays in a comparatively short time:

> This shews my Playes have not such store of wit
> Not subtil plots, they were so quickly writ
> So quickly writ that I did almost cry
> For want of work, my time for to imploy:
> Some time for want of work, I'm forced to play,
> And idlely to cast my time away:

And again, asserting her originality of plot, which no reader of the plays would think of denying:[2]

[1] *Playes*, 1662, "To the Readers" (No. 2).

[2] Langbaine, p. 391, thinks that for this reason, "she ought with Justice to be preferr'd to others of her Sex, which have built their Fame on other People's Foundations."

But, Noble Readers, do not think my Playes
Are such as have been writ in former daies;
As Johnson, Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher writ
Mine want their Learning, Reading, Language, Wit:
The Latin phrases, I could never tell
But Johnson could, which made him write so well
Greek, Latin Poets I could never read
Nor their Historians, but our English Speed;
I could not steal their Wit, nor Plots out take
All my Playes Plots, my own poor brain did make.
From Plutarchs story I ne'er took a Plot,
Nor from Romances, nor from Don Quixot,
As others have, for to assist their Wit,
But I upon my own Foundation writ.

The only play in her book which was not entirely novel is that called *The Apocriphal Ladies*.[1] According to its "Epilogue" the basis is a tale in English history, and this may be identified as Geoffrey of Monmouth's legendary account of Locrine, made familiar by Milton in *Comus*. The story, in brief, is that King Locrine, the oldest son of Brut, becomes enamored of Estrildis, a German captive, but is forced by Corineus, Duke of Cornwall, to marry his daughter Gwendolen, to whom the King was previously betrothed. Estrildis is kept in an underground chamber for seven years, until Corineus dies, when Locrine deserts Gwendolen to marry his love. Gwendolen retires to Cornwall, collects an army, and kills Locrine in battle, while Estrildis and her daughter Sabrina are flung into a river, thereafter known from this occurrence as the Severn. Such a narrative made crude but dramatic material in the hands of an Elizabethan author, but the Duchess's interest in the story became much more sophisticated. Her mind was occupied with the question of Gwendolen's claim to the throne after Locrine's marriage to Estrildis; and in order to make this problem more difficult she supposes that Gwendolen was the

[1] P. 635.

rightful heir and Locrine king only by virtue of being his wife's husband. Then she lowers the rank of the characters, renames them "The Duke of Inconstancy," "The Unfortunate Duchess," "The Comical Duchess," and lo! here is subject matter for a play.

Thus we have two "apocriphal ladies" to start with: the rightful duchess, now deposed by the ducal power of her husband, and his second wife, who has no real claim to the position. To these are added "The Creating Princess," determined to elevate a husband to her own rank, and "The Imaginary Queen," royal by right of her fancy. There is no action in the play except the Duke's leaving his second wife and her subsequent continuation of a Duchess's state, and even this is narrated not acted.[1] One scene is taken up by a discussion between three gentlemen on the subject of heraldry;[2] in another, Lady True Honour tells Madam Inquirer about the importance of rank.[3] The height of irrelevancy seems to be reached in the description of Earl Undone's marriage to Mistriss Tip-tape, an alewife, and her elevation to share his title. Yet the connection of all this outlying material becomes plain, when we realize that our authoress was not telling a story but dramatizing the abstract conception of Rank. Her thesis is, "I perceive Great Noble Persons may do what they will,"[4] and that proves to be the conclusion of the whole matter; but instead of establishing her point by one carefully selected instance, she multiplies disconnected fancies, until the complex web of imagination obscures her original plan. It is only necessary to contrast the Elizabethan *Locrine* with *The Apocriphal Ladies* to see the difference between a play and an argumentative treatise, a comparison the Duchess invites by boldly admitting her historical sources. No better evidence could be found of how utterly undramatic was her work and how little

[1] Scenes xxi and xxiii. [2] Scene xiv. [3] Scene xx. [4] Scene xxii.

she realized the fact. This latter consideration may mitigate one's personal irritation towards the lady, though it cannot soften a righteous critical severity.

To treat the remaining twenty plays in detail would be as discouraging as useless — they do not demand or deserve a minute analysis. Let it suffice to enumerate them and to notice, in passing, their general outline or most significant characteristics. The first, *Love's Adventures*, in two parts, tells that the Lady Orphant serves Lord Singularity in the guise of a page, Affectionata, and so gains his love; that Lady Bashful is wooed by Sir Humphry Bold, but won by Sir Serious Dumbe; and that Sir Peaceable Studious drives his wife from her worldliness by himself plunging into the society of fair ladies. These stories give rise to numerous incidental discussions, among them the description of a wise husband,[1] the satire upon Puritan preachers,[2] and a complaint that there is such a majority of evil in the world.[3] This last point is typical of the Duchess's cast of thought, which more than once betrays a distinct tendency towards pessimism, quite in keeping with those troublous times and her own unfortunate experiences. It is only natural for the exiled and impoverished noblewoman to write:[4]

> The general manner of the whole World is to offer more than present, to promise more than perform, to be more faigning than real, more courtly than friendly, more treacherous than trusty, more covetous than generous and yet more prodigal than covetous.

Newcastle frequently contributed to his wife's plays, and at the end of *Love's Adventures* he has a poem summarizing the action, which begins,

> Love in thy younger age
> Thou then turn'd page.

[1] Part I, scene xiv. [2] Part II, scene xi. [3] Part II, scene xxxiii.

[4] The plays were written while she was still abroad, although not published until 1662. See "To the Reader," at the end of the book.

The Duchess is always scrupulously careful about rendering due credit to her husband for his assistance in composition, so that again and again in her plays we come across the legend "This Scene was written by my Lord Marquess of Newcastle" or "These Verses the Lord Marquess writ."

The Comedy named The Several Wits. The wise Wit, the wild Wit, the cholerick Wit, the humble Wit, is sufficiently described by its title. One of the female characters, Madamosel Solid, is the first of those contemplative ladies that are scattered in such profusion throughout the plays and who are only so many variations of the authoress herself. Lady Sanparelle in the two parts of *Youths Glory and Deaths Banquet* is a similar person, and to her is given also the gift of oratory. She gets her father's permission for public speaking, and lectures to a select audience upon nature,[1] upon love and hate,[2] upon men's professions,[3] and finally upon matrimony.[4] Strangely enough she upholds celibacy and remains true to her creed, as do others of the Duchess's ideal characters. Evidently their creator, although a notable exponent of happy married life, did not theoretically believe in the institution of wedlock. *Youths Glory and Deaths Banquet* is, as the name implies, a tragedy, for not only does Lady Sanparelle meet her death, but the Lady Innocence commits suicide because the Lord de L'Amour has forsaken her. He learns too late that Lady Incontinent has basely slandered Innocence and, to expiate the crime, takes his own life.

The Lady Contemplation, in two parts, is largely concerned with the Lady Virtue's disguise as a farmer's daughter and her encounter with Sir Effeminate Lovely, Sir Golden Riches, and Lord Title, who finally marries her. The same noblemen accost the real country girl, Mall Mean-bred, in comic scenes

[1] Part I, scene ix.
[2] Part I, scene xi.
[3] Part I, scene xv.
[4] Part II, scene v.

written for the most part by Newcastle. This play also deals with Lady Ward's success in winning her husband, Lord Courtship, from his mistress, the Lady Amorous. The Lady Contemplation, who gives her name to the piece, is another imaginative character, but she is finally persuaded to leave her solitary life and become the bride of Sir Fancy Poet. One episode in this drama is so vivid as to suggest that the Duchess may be describing an actual incident, of which she was the heroine during her early days at court. The Lady Ward can see no difference between the word "baud" and the more elegant "confident" and is severely reprimanded by Nurse Careful for such ingenuousness:[1]

> O peace Child for if any body heard you say so, they would laugh at you for a Fool, but 't is a sign you never was a Courtier, for I knew a young Lady that went to Court to be a Maid of Honour; and there were two young Ladies that were Confidents to each other, and a great Prince made love to one of them, but addresst himself to the other, as being her Friend; this young Maid askt why he did so, it was answered, she was the Princes Mistresse Confident; and just as you ask me, what said she, is a confident a Baud; whereupon the whole Court laught at her and for that only question condemned her to be a very fool, nay a meer Changling.

The Wits Cabal takes its name from a company of men and women who spend most of their time in polite conversation or extemporaneous rhyming. This is a device frequently employed by the Duchess, for it reduces the plot of her play to a minimum and at the same time gives her fancy boundless scope. The only individual strands which may be disentangled from ten acts of talk are old Mother Matron's amusing capture of Monsieur Frisk and the union of Madamoiselle Bon Esprit with Monsieur Satyrical, despite the latter's dislike of women and the former's intention to make him ridiculous. Interesting details are: Monsieur Sensuality's arguments for polygamy,[2]

[1] Part I, scene xix. [2] Part I, scene v.

a masque of the Five Senses,[1] and the cabal's "dialogue-discourses" in prose and verse.[2] One of them pointedly asserts that "Widowers love their second wives better than the first . . . but women, 't is said, love their first husbands better than the second."[3] In another, Chaucer is praised as an example of how unimportant is literary form, for "certainly Chaucers Witty Poems and Lively Descriptions, in despite of their Old Language, as they have lasted in great Esteem and Admiration these three hundred years, so they may do Eternally amongst the Wise in every Age."[4] *The Unnatural Tragedie* relates a story of incest in the same calm philosophical manner which distinguishes all the Duchess's plays, and which in this instance contrasts most forcibly with her passionate subject. After Monsieur Frere has forced his sister, he kills both her and himself, thus indirectly causing the death of her husband, his own intended bride, and Monsieur Pere. The underplot deals with Monsieur Malateste, his good first wife, and the shrew he afterwards marries. The weaker partner fares ill each time, for the "survival of the fittest" doctrine is twice carried out to its logical conclusion. The Sociable Virgins frequently interrupt the action by their abstract utterances, once harping again upon the Duchess's favorite string with a demand that women should have more experience and education.[5]

Again they discuss historians and have something to say of Camden, famous as Ben Jonson's master and as author of the *Britannia*:[6]

[1] Part I, scenes xxi, xxiv, and xxvi.

[2] Part I, scene xxxvii, and Part II, scenes ix and xxii.

[3] Part I, scene xxv.

[4] Part I, scene xxxvii. This was the standard seventeenth-century opinion, given classical expression in Dryden's Preface to the *Fables*.

[5] Scene x. The Duchess herself rebutted their argument in her Preface to *The World's Olio*.

[6] Scene xiii.

> Let me tell you that Chronologers do not only new dress truth but they falsifie her, as may be seen in our late chronologers, such writers as Camden and the like . . . As for particular Families some Camden hath mistaken and some of Antient Descent he hath not mention'd and some he hath falsely mention'd to their prejudice and some so slightly, as with an undervaluing, as if they were not worth the mention, which is far worse than if he should rail or disclame against them: But I suppose he hath done as I have heard a Tale of one of his like Profession, which was a Schoolmaster as Camden was, which went to whip one of his Scholars, and the boy to save himself, promised his Master that if he would give him his pardon, that his Mother should give him a fat pig; whereupon the fury of the Pedant was not only pacify'd, but the boy was strok'd and made much of. . . . I have observ'd one Errour in his Writing that is, when he mentions such Places and Houses, he says the ancient situation of such a worthy Family, when to my knowledge, many of those Families he mentions bought those Houses and Lands, some one Descent, some two Descents, some three before, which Families came out of other parts of the Kingdom, or the City, and not to the Antient and Inheritary Families; but he leaves those Antient Families unmention'd . . . he might take some pett at those that did not entertain him at their Houses when he went his Progress about the Kingdome to inform him of the several parts of the Country before he writ of the same.

One would expect from this to find the Newcastles slighted in *Britannia*, but the case proves to be quite otherwise,[1] for the Ogles are duly mentioned[2] and the Cavendishes receive their meed of attention.[3] Now Camden's book had earlier been subjected to severe criticism by one Ralphe Brooke, who in 1599 brought out *A Discoverie of Certaine Errours, published in Print in the much commended Britannia, 1594*.[4]

[1] Is it conceivable that the Duchess could have imagined that the Lucases deserved a place in this aristocratic work?

[2] *Britannia*, 1637 ed., p. 812.

[3] *Britannia*, pp. 555–556. It is true that the Newcastle branch is not specifically noticed, but it had achieved no eminence by 1623, the year of Camden's death. In his *Annales*, 1625 ed., p. 572, Camden mentions Elizabeth Talbot's ill conduct, and as she really founded the family of Cavendish, this may have been a possible cause for complaint.

[4] Title-page.

The minor facts are of small importance for our purpose, which is merely to show that the Duchess's strictures were not the first of their kind. Indeed it almost seems as if Camden were anticipating *The Unnatural Tragedie*, when he wrote:[1]

> There are some peradventure which apprehend it disdainfully and offensively that I have not remembered this or that family when as it was not my purpose to mention any but such as were more notable, nor all of them truely (for their names would fill whole volumes) but such as hapned in my way according to the method I proposed to my selfe.

The Publick Wooing takes its name from a plan devised by Lady Prudence as a safeguard in marrying, that everything may be open and aboveboard. She refuses a soldier, a country gentleman, a courtier, a bashful suitor, an amorous one, a divine, a lawyer, a citizen, and a farmer. The man of her choice is a stranger, "a man that had a wooden Leg, a patch on his Eye, and crook-back'd, unhandsome, snarled Hair and plain poor Cloaths on,"[2] who, of course, ultimately turns out to be a prince in disguise. Sir Thomas Letgo, being in financial straits, wagers his affianced mistress against £15,000, and, when he loses, contents himself with the Lady Liberty, his amoretta. Other characters in this play are Sir Henry Courtly and his jealous wife; the Lady Geosling, a newly married woman; and four chattering girls, Mistresses Parle, Trifle, Vanity, and Fondly. *The Matrimonial Trouble* contains the history of several unfortunate marriages. Mistris Forsaken disguises herself as a man and courts her lover's wife, poison or cold steel being the end of all three. Monsieur Amorous gains the favor of Lady Wanton but is refused by Lady Chastity. Sir Humphrey and Lady Disagree fall out over trifles. Sir Timothy Spendall drinks his wife out of house and

[1] "To the Reader," prefixed to the 1637 *Britannia*.
[2] Scene xxiii.

home. Only imminent personal danger to her husband can shake the Lady Hypocondria from her fits of melancholy. The Lady Jealousy feels that her maid Nan is a deadly rival, the Lord Widower takes Doll Subtilty for his mistress, and Sir John Dotard marries Briget Greasy. The passages dealing with these three servants are frankly realistic and more spirited than much of the Duchess's work; she was, we shall see, not altogether inexperienced in housekeeping, and maid-servants' ways were evidently well known to her. The interview between Briget and the Steward in Part I, scene ii, is an excellent bit of life below stairs, while the kitchen wench's subsequent airs as mistress of the house are vividly described if not specifically shown.[1] During the second part of this "come-tragedy" a new character is introduced, one Raillery Jester, the professional fool. Many of our authoress's fancies are put into his mouth, but he cannot be said to have the slightest individuality.

The title characters of *Nature's three Daughters, Beauty, Love, and Wit* are given French names in that play: Madamoiselle La Belle, Madamoiselle Amour, and Madamoiselle Grand Esprit. The first weds Monsieur Heroick, after he has fought a duel with Monsieur Phantasie over their mistresses. Amour confesses her love for Heroick's brother Nobilissimo, who is a model horseman[2] (shades of Newcastle!) and an exponent of the old Elizabethan spirit. "A Right bred Gentleman," he says, "is to know the use of the Sword, and it is more manly to assault, than to defend; also to know how to mannage Horses, whereby we know how to assault our enemy as well as to defend our selves; for it is not playing with a Fidle, and dancing a Measure makes a Gentleman; for then Princes should dub Knighthood with a Fidle and give the stick, and a pair of Pumps, instead of a

[1] Part I, scenes vii, xiv, and xviii.
[2] Part I, scene xi.

Sword and a pair of Spurs."[1] Madamoiselle Grand Esprit turns out to be another of the loquacious ladies who do not marry at all. She talks of ignorance,[2] self-love,[3] vanity, vice, and wickedness,[4] of beauty,[5] and of matrimonial love.[6] She also states quite clearly the Duchess's creed, as it appears in her philosophical books:[7]

> The Harmony that is made out of discord, shews that there is only one absolute power and wise disposer, that cannot be opposed, having no Copartners, produces all things, being not produced by anything, wherefore must be Eternall and consequently infinite; this absolute, wise and Eternal power Man calls God; but this absolute power, being infinite, he must of necessity be incomprehensible and being incomprehensible, must of necessity be unknown, yet glimpses of his power is, or may be seen; yet not so, but that Man is forced to set up Candels of Faith, to light them, or direct them to that they cannot perfectly know, and for want of the clear light of knowledge, Man calls all Creations of this mighty power Nature.

Among other personages figuring in this play are Monsieur Esperance, who exasperates his wife by not noticing her clothes, and the Talkative Ladies, one more circle of conversationalists.

The Religious relates the story of a child marriage between Lady Perfection and Lord Melancholy, later broken off by his father, Dorato. Melancholy is forced to wed another; and Perfection, wooed by the Arch-Prince, enters a convent. When Melancholy's wife dies, he seeks out his early love behind her grate, where they prepare to die on one double-pointed sword. This design is prevented, but, as the lady will not break her vow, the only solution is that she "marry this Lord again, and let him make the same Vow, and enter into the same Cloyster, and into the same Religious Order of Chastity, and being Man and Wife you are but as one

[1] Part I, scene viii.
[2] Part I, scene vii.
[3] Part I, scene xiii.
[4] Part II, scene i.
[5] Part II, scene xiii.
[6] Part II, scene xx.
[7] Part I, scene vii.

person, so that if you be constant and true to your selves, you keep the Vow of Chastity; for what is more Chast than lawfull Marriage?"[1] A strange character, Mistriss Odd-Humour, sporadically enters the action, with her favorite chair which she cannot bear to leave. Finally her father burns it and compels his daughter to take a husband. *The Comical Hash* is more devoid of plot than any play in the 1662 volume, Sir William Admirer's marriage with Lady Peaceable being the only tangible incident in its pages. There is much discussion, however, especially as to originality in poets. As usual the Duchess thinks "an Imitator is but an Artificer, when as the Original Author is a Creator, and ought to be accounted of, and respected and worship'd as Divine . . . Art cannot out do Nature, nor do as Nature hath done and doth do."[2] Again in a personal vein she writes:[3] "Contemplative persons when they come into Company, or publick Societies, their tongues do as Boys, that having been kept hard to their studies, when once they get a play day, they run wildly about and many times do extravagant actions." And finally, with a broader application to her own writings than the Duchess ever imagined:[4] "'t is very unhappy for women that they are not instructed in the rules of Rhetoric, by reason they talk so much, that they might talk sensibly, whereas now for want of that Art, they talk meer nonsense." Some rudimentary knowledge of literary rules would have been inestimably valuable in assisting the authoress to a more important place in English literature, dramatic and otherwise.

Bell in Campo, the last two-part play, seems to embody an ideal of womanhood. Although the Duchess has elsewhere forcibly expressed her opinion concerning feminine limitations, at the same time she evidently cherished a vague aspiration

[1] Scene xxxv.
[2] Scene iv.
[3] Scene viii.
[4] Scene xii.

towards more virile qualities. At least the heroine of "Assaulted and Pursued Chastity" was a successful general, and here that situation is repeated.[1] Lady Victoria persuades her husband, the Lord General, to let her go along on his military expedition, but later, when engagements threaten, she and the other women are sent away. In pique they form an army among themselves and after the men's defeat subdue the hostile Kingdom of Faction, thus restoring peace to their country. As a result many new laws, favorable to women, are enacted, while their general, the Lady Victoria, receives particular rewards and honors. Meantime Madam Jantil and Madam Passionate, whose husbands have been killed in the wars, pass very different widowhoods. Jantil builds an elaborate tomb, prays constantly before it, and at last, playing the swan, dies in music. Madam Passionate, on the other hand, marries young Monsieur Compaignon, only to have her money squandered and her person abused by the young husband. Following *Bell in Campo* comes *The Apocriphal Ladies*, already discussed in some detail, and then *The Female Academy* brings this volume to an end. The Academy is "a House wherein a company of young Ladies are instructed by old Matrons; as to speak wittily and rationally and to behave themselves handsomly and to live virtuously."[2] Naturally the men do not like this arrangement and start a rival academy, but as their discourses always turn on women, the institution proves a failure. Then in an attempt to break up the female organization they play trumpets outside its lectures, until one of the Matrons pacifies them by laying the responsibility on the ladies' parents. Most of this action is described at second-hand, and the scenes themselves are mainly occupied with various abstract orations.

[1] See also "To the Two Universities," prefixed to the 1655 edition of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*. [2] Scene i.

At the conclusion of this volume, in another letter, "To the Readers," the Duchess tells about a new work she is projecting. The *Life of William Cavendishe* had been already begun, but as some necessary material was not yet at hand (presumably the depositions of John Rolleston), "I was forced to sit idle. . . . After some idle time, at last, I fell upon a vein of writing Letters and so fast did the vein run at first, as in one Fortnight I writ above three score Letters, but I find it begins to flag . . . for though I desire to make them up a hundred, yet I believe I shall not go much further, finding my spirits of Fancy grow weak, and dull and the vein of Wit empty, having lately writ 21 Playes with 12 Epistles and one Introduction besides Prologues and Epilogues. . . . These letters I thought to joyn them to this Book of Playes, believing there would not be so many of them, as to be in Folio, by themselves, but fearing I should surfeit my Readers with too great a Volume, I have altered that intention. . . . But it may be some will say there is enough of my Playes, to surfeit, as being not delicious and choyce food for the mind." Evidently some did say so,[1] as in 1668, when *Plays, Never Before Printed* appeared, their author states that, "malice cannot hinder me from Writing, wherein consists my chiefest delight and greatest pastime; nor from Printing what I write, since I regard not so much the present as future Ages, for which I intend all my Books. When I call this new one Plays, I do not believe to have given it a very proper Title: for it would be too great a fondness to my Works to think such Plays as these suitable to ancient Rules, in which I pretend no skill; or

[1] Scott makes the young Earl of Derby in *Peveril of the Peak* exclaim: "The fellow has brought me nothing but a parcel of tracts about Protestants and Papists and a folio play-book, one of the conceptions as she calls them, of that old mad-woman, the Duchess of Newcastle. . . . I would not give one of Waller's songs or Denham's satires for a whole cart-load of her Grace's trash." — Border Edition, II, 5.

agreeable to the modern Humor, to which I dare acknowledg my aversion: But having pleased my Fancy in writing many Dialogues upon several Subjects, and having afterwards order'd them into Acts and Scenes, I will venture in spight of the Criticks, to call them Plays."[1]

The first drama in this 1668 volume, *The Sociable Companions; or, the Female Wits*, deals with certain disbanded soldiers and their efforts to obtain a livelihood. The opening scene contains a vigorous account of contemporaneous sharpers' methods culminating in a rousing song, "Let's go to our New Plantation." Subsequently the Captain's sister, Peg, fathers a child on Get-all, the usurer, and by help of a mock spiritual court obtains him as husband. During the supposed midwife's testimony comes a phrase which might well stand as the plea of all over-realistic artists. "But what is all this to the Confession of the Labouring Woman?" the witness is asked in the midst of her superfluous details. "It is of concern," she replies, "for Circumstance is partly a declaring of truth."[2] Jane Fullwit takes service with Lawyer Plead-all as a man clerk, so that when the disguise is revealed, he has agreed to marry her. Lady Riches had meanwhile fallen in love with the fictitious clerk but on learning of the deception takes Dick Traveller to husband instead. Anne Sensible causes her brother to find her alone with Doctor Cure-all, and in view of this compromising situation she receives an offer of marriage. A rather more unrelated portion of the story concerns Lady Prudence's final acceptance of an aged suitor. Her insistence on the vices of young men and on wisdom in the old may hark back to the wedding of Margaret Lucas, aged twenty-two, and William Cavendish, thirty years her senior.[3]

[1] "To the Readers," prefixed to *Plays*, 1668. [2] Act III, scene i.

[3] Compare *The World's Olio*, p. 136, where she says a woman should marry at twenty, but a man not until fifty, for by then he will have gained some knowledge; and *Natures Picture*, p. 678, reiterates the former judgment.

The Presence has for its heroine an imaginative Princess, who finds that a common mariner is her dream-hero. The Emperor disapproves of this match but himself falls in love with the sailor, when that gentleman proves to be a woman in disguise. Later the existence of two persons, twin brother and sister, is discovered, and, as they are children to the Emperor of Persia, a double wedding is easily arranged. Various courtiers and gentlewomen form the attendant court: Spendall and Mode marry old women, after the latter has made sure that the young ladies will accept any man at all; Conversant and Observer join themselves to Quick-wit and Self-conceit; Madamoisel Bashful is won by the Lord of Loyalty, though she incurs criticism for going abroad with him unescorted, — one cannot but wonder whether this too is a reminiscence of events at Saint Germains. In and out of *The Presence* runs the Princess's Fool, at times vaguely recalling Shakespeare's Feste. Though how much inferior to Feste's quip, "Take away the fool, gentleman,"[1] is the verbose "No, carry the Princess to the Emperor's Chamber, and let her there be whipt, for she is more Fool than I; for she is in love with a Dream, and I am in love with a Princess."[2] Typical of the Duchess's method — or rather lack of it — are certain *Scenes*, twenty-nine in number, "designed to be put into the Presence, but by reason I found they would make that Play too long, I thought it requisite to Print them by themselves." Some of these additions develop Loyalty's courtship of Bashful, who, much like the Duchess, was sent to the court "to learn to discourse, and to refine her behaviour and to elevate her Spirit."[3] The remaining superfluous scenes are occupied with a new story, which follows the fortunes of Monsieur Underward. On his father's death he is sold and then married to an old hag,

[1] *Twelfth Night*, Act I, scene v.
[2] *The Presence*, Act I, scene vii.
[3] Scene x.

that the Buyer may gain her portion. This wife later dies, whereupon Underward marries rich Madam Petitioner and retires into the country, much to the disgust of his servant, Tom Diogenes. There are numerous short digressions interwoven: against gaming,[1] on office-buying and on favorites,[2] on funeral rites,[3] and on the body politic, which is anatomized according to Hobbes's Leviathan principles.[4] Two scenes near the end are very fittingly written by Newcastle, to describe the excellences of country life and no doubt to justify his withdrawal from London activities.

The Bridals begins with the weddings of Sir William Sage and Sir John Amorous to Lady Vertue and Lady Coy respectively. Monsieur Courtly, much annoyed by the attentions of women in general, falls desperately in love with Vertue, all in vain. Masters Longlife and Aged try to keep their witty son and daughter apart, on the ground that "great Wits for the most part have few Children, but what their brain produces, which are Ideas, Inventions and Opinions . . . and the production of these Incorporeal Children hinders the production of Corporeal Children."[5] Here the Duchess seems again to sound a personal note, but at any rate the two young people in question elope and are soon forgiven by their fathers. Mimick, a fool, plays considerable share in *The Bridals* with his arithmetical calculations[6] and his pretended orations,[7] while in one scene which is unspeakably low he goes quite beyond the pale of respectability.[8] No commentary on Restoration indelicacy could be more striking than such work from the pen of the noble and virtuous Margaret Cavendish. *The Convent of Pleasure* is written in a more poetic vein than the Duchess's other dramas. Lady Happy decides to forswear the world and

[1] Scene ix.
[2] Scene xii.
[3] Scene xvii.
[4] Scene xvi.
[5] Act II, scene iii.
[6] Act II, scene i.
[7] Act III, scene ii.
[8] Act IV, scene v.

shuts herself up in a convent, where men are not allowed. One gentleman disguises himself as a Princess, gains entrance, and wins Happy's love before he is discovered. This simple plot is made the framework for a short entertainment setting forth the evils of matrimony,[1] for a pastoral of shepherds and shepherdesses, and for a marine scene with the Princess as Neptune, Lady Happy as a sea-goddess.[2] Throughout the whole play a large amount of verse occurs, none more satisfactory than a song of Happy's in the last-mentioned character. The Duchess actually seems stirred by her theme, when she writes :

My cabinets are oyster-shells,
In which I keep my Orient pearls,
To open them I use the tide,
As keys to locks, which opens wide,
The oyster-shells then out I take;
Those, orient-pearls and crowns do make.
And modest coral I do wear,
Which blushes when it touches air.
On silver waves I sit and sing,
And then the fish lie listening:
Then sitting on a rocky stone,
I comb my hair with fishes bone;
The whilst Apollo, with his beams,
Doth dry my hair from wat'ry streams.
His light doth glaze the water's face,
Makes the large sea my looking glass.
So when I swim on waters high,
I see myself as I glide by:
But when the sun begins to burn,
I back into my waters turn,
And dive unto the bottom low:
Then on my head the waters flow,
In curlèd waves and circles round;
And thus with waters I am crown'd.

[1] Act III, scenes ii–x.
[2] Act IV, scene i.

After *The Convent of Pleasure* the 1668 volume is brought to a conclusion with some fragments headed *A Piece of a Play*; the Duchess states it is one "which I did intend for my Blazing-World and had been printed with it, if I had finish'd it; but before I had ended the second Act, finding that my Genius did not tend that way, I left that design; and now putting some other Comedies to the Press, I suffer this Piece of One to be publish'd with them."[1] She also intended a farce to accompany her play but never got any further than naming the characters. In the two acts of the drama proper we see Lord Bear-man and Sir Puppy Dog-man trick themselves out in the latest fashions to please their mistress, Lady Monkey. Dog-man is rejected and unceremoniously transfers his attention to Lady Leviret, already wooed by Sir Politick Fox, Monsieur Satyr, and Monsieur Ass. A strong propensity towards satire comes out in such a passage as that where Lord Bear-man enters, "all Accoutred in the mode, and all in the mode, careless and with Congies."[2]

> Bear-man: Sir Politick Fox-man, my dear and obliging friend, how do I love thee! for thou art the most meritorious person in the whole World.

This fragment brings to an end the Duchess's dramatic work, which is of far greater amount than value. Her genius did not tend towards a form of composition subject to so many and such strict qualifications as playwriting, nor did she have any conception of depicting character, which is the backbone of that art. Judged as drama, her two volumes of plays are worthless. What they do contain, is here and there a bit of poetry, a well-put gnomic phrase, or some satirical exposition of contemporary society. Occasionally a personal reference is discoverable, but, above all, the Duchess's

[1] "Advertisement." [2] Act II, scene i.

mental state, her ideals and her ideas, shine forth from the disconnected plots and impossible personages of her imagination. Yet what is gained from perusing these plays hardly repays the time and labor necessary to extract the wheat from the chaff. Repetitions and involved discussions weary one's intellect, orations and "dialogue-discourses" tire the brain, and twenty-six plays are required to relate that which could have been told us in as many pages. The most important fact to be deduced from this whole phantasmagoria is the simplest as well as the most evident — the Duchess tried her hand at playwriting and failed. Here for once contemporary judgment was justified and has been sustained by posterity.

Not unrelated to her dramatic activities was a book this authoress published in 1662 or 1663,[1] under the title of *Orations of Divers Sorts, Accomodated to Divers Places.* At first glance, such a volume seems decidedly original and indeed it is unusual, but one must remember that in the plays incidental orations on various topics were of common occurrence. The Duchess evidently took delight in writing them, they offered her an opportunity to express her "conceptions," and therefore it was natural she should project a collection of these speeches. They are all short but number one hundred and eighty (divided into fifteen sections), so that they form a small folio. The introductions as usual deserve attention. Newcastle writes to his wife with half-jocular kindliness:[2]

> Were all the Grecian Orators alive,
> And swarms of Latines, that did daily strive
> With their perfum'd and only tongues to draw
> The deceiv'd people to their Will and Law
> . . . . . .

[1] Some copies are dated one year and some the other. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, Firth, p. xxvi, and Harvard Copy (1663). Mr. Henry E. Huntington has a copy of each date.

[2] "To the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle on her Book of Orations."

> How short would all this be, did you but look
> On this admired Ladies witty Book!
> All Europ's Universities, no doubt,
> Will study English now, the rest put out.

The Duchess herself describes her detractors:[1]

> The truth is, they are a sort of Persons that in Playes preferr Plots before Wit and Scenes before Humours; in Poems, Rime before Similizing and Numbers before Distinguishing; in Theology, Faction before Faith, and Sophistry before Truth; in Philosophy, Old Authors before New Truths, and Opinions before Reason. And in Orations they preferr Artificial Connexions before Natural Eloquence.

That is to say, the Duchess's lack of restraint in writing was noticed by her contemporaries, and she was very justly criticized for an exuberant fancy in need of formal repression.

"A Praefatory Oration" states that the orations were written "rather to benefit my Auditors, than to delight them," but further on the authoress hopes that both ends may be achieved, a combination of the *utile* and *dulce* again. Part I consists of "Orations to Citizens in a chief City concerning Peace and War," different speakers counselling different actions in a given situation. Part II, "Orations in the Field of War," are addressed to soldiers under all the conceivable conditions favorable to speechmaking. Part III, "Orations to Citizens in the Market Place," wanders far afield in the three speeches concerning liberty of conscience, which conclude that sects are all very well if they submit to the State.[2] Number 11 is "An Oration against those that lay an Aspersion upon the Retirement of Noble men" and concludes that whether it be caused by affronts or not, no one should criticize. If there is a single theme of prevailing occurrence in the Duchess's work, surely it is this pique at the slights which brought about her lord's

[1] "To the Readers of my Works."
[2] Orations 12–14.

retirement from the court. Part IV, "Several Causes Pleaded in Several Courts of Judicature," contains pleadings for murder, adultery, theft, and inheritance. Several of the "Speeches to The King in Council" deal with two brothers condemned to death, who are finally pardoned because they killed their sister to wipe out her dishonor.[1] Oration 7 emphasizes the importance of trade as Newcastle did in the "Little Book." Numbers 9 to 12 give advice how to treat common petitioners, the conclusion being to hold them in hand until the entire army is ready for action. Part VI is "Orations in Courts of Majesty, From Subjects to their King and From the King to his Subjects," when the people are rebellious, discontented, or submissive. All these political tracts are based on the Hobbesian conception that a monarch is the *sine qua non* of government.

Part VII becomes more individual with its "Speeches of Dying Persons," of which Number 2, "A Daughters Dying Speech to her Father," may be quoted to show the Duchess's general style in this volume:

> Father, farewell! And may that life which issues from my young and tender years be added to your age! may all your grief be buried in my grave, and may the joys, pleasures and delights, that did attend my life, be servants unto yours! may comfort dry your eyes, God cease your sorrows, that though I die, you may live happily. Why do you mourn that death must be your son-in-law? since he is a better husband, than any you could choose me, or I could choose myself; it is a match that Nature and the Fates have made; wherefore be content, for it is not in your power to alter the decrees of fate for destiny cannot be opposed, but if you could, you would rob me of the happiness the Gods intend me; for though my body shall dwell with death, my soul shall dwell in heaven; and holy angels that are my marriage guests, will conduct it to that glory for which you have cause to joy, and not to grieve; for all creatures live but to die, but those that are blessed die to live; and so do I. Farewell.

[1] Orations 2–5.

Twenty-eight "Funeral Orations" compose Part VIII, the most remarkable of which is "A Post-Riders Funeral Oration," for "could his soul ride post on death to heaven, as his body rid post on a horse to death, he might outstrip many a soul that is gone before him."[1] In the "Funeral Oration of a Student," the Duchess says that this man was half dead before and that now his soul has escaped. Part IX is made up of four "Marriage Orations," Part X of "Orations to Citizens in the Market Place." The last of these, "An Oration for the Liberty of Women," introduces Part XI, "Femal Orations," in which the problem to-day called Feminism is debated pro and con. We have already seen the Duchess rebelling against women's inabilities, and here she argues from opposite sides the question of her sex's emancipation. These speeches are about evenly divided in number,[2] though Mr. Bickley says that victory lies "with the advocates of passive femininity."[3] They have the last word certainly, and one may imagine that their creator sympathized with them, not by inclination but by what she felt the force of necessity. Margaret Cavendish would have liked to see women leading armies as they did in her imagination, yet she did not believe that their natures fitted them for such tasks. In the *Orations*, too, her scheme is professedly dramatic,[4] so that no final opinion need be formulated after different points of view have been expressed.

Part XII, "Orations in Country Market-Towns, where Country Gentlemen meet," begins with arguments in favor of country life but degenerates into a drinking bout, concluding

[1] Oration 13.

[2] Out of seven speeches three are violently for, three are against, and one is cravenly neutral.

[3] *The Cavendish Family*, p. 125, where he wrongly says there are two books of orations, one for men and one for women.

[4] "My Orations for the most part are Declamations, wherein I speak *Pro* and *Con*, and Determine nothing." — "The Preface" to *CCXI Sociable Letters*.

with the "Speech of a Quarter drunk Gentleman" and the "Speech of a Half drunken Gentleman." Part XIII contains "Orations in the Field of Peace," dealing with rural industry, and Part XIV, "Orations in a Disordered and Unsettled State or Government." The latter is naturally based on Hobbes's theory of a commonwealth and makes no original suggestions in regard to restoring a stable organization. The last speech in this group, "A Generals Oration to his Chief Commanders," states that in the present condition of war ten bullets out of every eleven miss their mark. Part XV, "Scholastical Orations," completes the three hundred and nine pages of this strange volume, which, like many of the Duchess's other works, is more interesting by reason of its existence than for any intrinsic excellence. These orations are well enough in their way, but it is such an undramatic, monotonous way that they have practically no claim upon posterity. It was their author's habit to lay hold upon an idea, to envelop it with her formless images, and to hammer at it continuously. She followed this formula, with more or less success, in her poems, her philosophy, and her plays; the *Orations* exemplify the same process on a smaller scale.

IV

CCXI SOCIABLE LETTERS (1664) AND *THE BLAZING WORLD* (1666)

In 1664 Margaret Cavendish put forth still another kind of literature — her epistolary volume, the *CCXI Sociable Letters*.[1] We have already seen how, after her first book of plays was finished, she began to produce these imaginary letters, composing over sixty at first. One hundred was the number she

[1] Fifty-one of these letters are reprinted in Everyman's Library, and twenty-two of these fifty-one also appeared in pages 235–284 of Mr. Jenkins's selections, *The Cavalier and his Lady*.

hoped to complete, but her muse once started, it could not stop until the extraordinary number of two hundred and eleven had been written. Newcastle introduces them with his customary eulogy in verse, and an unnamed admirer (possibly the authoress herself) rhymes as follows:[1]

> This Lady only to her self she Writes
> And all her Letters to her self Indites;
> For in her self, so many Creatures be,
> Like many Commonwealths, yet all Agree.

The Duchess explains that she has composed this book because she could not work,[2] "I mean such Works as Ladies use to pass their Time withall, and if I Could, the Materials of such Works would cost more than the Work would be worth, besides all the Time and Pains bestow'd upon it. You may ask me, what Works I mean; I answer, Needle-works, Spinning-works, Preserving-works, as also Baking, and Cooking-works, as making Cakes, Pyes, Puddings and the like, all of which I am Ignorant of; and as I am Ignorant in these Imployments, so I am Ignorant in Gaming, Dancing and Revelling. But yet, I must ask you leave to say, that I am not a Dunce in all Imployments, for I Understand the Keeping of Sheep, and Ordering of a Grange, indifferently well, although I do not Busie my self much with it, by reason my Scribling takes away the most part of my Time. Perchance some may say, that if my Understanding be most of Sheep, and a Grange, it is a Beastly Understanding; My answer is, I wish Men were as Harmless as most Beasts are, then surely the World would be more Quiet and Happy." This particular indignation against humanity is due to criticisms that had been passed upon her previous books, which she defends one by one with some

[1] "Upon her Excellency the Authoress."
[2] "To his Excellency the Lord Marquess of Newcastle."

minuteness. Then fearing adverse comment on the present volume, our authoress anticipates it by a poem, "To the Censorious Reader."

The scheme of her work is clearly stated in Letter I:

> Madam, — You were pleas'd to desire, that, since we cannot converse personally, we should converse by letters, so as if we were speaking to each other, discoursing our opinions, discovering our designs, asking and giving each other advice; also telling the several accidents, and several imployments of our home-affairs, and what visits we receive, or entertainments we make, and whom we visit, and how we are entertain'd; what discourses we have in our gossiping-meetings, and what reports we hear of publick affairs, and of particular persons, and the like; so that our letters may present our personal meetings and associatings.

In another place we are told that the reason these effusions are cast "in the Form of Letters, and not of Playes, is, first, that I have put forth Twenty Playes already, which number I thought to be Sufficient, next, I saw that Variety of Forms did Please the Readers best, and that lastly they would be more taken with the Brevity of Letters, than the Formality of Scenes, and whole Playes, whose Parts and Plots cannot be Understood till the whole Play be Read over, whereas a Short Letter will give a Full Satisfaction of what they Read."[1] A careful peruser of the Duchess's books, then, will expect to find little novelty in these "Sociable Letters" beyond their form, and such proves to be the case. Their subjects we have already found to repletion throughout her earlier writings, although this collection is unique in the diversity of its range. Almost every side of Margaret Cavendish's literary activity finds some expression here, with a corresponding confusion as the inevitable result. None among her works better synthesizes her complete accomplishment, none would be more amazing to the uninitiated.

[1] "The Preface."

Perhaps the commonest theme in these epistles is women, their characteristics and their abilities. As usual, the Duchess has no very high opinion of her sex's wisdom,[1] but she still is ambitious enough to envy men's greater capacities.[2] Women are too much occupied with gossip[3] and dancing, romances and courtships,[4] too completely overruled by the vagaries[5] of tyrannic fashion,[6] for their minds to be more than "shops of small-wares, wherein some have pretty toyes, but nothing of any great value."[7] Feminine influence must come indirectly, for "not only Wives and Mistresses have prevalent power with Men, but Mothers, Daughters, Sisters, Aunts, Cousins, nay Maid-Servants have many times a persuasive power with their Masters, and a Land-lady with her Lodger, or a she-Hostess with her he-Guest; yet men will not believe this, and 't is the better for us, for by that we govern as it were by an insensible power, so as men perceive not how they are Led, Guided and Rul'd by the Feminine Sex."[8] Some instances of this fact are given in other letters,[9] but most marriages discussed by the Duchess do not turn out so well. In one case divorce is narrowly averted,[10] there are several matches of convenience,[11] while censorious wives,[12] fickle husbands,[13] and general incompatibility[14] disturb many marital relationships. Sir G. C. (for the characters in this book are designated by initials) has a terrific altercation with his wife, because "the Cook knowing his Master loved not rost Beef, sent in a Chine of rost Beef to the Table, and when her Guests were all Set, and beginning to Eat, she was very angry, to have, as she thought her Feast

[1] Letter IX.
[2] Letter XXVII.
[3] Letter XCI.
[4] Letter XXI.
[5] Letter CXXVIII.
[6] Letter LXIII.
[7] Letter X.
[8] Letter XVI.
[9] Letters XII, CIV, CX.
[10] Letters CLIII, CLV.
[11] Letters LXXIX, CLXXV.
[12] Letter CIII.
[13] Letter XXXV.
[14] Letter LX.

disgraced with an old English fashion, and not only an Old, but a Countrey fashion, to have Beef serv'd to their Table."[1] Jealousy is the root of most domestic evil, as was exemplified by a woman[2] who lived next door to the Newcastles during their exile.[3] Her husband flirted with one of the Duchess's maids, at first stuffing flowers through a hole in the door between their gardens and afterwards throwing a handkerchief filled with sweetmeats into the girl's room at night.[4] The maid's confession of ignorance whence these trifles came finally pacified the irate wife, though not until considerable time and attention had been expended upon that matter.

Jealousy, indeed, is a common failing among human beings, not only jealousy in love,[5] but of women towards one another,[6] and a general envy of the powerful.[7] Bragging, too, is frequently found in this world[8] and gaming as well, especially at tennis, which seems to be played out of covetousness, not for recreation or exercise:[9]

> Tennis is too Violent a Motion for Wholsome Exercise, for those that Play much at Tennis, impair their Health and Strength, by Wasting their Vital Spirits through much Sweating, and weaken their Nerves by overstraining them, neither can Tennis be a Pastime, for it is too Laborious for Pastime, which is onely a Recreation, and there can be no Recreation in Sweaty Labour.

Bad critics,[10] busybodies,[11] officious will-makers,[12] and courtesans[13] come in for their share of condemnation, but especial opprobrium gets heaped upon the Puritans. A burlesque of their

[1] Letter XXXII.
[2] Letter CXXIV.
[3] Because of the jealous wife's letter of complaint "being in another Language, I could not read it."
[4] A window was open on account of the heat, and this made the occurrence possible.
[5] Letters XXIII, CVIII.
[6] Letters CV, CLXXI.
[7] Letter XXXI.
[8] Letters XXII, LXIV.
[9] Letter CI.
[10] Letter CIX.
[11] Letter CX.
[12] Letter CVII.
[13] Letters XXXVI, LVII.

sermons occurs,[1] and it is remarked that "those ministers preach more their own words than God's, for they interpret the Scripture to their own sense, or rather to their factious humours and designs; and after their sermons, their female flocks gossip Scripture, visiting each other to confer notes and make repetitions of the sermons, as also to explain and expound them. For, first the minister expounds the Scripture, and then the women-hearers expound the sermon; so that there are expoundings upon expoundings, and preaching upon preaching, insomuch as they make such a medley or hash of the Scripture, as certainly the right and truth is so hidden and obscured that none can find it."[2] A religious woman, Mrs. P. I., urges long extemporaneous prayers,[3] but the Duchess does not approve of them:

> I can hardly believe God can be pleased with so many words, for what shall we need to speak so many words to God, who knows our thoughts, minds and souls, better than we do our selves? Christ did not teach us long prayers, but a short one, nay, if it were lawful for men to similize God to his creatures (which I think it is not), God might be tired with long and tedious petitions or often repetitions; but, Madam, good deeds are better than good words, in so much as one good deed is better than a thousand good words.[4]

These reflections on Puritanism show that the Civil War was never far from Margaret Cavendish's thoughts, and, moreover, she often mentions it expressly.[5] Her desire that the commons should be subordinated,[6] her exclamations against duelling[7] and upon the necessity of exact titles[8] depend more or less upon that great event. It broke up many friendships,[9] confused preachers with soldiers,[10] and left in its wake a

[1] Letter LXXVI.
[2] Letter XVII.
[3] Letter LI.
[4] Letter LIX.
[5] Letters IX, XVI, XL, CXIX.
[6] Letter LXV.
[7] Letter LXVIII.
[8] Letter CLXXVI.
[9] Letter CXX.
[10] Letter XL.

contempt for learned men.[1] This last evil was of course magnified into incredible proportions by the Duchess, who believed that poets and philosophers were the happiest as well as the wisest people on earth.[2] She planned to bring up any children of hers in accordance with that principle,[3] meanwhile devoting her talents to its establishment. The most fanciful and consequently in some ways the most characteristic letter in her collection describes a banquet of poets, at which she was the only woman present.[4] Their food and appointments were suitable to the occasion, and afterwards they all walked up Parnassus for exercise and looked at the surrounding landscape through perspective glasses. Another time our authoress imagined that she was empress of all the world,[5] and yet again her absent-mindedness got her into serious trouble:[6]

> For I one day sitting a Musing with my own Thoughts, was Considering and Pondering upon the natures of Mankind, and Wondering with my Self, why Nature should make all Men some wayes or other Defective, either in Body, or Mind, or both, for a Proof I Chose out One whom I thought the freest from Imperfections, either in Mind, or Body, which was the Lady A. N. and I took Pen and Paper, and Writ down all the Defects I could Think or had Observed in her, and upon an other all the Excellencies she was Indued with, by Nature, Heaven, and Education, which last Pleased me so Well, as I was resolved to send her a Copy in a Letter; but when I was to send her the Letter, both the Papers lying upon my Table, I mistook the right Paper that was in her Praise and sent that which was in her Dispraise, never reading it when I sent it.

First and last the Duchess tells us a good deal about herself in the *CCXI Sociable Letters*. Her melancholy,[7] her bashfulness,[8] and her retired life[9] are all noticed, together with the

[1] Letter CLXIX.
[2] Letter XIV.
[3] Letter LXXV.
[4] Letter XCIX.
[5] Letter CXCVII.
[6] Letter LXVI.
[7] Letter VIII.
[8] Letter CXXXVII.
[9] Letters XXIX, XC, CXLVII. CLVIII.

ill health that inevitably followed lack of exercise.[1] One also suspects Margaret Cavendish of figuring as the Lady V. R., who, when she is sick, "doth like the man that was in a Storm, who in the time of Danger promised the Blessed Virgin Mary, to Offer to her Altar a Candle as Big and as Long as the Mast of the Ship, if ever he came to Shore; so the Lady V. R. when she is Sick, promises, if ever she Recover, she will take the Air, and Use Exercises, but being Restored to Health, she Forgets her Promise, or only Looks out of a Window for Once or Twice, and Walks Two or Three turns in a Day, in her Chamber."[2] Sometimes the Duchess discusses Plutarch,[3] and again she holds forth with her customary eloquence on servants,[4] orators,[5] or the educational value of toys.[6] In this last epistle may be detected a lurking regret at her own childlessness, which is confirmed by a scornful diatribe against pregnant women's affectations[7] and against excessive wish for offspring. Feminine nature might well have hidden the chagrin of disappointing her husband under the assertion that, "Many times Married Women desire Children as Maids do Husbands more for Honour than for Comfort or Happiness."[8] More abstractly and also more platitudinously we are informed that beauty is transitory,[9] that happiness lies within us,[10] and that wisdom comes with age.[11] As usual the Duchess emphasizes the necessity of faith,[12] because God, who disposes all things,[13] is beyond our understanding. "O Foolish and Conceited Man!"[13] she exclaims, and again, "Man is so Presumptuous, as to Assimilize God, as also to Pretend to know

[1] Letter CXIX.
[2] Letter CXXX.
[3] Letters XXV, CLXXXVII.
[4] Letters LXI, CLXXIX.
[5] Letters XXVII, XXVIII, CXVII.
[6] Letter CLII.
[7] Letter XLVII.
[8] Letter XCIII.
[9] Letter CLXXX.
[10] Letter CII.
[11] Letters XX, XXIV.
[12] Letter XXXVII.
[13] Letter LXXIV.

what God sayes, making him to Speak like Man; also to express him to have Passions; but if God be Absolute and Incomprehensible, it is an High Presumption to Assimilize God to any Creature."[1] The Church of England seems to her the most uncontaminated creed in spite of too much lay reading,[2] although "one may be my very good Friend, and yet not of my opinion, everyone's Conscience in Religion is betwixt God, and themselves, and it belongs to none other."[3] This breadth or weakness of religious belief is not echoed by Newcastle in discussing the heathen, who "are Govern'd by Lies and Fables,"[4] yet he too admits that "every Man hath his Weak and his Strong Side, and if he do Compare himself with another, he doth it not Justly, for he Compares his Strong Parts with the other mans Weak Parts, and it seems Truth when so Compared."

A good many of the Duchess's letters deal with those metaphysical conceptions which lie behind her philosophical books.[5] Atoms,[6] vacuum,[7] the planets,[8] are discussed, and diseases occupy no less than seven epistles.[9] The properties of cream receive some attention,[10] and it is explained that standing tires one more than walking, because "when any one Stands still, the Nerves and Sinews are Stretch'd straight out at Length, but when one Walks or Moves, they have Liberty, as being Unbent and Unstretch'd."[11] Her *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* is specifically defended[12] and her *Orations* rather consciously depreciated in a letter that must have been

[1] Letter CLXX. [2] Letter LXXXVII. [3] Letter XVI.

[4] Letter CLXXXIV. He also quotes a saying of Sir Philip Sidney's: "Hath a man any good thing in him? Love him for that, for there are many that have none."

[5] Letter CLVII. [7] Letter CLXI.

[6] Letter CLIX. [8] Letters CXXXV, CXXXVII.

[9] Letters CXXXII, CXXXVI, CXXXIX, CXL, CXLIX, CCVIII, CCIX.

[10] Letters CLIV, CLX.

[11] Letter CLVI. [12] Letter CXLIV.

written before its publication.[1] Prefatory epistles alone ought to be used for self-praise she thinks,[2] although satirical writers employ such material in the body of their work and thus reveal their own complacency.[3] Margaret Cavendish is so sure that a man can be known by his writings[4] that she undertakes considerable literary criticism in the "Sociable Letters." Romances are always scorned as demoralizing and vapid;[5] complimentary poems have "seldom much Wit or Fancy, onely Flattery, Rime and Number";[6] new authors gain little applause at home, especially among students, who "despise all New Works, and only delight in Old Worm-eaten Records."[7] The Scriptures are no fit subject for a layman to treat,[8] nor does Scriptural paraphrasing command much respect:[9]

> I cannot say but it may be pleasing to read, but I doubt whether it will be well to write it; for whosoever doth heighten the sacred scriptures, by poetical expressions, doth translate it to the nature of a romance, for the ground of a romance is for the most part truth, but upon those truths are feignings built; and certainly the Scripture and feignings ought not to be mixed together, for so holy a truth ought not to be express'd fabulously; wherefore in my opinion no subject is so unfit for poetical fancies as the Scriptures, for though poetry is divine, yet it ought not to obstruct and obscure the truth of sacred historical prose.

The use of initials in this work is often very puzzling. Lord B., for instance, who was learned, eloquent, witty, and wise, and whose writings have kindled the brains of others,[10] suggests at once Lord Bacon. Sir W. D. may well be Sir William Davenant; and his heroic poem, which, unlike older examples of that genre, is quite probable, coincides with *Gondibert*:[11]

[1] Letter CLXXV.
[2] Letter LXXIX.
[3] Letter LXXIII.
[4] Letter CXXVI.
[5] Letters LXX, LXXVII.
[6] Letter LXXII.
[7] Letter LXXVIII.
[8] Letter LXXXVI.
[9] Letter CXXIX.
[10] Letter LXIX.
[11] Letter CXXVII.

> Of all the Heroick Poems I have read, I like Sir W. Ds as being Most and Nearest to the Natures, Humours, Actions, Practice, Designs, Effects, Faculties, and Natural Powers, and Abilities of Men or Human Life, containing no Impossibilities or Improbabilities: Indeed such an Heroick Poem it is, that there cannot be found any Fault therein, unless he seem'd to have too much Care or Pains taken in the Expression of his Descriptions. . . . But had the Language been as Easie, as Fine, and had not those Choice Expressions been so Closely Compact, but were as Usual, as his Descriptions are Natural, certainly it had been a President for all Heroick Poems.

S. A.'s contemporary history of Charles I is censured for muddling the figures in regard to Newcastle's expenditures when he entertained the King at Welbeck and Bolsover;[1] the Duchess guarantees to set that matter straight in her forthcoming biography, a promise which we know she carried out to the letter. Meanwhile she compares her husband in valour to Cæsar, in fancy to Ovid (whom she vastly prefers to Virgil),[2] and in dramatic authorship to Shakespeare.[3]

The latter author comes in for more particular and more discriminating criticism than is usually meted out by our authoress:[4]

> Shakespear did not want wit, to express to the life all sorts of persons, of what quality, profession, degree, breeding, or birth soever; nor did he want wit to express the divers, and different humours, or natures, or several passions in mankind; and so well he hath expressed in his playes all sorts of persons, as one would think he had been transformed into every one of those persons he hath described; and as sometimes one would think he was really himself the clown or jester he feigns, so one would think, he was also the king, and privy counsellor; also as one would think he were really the coward he feigns, so one would think he were the most valiant, and experienced soldier; who would not think he had been such a man as his *Sir John Falstaff*? and who would not think he had been *Harry* the Fifth? & certainly *Julius Caesar*, *Augustus Caesar*, and *Antonius* did never

[1] Letter CLXIV.
[2] Letter CXLVI.
[3] Letter CLXII.
[4] Letter CXXIII.

really act their parts better, if so well, as he hath described them, and I believe that *Antonius* and *Brutus* did not speak better to the people, than he hath feign'd them: nay, one would think that he had been metamorphosed from a man to a woman, for who would describe *Cleopatra* better than he hath done, and many other females of his own creating, as *Nan Page*, Mrs. *Page*, Mrs. *Ford*, the doctor's maid, *Bettrice*, Mrs. *Quickly*, *Doll Tearsheet*, and others, too many to relate? and in his tragick vein, he presents passions so naturally, and misfortunes so probably, as he peirces the souls of his readers with such a true sense and feeling thereof, that it forces tears through their eyes, and almost persuades them they are really actors, or at least present at those tragedies. Who would not swear he had been a noble lover, that could woo so well? and there is not any person he hath described in his book, but his readers might think they were well acquainted with them. . . . Shakespear's wit and eloquence was general, for, and upon all subjects, he rather wanted subjects for his wit and eloquence to work on, for which he was forced to take some of his plots out of history, where he only took the bare designs, the wit and language being all his own; and so much he had above others, that those, who writ after him, were forced to borrow of him, or rather to steal from him.

Some of these "Sociable Letters" were written after the Newcastles' return, as there are felicitations over that event[1] and a note on hearing that "the ship was drowned wherein the man was that had charge and care of my playes, to carry them into E. to be printed, I being then in A."[2] Other epistles reflect experiences upon the Continent: women's enforced travel,[3] trepidation over a return home,[4] the courtesy due to creditors,[5] with comments on Holland and the Dutch.[6] Certain Antwerp descriptions are redolent of life there:[7]

I am so full of fear, as I write this letter with great difficulty, for all this city hath been in an uproar, and all through a factious division betwixt the common council, and those they call the Lords, which are the higher magistrates. The common people gather together in multitudes,

[1] Letter LXXXIV.
[2] Letter CXLIII.
[3] Letter XCIX.
[4] Letters CXLI, CLXV.
[5] Letter XLI.
[6] Letter CXV.
[7] Letter CLXXII.

> pretending for the right of their privileges, but it is thought the design is to plunder the merchants' houses, and the churches. . . . I am extremely afraid, insomuch that at every noise I hear, if I be not with my husband I run to find him out, so that I write this letter but by starts.

The climate of Antwerp seemed very severe to the Duchess, for she frequently complains about cold weather in her accounts of sleighing and sliding.[1] One day her husband's persuasion brought her "out of the city, as without the walls, to see men slide upon the frozen moat, or river, which runs, or rather stands about the city walls, as a trench and security thereof; and I being warm inclosed in a mantle, and easily seated in my coach, began to take pleasure to see them slide upon the ice, insomuch as I wished I could, and might slide, as they did."[2] However, she did not attempt that feat, but when she returned home her thoughts quite naturally took to sliding in her brain. When fine weather came again, the Duchess ventured out, despite her bad health, to see the pre-Lenten carnival which was Antwerp's chief diversion.[3] At other times travelling mountebanks and actors visited the city,[4] especially a certain quack doctor with his fool, Jaen Potage. Two women took part in the troupe's performances, which were so pleasing to the Duchess "as I caused a Room to be hired in the next House to the Stage, and went every day to see them."[5] After they were ejected from town, her thoughts began to act upon the stage of her brain, until the magistrates of the mind did away with such follies.

In another Antwerp letter, the Duchess explains why she sings ballads rather than songs written by Newcastle and set to music by a Mr. Duarti.[6] Her modesty asserts that, "the

[1] Letters CXC–CXCII. [2] Letter CXCII. [3] Letter CXCIV.
[4] Letters CXCIII and CXCV. [5] Letter CXCV.
[6] This gentleman, who was of Portuguese extraction, is mentioned in the *Life*, Firth, p. 67, and a letter from him appears in *Letters and Poems in Honour of the Duchess*, 1676.

Vulgar and Plainer a Voice is, the Better it is for an Old Ballad; for a Sweet Voice, with Quavers, and Trilloes and the like, would be as Improper for an Old Ballad, as Golden Laces on a Thrum Suit of Cloth, Diamond Buckles on Clouted or Cobbled Shoes, or a Feather on a Monk's Hood; neither should Old Ballads be sung so much in a Tune as in a Tone, which Tone is betwixt Speaking and Singing."[1] This epistle is addressed to one of Mr. Duarti's sisters, Eleanora by name,[2] and with nine others makes up a series written to "my Near and Dear Relatives, and Kind and Obliging Friends." They comprise Letters CC–CCX and include two to Eleanora Duarti,[3] one to Margaret's "Sister Pye,"[4] and one to her unmarried sister Ann, warning against the dangers of ill-advised matrimony.[5] "Sweet Madam C. H." is urged to return to her parents,[6] and another lady receives the customary[7] arguments in favor of a rural life.[8] The Duchess wrote to her brother-in-law,[9] to a clergyman,[10] and to a doctor,[11] so that these ten documents were apparently composed for actual correspondence. Letter CCXI, the last in this volume, is sent to her fictitious friend, with apologies "for Mixing some other Letters with those to your self" and for not including "the answers to those Letters, wherein you were pleased to Propound several Philosophical Questions for me to Resolve." They are so long and so particular that she will make another book out of them, a book which was given to the world that same year as *Philosophical Letters*. As we have seen, it materially differs from this earlier collection.

[1] Letter CCII.
[2] The others were called Katherine and Frances.
[3] Letters CCII and CCVI.
[4] Letter CC. Her sister Catherine married Sir Edmund Pye.
[5] Letter CCI.
[6] Letter CCIV.
[7] Letters III, LV, LXXXII, CXLII.
[8] Letter CCX.
[9] Letter CCV.
[10] Letter CCVII.
[11] Letters CCVIII, CCIX.

The Duchess's purpose in her two hundred and eleven epistles was to make them "rather scenes than letters, for I have endeavoured under cover of letters to express the humours of mankind,"[1] and, in doing so, she made her work of real literary importance. Though its content does not radically vary from that of her other writings, its form and its avowed intention, dimly, gropingly, but surely, foreshadow the later letter-novels. Many series of imaginary letters paved the way for Richardson, from the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* to the *Letters of Eloisa and Abelard*, but that which Margaret Cavendish contributed did not depend upon tradition or imitation. Whatever fortuitous impulse she gave to this growing tendency came entirely out of her own inner consciousness apart from exterior influences. It has been stated by M. Jusserand that the *CCXI Sociable Letters* were especially important in the development of fictitious narrative and that they are to be regarded as almost an anticipation of Richardson,[2] but that is a claim which even partiality cannot substantiate. They are too disconnected, too episodic, too altogether typical of the Duchess to be of greater value than their mere existence implies. Yet they are by no means the dullest portion of her work, and they inspired Charles Lamb to a delightful appreciation in "The Two Races of Men."[3] "But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K.,"[4] he implores an unprincipled borrower of books, "to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle? — knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious

[1] "The Preface."

[2] In his discussion of the Duchess in *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, 1895, p. 378.

[3] *Essays of Elia*, p. 50.

[4] James Kenny, the playwright.

folio: — what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend? — Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land —

> Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness,
> A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
> Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder."

The Duchess's most finished production, her *Life of William Cavendishe*, was published in 1667, but in the previous year she had brought out another work, which, if not so important, was far more typical. For in *The Description of a New World, called The Blazing World*, appended to her *Observations upon Experimental Philosophy*, our authoress at last set herself her proper task by professedly embarking on an imaginative enterprise. "If you wonder that I join a work of Fancy to my serious Philosophical Contemplations," she writes, "think not that it is out of disparagement to Philosophy; or out of an opinion, as if this noble study were but a Fiction of the Mind; for though Philosophers may err in searching and enquiring after the Causes of Natural Effects and many times embrace falsehoods for Truth; yet this doth not prove, that the Ground of Philosophy is merely Fiction . . . for that Reason searches the depth of Nature and enquires after the true Causes of Natural Effects; but Fancy creates of its own accord whatsoever it pleases, and delights in its own work. The end of Reason is Truth; the end of Fancy, is Fiction." Margaret Cavendish refuses to believe, much less to admit, that her philosophy is not based upon scientific observation, but she indirectly connects it with the realms of fantasy when she goes on in this fashion:[1]

> Lest my Fancy should stray too much, I chose such a Fiction as would be agreeable to the subject I treated of in the former parts; it is a Description of a New World, not such as Lucian's, or the

[1] "To the Reader," prefixed to *The Blazing World*.

Frenchman's World in the Moon; but a World of my own Creating, which I call the Blazing-World: The first part whereof is Romancical, the second Philosophical and the third is merely Fancy or (as I may call it) Fantastical.

The romance begins with a foreigner's falling in love with a certain aristocratic young lady and carrying her off from the seashore in a ship prepared especially for that purpose. They set sail and reach the pole, whereupon all the sailors freeze to death; for this is the juncture of our planet with another world, whose suns are so far away that we cannot see them without strong telescopes. Several men shaped like bears presently come on board, carry off the lady, and sink her boat. They treat the prisoner kindly and send her to their emperor through the territory of Fox-men and Bird-men. Her journey is minutely described, until she reaches a palace set on a hill, where even freer rein is given to the Duchess's imagination. An imperial throne stands in every apartment, a maze of pillars bewilders the stranger, and the room of state is paved with green diamonds, "(for in that World are Diamonds of all colours), the roof of arches blue ones, a carbuncle representing the sun. Out of this room there was a passage into the Emperors Bed-chamber, the walls whereof were of Jet and the floor of black Marble, the roof was of mother of Pearl, where the Moon and Blazing-stars were represented by White Diamonds, and his Bed was made of Diamonds and Carbuncles." The customs of this country are described at some length, but they are only those of an ideal Hobbesian commonwealth, for "a Monarchy is a divine form of Government, and agrees most with our Religion; for as there is but one God, whom we all unanimously worship and adore with one Faith, so we are resolved to have but one Emperor to whom we all submit with one obedience."

This Emperor makes our heroine his wife, and her first proceedings plunge us at once into the philosophical section. Various groups of subjects are summoned to answer her questions. The Bird-men are catechized of the air, the Worm-men of the earth, the Fish-men of the sea, and each answers in the jargon of pseudo-science. The Ape-men or Chemists disagree as to fundamentals, but the Empress tells them that self-moving matter is the only cause of Nature, so that it is useless to quarrel over primary ingredients. She finds that the people do not all accept her beliefs, and in order to convert them she builds two chapels, one of star-stone, figuring Heaven, the other of fire-stone to represent Hell; from these she preaches respective sermons of comfort and terror. Meanwhile the Flye-men tell her there are Immaterial Spirits in the air, and she sends after them to learn of affairs in her own world. They give her what information they can but say their immaterial vehicles prevent them from taking an active share in physical life, for these vehicles, although sometimes changed in form, always cling to them. The Spirits agree to make a cabbala for the Empress, and when the question of a scribe is broached she chooses the soul of the Duchess of Newcastle, "for the principle of her Writings, is Sense and Reason." The Duchess persuades the Empress to write a poetical or romancical cabbala, is taken into high favor and kept some time in that region, so that "by this means the Duchess came to know and give this Relation of all that passed in that rich, populous and happy world."

The Duchess presently comes to desire a world of her own, which according to the Spirits' advice she herself makes inside of her, and thereafter this same pattern is copied by the less imaginative Empress. Some time later the sovereign takes a fancy to see that world from which the Duchess came and leaving a spirit in her royal body undertakes an incorporeal

pilgrimage to earth. First they visit the Grand Signior, but he seems far inferior to the King of England, who is supreme not only in politics but in religion as well. At a theatre in London the Empress thinks that "the Actors make a better show than the Spectators, and the Scenes a better than the Actors, and the Musick and Dancing is more pleasant and acceptable than the Play it self." Just as the Duchess antedated Richardson in her *CCXI Sociable Letters*, so here she approaches the idea later to be developed by Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes* and by Goldsmith in his *Citizen of the World* papers. To be sure, the admirable opportunity for satire in a foreigner's impressions of one's own country goes for almost nothing in the Duchess's hands, but she does not let slip her chance for fulsome adulation. The travellers come to court, where the Empress asserts that, "in all the Monarchs she had seen in that World, she had not found so much Majesty and affability mixt so exactly together, that none did overshadow or eclipse the other; and as for the Queen, she said, that Vertue sate Triumphant in her face and Piety was dwelling in her heart and that all the Royal family seem'd to be endued with a Divine splendor: but when she had heard the King discourse, she believ'd, that Mercury and Apollo had been his Celestial instructors; and my dear Lord and Husband, added the Duchess, has been his Earthly Governour."

The Duke himself is soon discovered performing at manage and sword-play in his dismantled castle. "But the Duchess's soul being troubled, that her dear Lord and Husband used such a violent exercise before meat, for fear of overheating himself,[1] without any consideration of the Emperess's soul, left her aereal Vehicle, and entred into her Lord. The Emperess's soul perceiving this, did the like: And then the Duke had

[1] See the *Life*, Part III, Section 15 (Firth, p. 112), for the same sentiment.

three Souls in one Body; and had there been but some such Souls more, the Duke would have been like the Grand-Signior in his Seraglio, onely it would have been a Platonick Seraglio." Soon a Spirit comes to tell the Empress her husband is melancholy without her, and she prepares to return to the Blazing World. The Duchess begs her to make an agreement between Newcastle and Fortune, to whom access is gained by the Spirits after both ladies leave this earth. Prudence and Honesty uphold the Duke, but Folly and Rashness are quite as influential with fickle Fortune. The Duchess, weeping, departs for her home again, after urging the Empress to continue a monarchical form of government. At the beginning of Part II the Duchess is summoned, to give advice concerning a hostile invasion of the Empress's native world. Such excellent counsel does she offer that the intruders are completely routed by a complicated mechanism of fishes, birds, submarine vessels, and the wondrous fire-stone which is set aflame by water. The Duchess's spirit inhabited the Empress's soul during this expedition, after which the two friends held long and confidential dialogues. In reply to a query about her peculiar costumes, "the Duchess's Soul answered, she confessed that it was extravagant, and beyond what was usual and ordinary; but yet her ambition being such, that she would not be like others in anything if it were possible; I endeavour, said she to be as singular as I can; for it argues but a mean Nature to imitate others; and though I do not love to be imitated if I can possibly avoid it; yet rather than imitate others, I should chuse to be imitated by others; for my nature is such, that I had rather appear worse in singularity than better in the Mode."

The Emperor of the Blazing World builds an elaborate golden stable for a hundred horses, in copy of what Newcastle would do if he were rich, one side adorned with gems and

the floor strewn with golden sand. He wants a theatre also, where the Duchess thinks her plays might be performed:

> The Wits of these present times condemned them as uncapable of being represented or acted, because they were not made up according to the Rules of Art . . . it is the Art and Method of our Wits to despise all Descriptions of Wit, Humour, Actions and Fortunes that are without such Artificial Rules . . . my Playes may be acted in your Blazing-World when they cannot be acted in the Blinking-World of Wit.

Finally the Duchess's soul does tear itself away from her friends and goes back to dwell in its body. There is nothing more naïve in this whole ingenuous fancy than the bit of real life to which we are treated at the conclusion of her spiritual adventures. Newcastle had patiently to listen to his wife's endless romancing and to hear how he might possess some of the Emperor's excellent horses if only a passage to the Blazing World could be discovered. With a touch of his celebrated wit "the Duke smilingly answered her, That he was sorry there was no Passage between those two Worlds; but said he, I have always found an Obstruction to my Good Fortunes."

In an "Epilogue to the Reader" the Duchess proclaims the humbleness of her muse, for though she might have written of heroes and war, her themes are peace and "the figure of Honest Margaret Newcastle which now I would not change for all this terrestrial world." A new ruler must henceforth find a new kingdom, "for concerning the Philosophical World, I am Emperess of it myself; and as for the Blazing World, it having an Emperess already who rules it with great wisdom and conduct which Emperess is my dear Platonick Friend." The feminine note in such writing is as unmistakable in the exaggerated fantasy as in the rambling and disconnected structure, but it is a note we would not be without in literature any

more than in every-day life. The Duchess took little pains to arrange her fancies, to trim or to proportion them; *The Blazing World* is made up of one episode after another, strung together in the most casual helter-skelter way, without beginning, middle, or end. To analyze the confused result would be well-nigh impossible; we can only accept it as it stands and follow its winding course. Yet the exuberant imagination and absolute naturalness behind this lack of form produce a charm which many more perfect works of art are entirely without. The Duchess wrote what she felt and in this instance attained a high degree of success because the subject suited her method. Drama and science demand that ingenuity be curbed and material selected, but pure fancy knows no limitations. Doubtless *The Blazing World* would have been a more finished piece of literature had its author conformed somewhat to prescribed rules, but then it would in large measure have wanted that delightful spontaneity which is the very essence of its particular distinction.

The Duchess had unfriendly critics in her own day, as her apologies show, but certainly no author ever enjoyed more extravagant praise while still alive. Her rank must have been an important factor in this eulogy, for there is no evidence that any of her books except the *Life* achieved an extensive audience. On the contrary, they were apparently printed at their writer's instigation and distributed among various individuals or institutions as presentation copies,[1] for in the 1676 volume of *Letters and Poems in Honour of the Incomparable Princess, Margaret, Dutchess of Newcastle*[2] are to be found

[1] Her books may have been "the nuisance of the time in which she lived," but it is not true that "she reaped little but ridicule." See Costello, *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen*, III, 211.

[2] There is also a 1678 publication *Collection of Letters and Poems to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle.* See *Catalogue of the British Museum*, and Wheatley's *Evelyn*, III, 395, n.

many epistles acknowledging such favors. The Universities of Leyden, Cambridge, and Oxford, the Colleges of St. John's, Trinity,[1] and Magdalen, render thanks to the Duchess for her gifts of Letters or Poems, the *Life* or *Observations upon Experimental Philosophy*. There are numerous personal letters, some of them from Kenelm Digby, Samuel Tuke, and a certain Thomas Barlow ("a poor impertinent thing in Black," he calls himself), from Jasper Mayne, Joseph Glanvill,[2] and Thomas Hobbes. The last named writes on February 9, 1661–1662, concerning the *Playes*:

> I have already read so much of it (in that Book which my Lord of Devonshire has) as to give your Excellence, an account of it thus far, That it is filled throughout with more and truer Idea's of Virtue and Honour than any Book of morality I have read. And if some Comique Writers, by conversation with ill People, have been able to present Vices upon the Stage, more ridiculously and immodestly by which they take their rabble, I reckon that amongst your Praises.

On May 7, 1667, Walter Charleton mentions the great sums she has expended on printing and adds a questionable compliment, which the Duchess probably interpreted in the most favorable light. Her poetry is so facile, Charleton says, that "you do not always confine your Sense to Verse; nor your Verses to Rhythme; nor your Rhythme to the quantity and sounds of Sillables." The Duchess's errors could be pardoned, but it is plain that they were understood.

These "Letters and Poems" were apparently collected by Newcastle after his wife's death, and among them he included any laudatory material that was procurable. Otherwise one could

[1] The master of Trinity in 1663, who wrote with such extreme adulation, was John Pearson, afterwards (1672) Bishop of Chester, the writer on the creed. See article on the Duchess in *Biographia Britannica*, ed. Kippis, Vol. III.

[2] Glanvill has a book of *Letters and Poems written and sent to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle* in Ashmole's library, according to Wood's *Athenae*, III, 1252, n. No mention of it occurs in the *Ashmolean Catalogue*, however.

not account for the presence of three letters from Thomas Shadwell relative to his dedication of *The Humourists*, with an elegy on the Duchess's death from the same hand.[1] This elaborate ode is very dull indeed, but the last stanza concerning Newcastle's grief may be cited to show how Shadwell comports himself when he deviates into verse:

Oh what Expedient can there be
Found to support his Magnanimity!
The best of Husbands, and the noblest Peer;
The best of Generals, best of subjects too,
Whose Arts in Peace as well as War appear:
He knows how to advise, and how to do;
His Prudence and his Courage might uphold
The most decay'd and crippled State,
And rescue it from the Jawes of Fate:
His Body, may, but Mind, can ne're be old,
Him she has left, and from our sight is hurl'd
And gloriously shines in the true Blazing World.

Flecknoe's verses on the Duchess's closet find an unsigned place among these poems, while Sir George Etherege's contribution is the only link that connects him with the Cavendishes. After recounting our authoress's literary exploits, Etherege continues:

This made the great New-Castle's Heart your prize;
Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious Eyes,
Had only pow'r his Martial mind to tame,
And raise in his Heroick Breast a Flame;
A Flame, which with his Courage still aspires,
As if Immortal Fewel fed those Fires:
This mighty Chief, and your great self made One,
Together the same Race of Glory run;
Together on the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours his Virtue, and like his your Love.

[1] One panegyric Newcastle did not include was "To the Most Excellent Princesse The Dutchess of Newcastle. By H. J. of Grays Inne," published 1667, reprinted in the *Bagford Ballads*, II, 884–885. Another by Elias Ashmole is in the Ashmolean Library, according to the *Catalogue*, Col. 28, No. 185, and Col. 1270, No. 3; it begins "Here lyes wise, chast, hospitable, humble."

Quite the best of all these tributes is an address "To the Glory of her Sex, the Most Illustrious Princess, the Lady Marchioness of New-Castle, upon her Most Admirable Works." Lengthy as it is, scarcely a verse lacks some spark of wit expressed in well-turned phrase; the single line, "Truth never was so naked, nor so dress'd," sums up the Duchess's work in very nearly her own spirit. Its author is not mentioned, but he seems to have been Francis Fane, for another copy of this poem is signed with his initials.[1] Whoever he was, his work is not wanting in keen insight nor in an evident desire to please:

Now let enfranchiz'd Ladies learn to write,
And not Paint white and red, but black, and white,
Their Bodkins turn to Pens, to Lines their Locks,
And let the Inkhorn be their Dressing-box:
Since, Madam, you have Scal'd the walls of Fame,
And made a Breach where never Female came,
Had men no Wit, or had the World no Books,
Yet here 's enough to please the curious looks
Of Every Reader: such a General Strain,
Would reinstruct the School-boy-world again,
Philosophers and Poets were of old
The two great Lights, that humane minds control'd;
The one t' adorn, the other to explain,
Thus Learnings Empire then was cut in twain.
But Universal Wit and Reason joyn's
To make you Queen: nor can your sacred Lines
Without a Paradox be well express'd,
Truth never was so naked, nor so dress'd.
Majestick Quill! that keeps our Minds in Awe,
For Reasons Kingdom knows no Salique Law,
Or if that Law was ever fram'd 'twas then
When Woman held the Distaff not the Pen.
The Court, the City, Schools and Camp agree
Welbeck to make an University,
Of Wit and Honour, which has been the Stage,
Since 'twas your Lords the Heroe of this Age;

[1] *Hist. Mss. Comm., 10 Rep., App. IV*, p. 20.

Whose Noble Soul is Steward to great Parts,
And do's dispence his Reasons and his Arts,
His Wit and Power, his Greatness, and his Sense,
With as much Freedom and Magnificence,
As when our English Jove became his Guest
And did receive a more than Humane Feast.
With Arts of Wit, he mixes those of Force
And Pegasus is his old Manag'd Horse.
No wonder he excells all other Men;
They but Nine Muses had, and he has Ten.
A Lady whose Immortal Pen transferrs
To our Sex Shame and Envy, Fame to hers;
Whose Genius traces Wit through all her wayes
In abstruse Notions, Poems and in Playes.
Then why should we the mouldy Records keep
Of Plautus, or disturb Ben Johnson's Sleep?
The Silent Woman Famous heretofore
Has been, but now the Writing Lady more.

Still, despite this contemporary adulation, a fair-minded critic can grant Margaret Cavendish's work no very excessive praise. Yet he would not, with Pope, set it in the Dunce's library, where,

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great,
There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.[1]

The Duchess's purpose was too sincere and too unusual for her writings to be completely discounted, even if their net accomplishment seems rather slight. Such an enormous amount of material as they contain also tends to minimize their value, but that accidental consideration must be dismissed. If the Duchess was to write at all, she must needs write without restraint. No rules of art, no other authors influenced her muse, which soared wherever impulse directed it. "She thought without system and set down everything she thought,"[2] one commentator says, and another remarks upon her "*cacoëthes*

[1] *Dunciad*, I, lines 141–142.
[2] Jenkins in *The Cavalier and his Lady*, p. 8.

scribendi."[1] Yet it is this incurable desire to write which gives her a unique position in English literature and at the same time causes her most palpable defects. The good goes hand in hand with the bad, so that we cannot differentiate them but must accept both inextricably entangled. One must read the Duchess's philosophical books, her plays, orations, and olios, by the side of her poems, "feigned stories," "Sociable Letters," and "Blazing Worlds," in order to understand appreciatively the mental processes that produced one of our first English authoresses.

The Duchess's sex not only emphasizes her importance in literary history but strongly affects her actual writings as well. Women have always been less able than men to confine their feelings within the narrow limits required by an art form; they will not allow sufficient tranquillity in which to recollect their emotion. Accordingly Margaret Cavendish puts no check upon her imagination but permits it quite to surpass the bounds of reason. In this connection it is instructive to contrast her work with that of John Donne, with whose poetry she was herself acquainted.[2] Dr. Donne's passionate nature twisted and contorted his medium of expression, but it never let him forget our material existence. The Duchess, however, entirely transcends mere flesh and blood, passing into a *terra incognita* of her own. Her fancy was so far removed from things of this world that when she gave it full swing the result proved confusing to readers and detrimental to æsthetic excellence. Moreover the quality of this romancing was not fervent enough to sweep the average citizen off his feet, although a certain inherent and dignified charm can be unmistakably felt through it

[1] *Retrospective Review*, 1853, I, 332.

[2] She quotes lines 35–36 of *The Storm* in *The Lady Contemplation*, Part II, Act II, scene ix, and mentions him also in "Of Light and Sight" from *Poems and Fancies*.

all. Indeed, there is nothing more attractive in the Duchess's books than that absolute ingenuousness which characterizes them. Their lack of artistic regulation may be criticized; nay, it must be condemned; but in compensation we gain an almost unparalleled naturalness. Whatever technical faults appear in these volumes and however far actual life may be absent from them, their sincerity remains indisputable. Certainly they are not great literature, but at least they are imaginative and genuine.

CHAPTER IV

THE DUCHESS HERSELF

I

MARGARET LUCAS (1623–1645)

Apart from a purely historical importance, the Duchess's writings must depend for their chief interest upon the singular clarity with which they depict their author. One cannot read even the *Life*, most normal of all her works, without realizing that here is an astonishing and unusual personality, while *The Blazing World* convinces us that its creator was, on one occasion at least, dangerously far from sanity. Indeed the Duchess has been long known as "Mad Madge of Newcastle," [1] and there are grounds for approving this epithet. "Great Wits are sure to Madness near alli'd," in this case means that without our authoress's peculiarities of character, the world would have been without her eccentricities of literary production. In the seventeenth century it required some remarkably strong stimulus for a woman of the upper classes to undertake writing as a serious occupation, and this impetus was furnished the Duchess by her overactive, unrestrained imagination. Modern scientists tell us that insanity is the overdevelopment of one side in an individual at the expense of his other constituent parts, and in this sense the Duchess was most certainly insane. Hers was a warped and irregular growth, due largely no doubt to certain inborn tendencies and in part to her early surroundings.

[1] Lower in 1872 mentions this "nickname which her jealous (female?) contemporaries gave her," p. ix, but cites no evidence to prove his assertion.

On neither point could better evidence be procured than from the lady herself, who has been pleased to give us *A True Relation of my Birth, Breeding and Life*. Moreover she is such a naïve writer that only the most suspicious person can refuse to grant her a complete suspension of disbelief. Often, to be sure, her statements are not so significant as the fact that she does set them down, but in that case her veracity is only emphasized by her ingenuous sincerity. The *True Relation* occurs as Book XI of *Nature's Pictures*, and is described on the title-page as "a true story at the latter end, wherein there is no feignings." Its unique importance was early recognized, so that it has been often reprinted, generally in connection with the *Life*, but sometimes by itself, as in Edward Jenkins's garbled selections, *The Cavalier and his Lady*, and by Sir Egerton Brydges at his private press at Lee Priory, Kent.[1] The date of this latter, the first modern edition, was 1814, but Sir Egerton deserves more credit for resurrecting the document than for his presentation of it, which was unscholarly and slipshod. In 1872 Lower published a careful transcription, while Firth has furnished the definitive and most convenient form of this autobiography. Its original appearance was in 1656, four years before Newcastle returned to England, and in consequence the Duchess's account of her life is far from complete. Her style, too, was never more rambling or disconnected than in this work, so that one need not expect to find it the historical document which the life of her husband most certainly is. On the other hand, *A True Relation* has not the errors in fact and judgment of her more elaborate composition, nor is a personal memoir subject to such strict qualifications as are demanded in authoritative biography. This makes the Duchess's account of prime importance to us, for, having already discussed the dates and figures

[1] In 1813 Brydges had published *Selected Poems* by the Duchess.

of her life, we must now seek further light upon what manner of person she was. But this information is more difficult to sift than to acquire.

The Duchess's father[1] dying in her early years, his widow was left to take charge of their large family, which she did with eminent success. This lady is described by her daughter in such affectionate terms as to reflect credit alike upon parent and child. Madam Lucas lived to see the ruin of her fortunes by war, "and then died, having lived a widow many years; for she never forgot my father so as to marry again. Indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints. She made her house her cloister, inclosing herself, as it were, therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church. . . . She was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur, as it were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest. . . . Also her beauty was beyond the ruin of time, for she had a well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying day, although in years. And by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her. . . . Likewise my mother was a good mistriss to her servants, taking care of her servants in their sickness, not sparing any cost she was able to bestow for their recovery: neither did she exact more from them in their health than what they with ease or rather like pastime could do. She would freely pardon a

[1] He killed a certain Mr. Brooks in a duel, and was exiled until after James I's accession. See Firth, pp. 155–156.

fault, and forget an injury, yet sometimes she would be angry; but never with her children, the sight of them would pacify her; neither would she be angry with others but when she had cause, as negligent or knavish servants, that would lavishly or unnecessarily waste, or subtly and thievishly steal. And though she would often complain that her family was too great for her weak management, and often pressed my brother to take it upon him, yet I observed she took a pleasure, and some little pride, in the governing thereof. She was very skilful in leases, and setting of lands, and court keeping, ordering of stewards, and the like affairs. Also I observed that my mother nor brothers, before these wars, had never any lawsuits, but what an attorney despatched in a term with small cost, but if they had it was more than I knew of. But, as I said, my mother lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died." [1]

This is the portrait of a quiet, refined housewife ("femme essentielle" M. Montégut calls it [2]), and it is also a portrait of the Duchess with her genius omitted. Let us not neglect to notice that Margaret Cavendish was primarily a woman, and only, after that, an artist:

> For had my brains as many fancies in 't
> To fill the world, I'd put them all *in print*:
> No matter whether they be well or ill exprest,
> My *will* is done, and *that please women best*.[3]

Her feminine characteristics come out unmistakably in the account of her childhood: [4]

> As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth was lost in my breeding. For as my sisters was or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity.

[1] Firth, pp. 163–165. M. Montégut writes, "Le portrait que trace sa fille de cette prude veuve est celui d'une mistress Poyser aristocratique," p. 202.

[2] P. 226.

[3] At the close of *Philosophical Fancies*. See *Walpole's Catalogue*, ed. Park, III, 154.

[4] Firth, pp. 156–157.

Likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles. . . . As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it. For we were so far from being in debt, before these wars, as we were rather beforehand with the world; buying all with ready money, not on the score. For although after my father's death the estate was divided between my mother and her sons, paying such a sum of money for portions to her daughters, either at the day of their marriage, or when they should come to age; yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived. 'Tis true, my mother might have increased her daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor. Likewise we were bred tenderly for my mother naturally did strive, to please and delight her children, not to cross or torment them, terrifying them with threats or lashing them with slavish whips; but instead of threats, reason was to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice was discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented unto us.

One way in which the graces were presented to these children was by having servants treat them with the deference due their position:[1]

Also we were bred with respectful attendance, every one being severally waited upon, and all her servants in general used the same respect to her children (even those that were very young) as they did to herself; for she suffered not her servants, either to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and oftimes which some have leave to do. Likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery among the nursemaids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad. Neither were we suffered to have any familiarity

[1] Firth, pp. 157–158.

> with the vulgar servants, or conversation: yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civility towards them, as they with a dutiful respect to us. Not because they were servants were we so reserved; for many noble persons are forced to serve through necessity; but by reason the vulgar sort of servants are as ill-bred as meanly born, giving children ill examples and worse counsel. As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of virtues,[1] as singing, dancing, playing or music, reading, writing,[2] working and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto, they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

The result of this upbringing was a model and unusually homogeneous family. Of the "eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not anyone crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs (but some lighter than others), sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices (I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have): neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely."[3] Margaret's own beauty seems to have been an indisputable fact, for we have it attested by such contemporary recorders as Pepys[4] and Mrs. Katherine Philips.[5] This fact may help to explain Newcastle's choice of a second wife or the amount of wonder that her bashfulness caused at court, but it

[1] Lower reads "virtuosos," according to a written correction in one copy of the book.

[2] Letter CLXXV in *CCXI Sociable Letters* tells us that she "never went to school, but only Learn'd to Read and Write at Home, Taught by an Antient Decayed Gentlewoman, whom my Mother kept for that Purpose."

[3] Firth, p. 164.

[4] *Pepys's Diary*, entry for April 26, 1667. [5] *Poems*, 1667, p. 142.

was not a determining factor in her life and it had no effect upon her spiritual growth.

Of her brothers, the Duchess writes:[1]

> Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such like exercises, for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance, or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits. Neither had they skill, or did use to play, for aught I could hear, at cards or dice, or the like games, nor given to any vice, as I did know, unless to love a mistress were a crime, not that I knew any they had, but what report did say, and usually reports are false, at least exceed the truth. As for the pastime of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk and discourse with each other. For though two of my three brothers were married . . . likewise three of my four sisters . . . yet most of them lived with my mother, especially when she was at her country-house, living most commonly at London half the year, which is the metropolitan city of England. But when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own, yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children.
>
> But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people; and in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and some times they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water. These harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for I observed they did seldom make visits nor went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them. And not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters in law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionate dispositions. For to my best remembrance I do not know that ever they did fall out, or had any angry or unkind disputes. Likewise, I did observe that my sisters were so far from mingling themselves with any other company, that they had no familiar conversation or intimate acquaintance with the families to which each other were linked to by marriage, the family of the one being as great strangers to the rest of my brothers and sisters as the family of the other.

[1] Firth, pp. 159–161.

And in another place:[1]

> My brothers and sisters were for the most part serious and staid in their actions, not given to sport or play, nor dance about, whose company I keeping, made me so too. But I observed that although their actions were staid, yet they would be very merry amongst themselves, delighting in each other's company: also they would in their discourse express the general actions of the world, judging, condemning, approving, commending, as they thought good, and with those that were innocently harmless, they would make themselves merry therewith.

Truly this was a narrow and circumscribed existence, which offered few opportunities for a wider experience in diverse sides of life. Small wonder that Margaret Lucas desired to become a maid of honour at Henrietta Maria's court, and small wonder, too, that once there, she was unable to fit into her new environment.

Concerning her own characteristics the Duchess has this further to say:[2]

> I am naturally bashful, not that I am ashamed of my mind or body, my birth or breeding, my actions or fortunes, for my bashfulness is my nature, not for any crime, and though I have strived and reasoned with myself, yet that which is inbred I find is difficult to root out. But I do not find that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities of the persons, but the number; for were I to enter amongst a company of Lazaruses, I should be as much out of countenance as if they were all Caesars or Alexanders, Cleopatras or Queen Didos. Neither do I find my bashfulness riseth so often in blushes, as contracts my spirits to a chill paleness. But the best of it is, most commonly it soon vanisheth away, and many times before it can be perceived; and the more foolish or unworthy I conceive the company to be, the worse I am, and the best remedy I ever found was, is to persuade myself that all those persons I meet are wise and virtuous.

That must have been a hard task at court, where other complications made it difficult for the girl. As long as Henrietta Maria was at Oxford, matters went fairly well, for most of the

[1] Firth, pp. 174–175. [2] Ibid., pp. 168–169.

Lucases were there too; but when the Queen fled to France Margaret was thrown upon her own resources. She had always before been supported by family spirit, but now that prop was gone and the maid of honor had not been trained to do without it. "Besides," she says,[1] "I had heard that the world was apt to lay aspersions even on the innocent, for which I durst neither look up with my eyes, nor speak, nor be anyway sociable, insomuch as I was thought a natural fool." We have seen that in her plays are certain scenes and descriptions which may specifically mirror incidents during this period,[2] when, instead of improving as time went on, she continually withdrew farther into her shell. "I never heeded what was said or practised, but just what belonged to my loyal duty, and my own honest reputation. And, indeed, I was so afraid to dishonour my friends and family by my indiscreet actions, that I rather chose to be accounted a fool than to be thought rude or wanton. In truth, my bashfulness and fears made me repent my going from home to see the world abroad, and much I did desire to return to my mother again, or to my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London, and loved with a supernatural affection."[3] Her mother would not permit Margaret to return; hence she stayed on at court, getting deeper and deeper into a solitary and contemplative life with every day which passed over her head.

Within two years this difficult situation was resolved by the appearance of Newcastle as a serious lover. Evidently the

[1] Firth, p. 161.

[2] Compare also the description of a young, inexperienced girl at court in *Natures Picture*, p. 339: "When the Company was called to sit down, that the Masque might be represented, every one was placed by their Friends or else they placed themselves. But she, being unaccustomed to those meetings, knew not how to dispose of herself . . . and therefore she stood still."

[3] Firth, pp. 161–162.

exiled and widowed Marquis had made up his mind to marry some young girl, not only that he might have further issue, as we have seen, but also because he "would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such a one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's company as much as I could, yet I could not nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein. For it was not amorous love (I never was infected therewith, it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience), neither could title, wealth, power or person entice me to love. But my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise, which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns."[1] Even here the Duchess is probably telling the truth, for a girl of twenty does not often feel "amorous love" towards a man thirty years her senior.[2] A combination of respect for Newcastle's position, flattery at his proposals, and — what she does not state — the desire to escape from an uncongenial atmosphere, must have been the causes for her agreeing to his proposals. If that is the case, one can very easily understand how in her plays the Duchess rails against passionate love but was herself a devoted wife.

[1] Firth, p. 162.

[2] M. Montégut, of course, supposes she was deceiving herself and that the affection was really "amour," p. 220. See also *First Duke and Duchess*, p. 279.

The deep but platonic regard she felt for the Marquis appears first in the twenty-one letters written to him while then engagement was yet a secret and now preserved at Welbeck Abbey. They were privately reprinted in 1909 as pages 5–18 of *Letters Written by Charles Lamb's "Princely Woman, the Thrice Noble Margaret Newcastle" to her Husband, etc.* The editor, Richard William Goulding, has retained the original spelling, which, although it presents some difficulties, adds greatly to the human interest of these documents. They are most valuable additions to our knowledge of the time and place, the events and persons concerned. No better account of petty, underhand bickerings at the exiled Stuart court is to be desired; the intrigues of Newcastle's office-seeking are nobility itself compared with these malevolent attempts to prevent his marriage. The courtiers involved seem to have had no object beyond sheer love of mischief-making and lack of more important occupation. In their small detached group the day's gossip had become of cardinal interest, so that a middle-aged marquis's evident attentions to the young and bashful Margaret Lucas perforce raised something of a tempest. People began to talk and to torment the girl, hinting that her lover was proverbially inconstant. Henrietta Maria took offense because she was kept in ignorance of the proceedings, while Newcastle's friends advised him against such a match as contrary to his worldly advantage. Of all this we hear in Margaret's very first letter:

> I. My Lord, there is but on acsident which is death to mak me onhappy ether to my frindes or fame or your affection,[1] tho the last I prefer equall to the firest, but I fear others foresee we shall be unfortunat, tho we see it not our seleves, or elles ther would not be such paynes takeing to unty the knot of our affection. I must confes as you have had good frindes to counsell you, I have had the

[1] Goulding reads "affeetion" here and elsewhere, but that can hardly be correct.

like to counsell me and tell me they heer of your profesions of afection to me; which they bed me tak hed of, for you had ashured your selfe to many and was constant to non. I answred that my lord newcastle was to wis and to honest to ingag himself to many, and I hard the qeene should tak it ell that I ded not mak her aquainted befor I had resolued. I asked of what; they sayed of my resolution to you. I asked if I should aquant the qeene with every complement that was bestod on me, with many other idell descouerses, which would be to long to wright, but pray doe not think I am inquisitiue after such friuolus talk, for I auoyd company to auoyd ther discours . . . they they [sic] that tould you of my mother has beter inteligenc then I, and shur, my lord, I threw not my self away when I gaue my self to you, for I neuer did any act worthy of prays before, but tis the natur of thos that can not be happy to dessir non elles should be so, as I shall be in haueing you, and will be so, in spit of all malles [malice], in being, my lord, your most humbell saruant,

Margreat Lucas

pray lay the falt of my wrighting to my pen.

Soon the envious court charged Margaret with pursuing Newcastle:

II. Me lord, I deed not dessir to deleuer up the intrest I had in you out of any inconstansee in me, but out of a considdarashoin of you; me lord, me lord widdrington in his aduies has don as a nobell and a true affectshoinit frind would doe, yet I find I am infinnightly obleged to you whos afectshoins are aboue so powerfull a parswashon; my lord, if I doe not send to you, pray exques me, for if I doe, thay well say I parsue you for your affectshoin, for though I love you extremely well, yet I neuer feard my modesty so smalle as it would give me leue to court any man; if you ples to ask the queen, I think it would be well understod. . . .

The Marquis evidently replied to this epistle with strictures on Margaret's caution and coolness, for she next protests:

III. My lord, pardon me if I have wright any thing that is not agreable but if I be carfull in things that may arise to the scandall of my repeta[t]ion is for fear of a refleckion, becaus I am yours, for though it is imposabll to keep out of the rech of a slandering toung from an enues parson, yet it tis in my power to hender them from the aduantag of a good ground to beld ther descour[s]es on,

for know, me lord, saintiarmanes [Saint Germains] is a place of much sencour [censure] and thinks I send to often; me lord, I am sory you should think your loue so much transends mine, but suer it tis as uncomble [uncomely] to see a woman to kaind as to see a man to necklegant, but, me lord, I know you are a man of so much honour that I may safly rule my actions by your directions. . . .

Later she defends herself for not having been overcivil to Mr. Porter:

IV. My lord, I think you haue a plot against my healt in sending so early, for I was forst to reed your leter be a candell light, for ther was not day enouf, but I had rather reed your leter then slep, and it doth me more good; my lord, I hop you are not angare for my aduise of S^t^. jermenes. I gaue it semply for the best; as for m^r^ porter [Endymion?] he was a stranger to me, for before I cam in to france I ded neuer see hem, or at least knew hem not to be m^r^ porter, or my lord of newcastles frind, and, my lord, it is a custtom I obsarue that I neuer speek to any man before they addres them selues to me, nor to look so much in ther face as to inuit ther descours, and I hop I neuer was unseuell to any parson of what degree so euer, but to morrow the qeene comes to pares, they say, and then I hope to iusttifie my selfe to be, my lord, the most humbell saruant to you and your saruants

Margreat Lucas

if you cannot reed this leter, blam me not, for it was so early I was half asleep.

Rumors spread that a secret marriage had already taken place, but the love-making still went on:

V. My lord, there is non could be more sory to part with any thing thay loue so well as I doe you, but it was my affection to you, not to my self, as made that dissir to leue me. I consider non so much as to be desplesd or deslik any thing in you for any considdar[at]ion of what others can say, for that you think to be best shall ples me most; . . . it was say to me you had declared your marreg to my lord Jermyn. I ansurred it was mor then I could doe, but heer is so many idell descor[s]es as it would werre [weary] me to tell them, and you to heer them. . . .

VI. My lord, your uerses are more like you then your peckter, though it resembelles you uery much, but heer art has not bene so

good a courtiar as it eues [used] to be; my lord, the only blessing I wish for heer is I may desarue your afectshion which is onualabell [invaluable]. . . .

When the Queen prepared to move from Saint Germains to Paris, Margaret seriously considered remaining behind, in order to silence gossiping tongues:

VII. My lord, pray beleue I am not factious, espashally with you, for your commands shall be my law, but supos me now in a uery mallancolly humer, and that most off my contempaltions are fext on nothing but dessolutions, for I look apon this world as on a deth's head for mortefecation, for I see all things subiet to allteration and chaing, and our hopes as if they had taken opum. . . . my lord, I hear the qeen comes to parres this next week to the solemetes of prences mary's marrag, and I am in a dessput wither I should com with her, if I can get leue to stay; my reson is becaus I think it will stop the scors [source?] of ther descors of us when they see I doe not com, but I shall not doe any thing without your apprebation, as becomes your most humbl saruant

Margreat Lucas

My lord lett your eye[1] lemet your poetry.

The case of Newcastle's picture which he had sent to Margaret got broken and subsequently caused serious complications:

VIII. My lord, as grace drawes the sole to life, so natuer, the pencell of god, has drawen your wit to the birth, as may be seene by your uerses, though the subget is to mene for your mues. . . . I should be sory your afectshion should be as brokin as the case of your pickter; it can be no ell oment [ill omen] of my part. I know not what it may be of yours. I hop it is not rauen like to give wor[n]ing of deth but I wish life only to be still, my lord, your umbell saruant,

Margraet Lucas

IX. My lord, I thank you for the toaken of loue you sent me, for I must confes I wanted it, wer it but to returne it on your self againe. . . . I am sory you should bed me keepe the ferses you sent, for it lookes as tho you thought I had flung thos away you sent before; shurly I would keep them wer it with deficulty, and not to part with your muses so easely. . . .

[1] Goulding reads "ere," but "eye" in *Hist. Mss. Comm. Rep.* would be more natural. See *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 134–137.

Masculine indifference to a woman's sensitive nature must have occasioned the following outburst:

> X. . . . my lord, I can beleue nothing but what is in honour of you, and I besech you to beleue that I have euer truth of my sid, tho naked; therfor I neuer sayed any such thing as you menshioned in your letter of your peckter, nor neuer so much as shewed it to any cretur before yesterday that I gaue it to mend, but I find such enemenys that what soeuer can be for my disaduantag tho it haue but a resemblance of truth shall be declard. I hop my innocens will gard me, but suer, my lord, you haue many frindes, tho I haue many enemenys, or eles this is a counselling age, but if I shall preiudgice you in the affaires of the world, or in your iudgment of your bad choyce, consider and leue me, for I shall desir to life no longer then to see you happy . . . it is not ushal to give the queen gloves or any thing eles, but, my lord, if you plese I will give them her.

The unfeminine petulance in this last epistle did not pass unnoticed by Newcastle:

> XI. My lord, I am sory you haue metamorphosis my leter and made that masculen that was efemenat; my ambition is to be thought a modest woman and to leue the title of a gallante man to you . . . my lord, I am sory you haue such a defluction in your eies. I fear your wrighting may draw downe the rhum to much, tho I rejoyce at nothing mor then your letters, but insted of ioy they would bring me sadnes if I reseued then at such a disaduantag as to hurt them. . . .

Presently peace was restored amid new protestations of affection:

> XII. My lord, I may uery well tak all your faltes to me, and yet be excusable for what is yours though not for my one [own], and tis no mercie to signe a pardon wher ther has bene no offence. I must confes my discression dede neuer aper so much as by my affection to loue a parson of so much woreth as your self, and yet, me lord, I must tell you I am not esly drawen to be in loue, for I ded neuer see any man but yourself that I could haue marred . . . I neuer knew the uice of enuy, but I must haue a large proporsion of grace to arme me againest it, if I had a riuall in your affection, espeshially a nemeies [an enemy's?] daughter, but wer I suer you should hat me as I hop you loue me, yet I well be, my lord, your must humbell saruant Margreat Lucas
>
> the queen takes no notes [notice] of any thing to me.

XIII. My lord, I wounder not at my loue, but at yours, becaus the obiet of mine is good. I wish the obiet of yours wer so, yet me thinkes, you should loue nothing that wer ell, therfore if I haue any part of good tis your loue makes me so, but loued I nothing elles but you, I loue all that is good, and louing nothing aboue you I haue loues recompens; my lord, I haue not had much expereanse of the world, yet I haue found it such as I could willinly part with it, but sence I knew you, I fear I shall loue it to well, becaus you are in it, and yet, me thinkes you are not in it, becaus you are not off it; so I am both in it and out off it, a strang inchantment.

Nor with all this billing and cooing, was Margaret's worldly wisdom quiescent:

XIV. My lord, it may be the triall, but it tis not true loue that absence or tim can demenesh, and I shall as sone forget all good as forget you; me lord, you are a parson I may uery confeedently one [own] unless morell meret be a scandall, but, me lord, ther is a cusstumare law that must be sineed [signed] before I may lawfully call you husban; if you are so passhonit as you say, and as I dar not belefe, yet it may be feared it cannot last long, for no extreme is parmenttary [permanent?].

XV. My lord, Wer I much sicker then I was, your kaind car [care] would cuer me. I am afeard it were an ambeshion to desir much of your loue, knowing my self of lettell dessart and yet, me thinks, it should be no sinne when the disir is good; my lord, I sent a leter by my mayd; I should be sory if you thought any line can come from you could be any others wayes then plesing to me, for that is only troublesom which is foolesh or emperttenent, with which you will neuer be taxed, nor your iudgment, unles now in choosing me, but being as your choyes makes it good, and so I shall ualu my self, which elles I should not. . . .

Once more Margaret was disturbed by gossip, but Newcastle's protestations and her brother's influence smoothed the troubled waters:

XVI. My lord, I haue reseued your leter which seems to satisfi mee aginest the noies of a cort, but when I rede your lordsp justificashon under your one hand, I consider tis all the sattisfackshon can be giuen from a parson of honner, but now, hauing so great a ingongshon [injunction] as is laid uppon mee in the nam of a brother, which

has so great a powr, together with your lordps excues that hauing som ocashones of my one this week that will drae me to pares, of which I belefe your lordps may hear of, my lord, your humbell saruant M. L.

XVII. My lord, ther is nothing will pleas me more then to be wher you are, and I begen to admire parres becaus you are in it; my lord, the reson I had to consele [conceal] our affections was becaus I thought it would be agreabl to your dissir, but for my part I would not car if the trumppet of fame blue it throwout all the world, if the world wer ten times biger then it tis, for it would be an aduantag to me and my iudgment, and tho I am gelty of falts I may be ashamed to one, yet sence they are knowin in heuen I car not what can be knowin on earth. . . .

Later Margaret grew so restive under a temporary illness that she was about to give up her entire romance. Henrietta Maria's displeasure and the antagonism of Newcastle's friends seemed to her almost insuperable obstacles:

XVIII. My lord, I should be sory if your busnes be not acorden to your dissir, and pray, me lord, consider well wither marring me will not bring a troubl to your self, for, beleue me, I loue you to well to wesh you unhapy, and I had rather lose all hapness my selfe then you should be unforteenat, but if you be resoueled, what day soever you ples to send for me, I will com; my lord, I know not what counsell to give conser[n]ing the quine, but I fear she will tak it ell if she be not mad aquanted with our intenshoins, and if you ples to right a leter to her and send it to me I will deleuer it that day you send for me. I think it no pollese to desples the quine, for though she will doe us no good, she may doe us harme. I haue sent my mayd about som busness, and she and my lady broune shall agre about the other things you speak of. I understand the parswashon of some againest your marreg, suer thay would not perswad you but for your good; but if you think you haue don unaduisedly in promesis your self to me, send me word, and I will resing [resign] up all the intrist I have in you, though unwillingly. . . . I haue bene uery ell this th[r]ee days, but health can not be so plesing to me as knowing my self to be, my lord, your most umbell saruant Margraet Lucas

pray, me lord, doe not messtrust me, for telling of any thing that you haue commanded my silance in; for though I am a woman, I can keep counsell, but I hau not power ofer the emmaganacions of others; pray consider I haue enemyes.

XIX. My lord, it can be in no bodyes powr to ues me ell if you ues me well. I have not ben with the qeen as yet be reson I am not well, but I heer she would haue me acknowledg my self in a falt and not she to be in any . . . for the hindirance of our marrag, I hop it is not in ther power, I am sure they can not hinder me from louing, for I must be and will be and am, my lord, your admiring louing, honouring humbell and obedient saruant Margreat Lucas

However, when the Queen once gave her consent, their marriage was soon planned:

XX. My lord, My health will be according as I imaign [imagine] your affection, for I shall neuer be sicke so long as you loue me; my lord, I hop the qeene and I am frindes; she sayeth she will seme so at lest, but I finde, if it had bene in her power, she would a [have] crost us. I hard not of the leter, but she sayed to me she had it in wrightin that I should pray you not to mak her acquainted with our desines; my lord, sence our affections is poubleshed, it will not be for our honours to delay our marreg; the qeene dos intend to com on mondday; if not, I will send you word.

XXI. My lord, I dessir nothing so much as the contineuanc[e] of your affection, for I think my self richer in haueing that then if I wer a monarch of all the world; my lord, I hop the qeene and I shall be uery good frindes againe, and may be the beter for the deffarances we have had. . . . I find to sattesfy the opinion we are not marred allredy, we must be marred by on of the prestes heer, which I think cousens,[1] to be the fettes [fittest]; we shall not come tell mondday, if then, but there is no tim can allter my affection.

So their true love (if it may be called so) was strong enough to weather all difficulties thrown in its way. The credit for their ultimate union rests largely with Margaret, because her position was much harder than Newcastle's. Alone and unaided, she had to endure the gibes of a mocking court, and, all things realized, she carried off a difficult situation with no small amount of grace.

[1] This is Dr. Cosin, the well-known priest, although Goulding reads it "consens" and annotates it as "consent." See *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 137, for the correction.

II

THE MARCHIONESS OF NEWCASTLE (1645–1664)

Once wedded, Margaret Cavendish enjoyed a more peaceful, leisurely, but uninteresting life. This latter consideration, however, did not cause her a moment's uneasiness. She was intensely relieved to be out of the court circle, and one may imagine that her delight upon leaving Paris was even greater. Yet time must have hung heavy upon her hands after the excitement of existence at Saint Germains. Up to this period she had never lived much alone, for the Lucas family with its various connections had completely filled her girlhood. Now the new Marchioness was thrown almost exclusively upon her noble lord's society, but he, of course, could not always be with his wife. Moreover, she had undergone such an unfortunate experience as maid of honor that a marked aversion to strangers characterized all her subsequent history; this attitude necessarily limited her outlook and occupation, especially as there were no children to bring up nor any very arduous household cares to sustain. The management of some few servants[1] and of Newcastle's precarious finances must have fallen to his wife, but this task she would easily accomplish. Her mother, it will be remembered, was adept in such matters, so that the daughter probably inherited similar ability; at least the minute figuring and computing of Cavendish's losses in his *Life* show that she fully comprehended the value of money. The Marquis, on the contrary, was far too casual ever to take any great interest in mundane details.

[1] In the more prosperous times that succeeded the Duchess writes: "I seldom take any servants, or turn them away, for I have an Under-officer as my Lieutenant-General, which is the Governess of my House, & she receives my General Orders, and Executes the Particular Households Affairs."— *CCXI Sociable Letters*, Letter CLXXIX.

Spending was a necessity for him, and procuring the wherewithal only an unmitigated nuisance. He had never learned that economy was possible, while Margaret had been bred in a frugal, well-ordered establishment, so that the subsequent improvement in their affairs was no doubt partly due to her careful management. Still these activities could not have occupied a large share of her time, and she must have passed many idle hours during that period.

It was only natural, then, that the Marchioness should continue to develop her imagination, which had been somewhat awakened by the spiritual solitude she had endured at court. Also this meditative habit was a decided source of self-satisfaction for her, as it offered certain opportunities that were a closed door to the uninitiated. When, in addition, the joy of written composition was discovered,[1] our authoress's cup of happiness was full, for she had found a way to occupy herself. The only wonder is that this fanciful vein should have existed alongside of a marked practicality, although these two seeming opposites may have been but heightened manifestations of that petty materialism and lofty spirituality which are so often associated in feminine emotionalism. Margaret Cavendish's genius brought about an excessive development of this paradox, but the phenomena differ scarcely at all in fundamentals. As time went on, however, the fantastic side gained increasing sway over the human, until her normality was gradually reduced to a subservient position. This desire to write having once become established, she could not resist setting down her conceptions and contemplations. Each day she threw continued emphasis upon the strangeness in her personality by devoting less and less time to the ordinary relationships of life.

[1] The continental influence of literary ladies and the Duchess's own early attempts at writing made such a discovery almost inevitable.

A True Relation admits this but does not make clear its full significance. In a singularly disjointed passage the authoress writes:[1]

> For I being of a lazy nature, and not of an active disposition, as some are that love to journey from town to town, from house to house, delighting in variety of company, making still one where the greatest number is — likewise in playing at cards, or any other games, in which I neither have practised, nor have I any skill therein: — as for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet for those that are married, it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof — and for revelling, I am of too dull a nature to make one in a merry society — as for feasting, it would neither agree with my humour or constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken, or the like, my drink most commonly water; for though I have an indifferent good appetite, yet I do often fast, out of an opinion that if I should eat much, and exercise little, which I do, only walking a slow pace in my chamber, whilst my thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers. But because I would not bury myself quite from the sight of the world, I go sometimes abroad, seldom to visit, but only in my coach about the town, or about some of the streets, which we call here a tour, . . . which most cities of note in Europe for all I can hear, hath such like recreations for the effeminate sex, although for my part I had rather sit at home and write, or walk, as I said, in my chamber and contemplate; but I hold necessary sometimes to appear abroad, besides I do find, that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies to build upon.

There is something of the primitive artist in this stimulus from exterior perception, as is emphasized when the Duchess describes her own methods of composition:[2]

> When I am writing any sad feigned stories, or serious humours, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those

[1] Firth, pp. 172–173.

[2] Ibid., p. 172

> thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy are apt to contract, and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were overpower or smother the conception in the brain. But when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather a ragged rout than a well-armed body, for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost, by reason they oft times outrun the pen, where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, insomuch as some have taken my handwriting for some strange character, and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed my ordinary handwriting is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but however, that little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about. For I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with the needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent . . . my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the root of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on.

As the Duchess's literary labors became greater and as in time her husband's fortunes mended, she obtained outside assistance in the mechanics of writing. For instance,[1] "she was of a generous turn of mind, and kept a great many young ladies about her person, who occasionally wrote what she dictated. Some of them slept in a room, contiguous to that in which her Grace lay, and were ready, at the call of her bell, to rise any hour of the night, to write down her conceptions, lest they should escape her memory. The young ladies, no doubt often dreaded her Grace's conceptions, which were

[1] Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, II, 164. "Her restless spirit," writes Jusserand apropos of this passage, "was in some manner anticipating unawares another great writer, namely Pope."— *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, 1895, p. 381.

frequent." A more pungent anecdote of the same sort rests on a less secure foundation.[1] "So fond," says Dr. Lort, "was her grace of these conceptions, and so careful lest they should be still-born, that I have heard or read somewhere, that her servant John Rolleston, the duke's secretary, (whose name I think is mentioned by her with much condescension and affection in her dedication of the duke's life to the duke) was ordered to lie in a truckle-bed in a closet within her grace's bed chamber, and whenever at any time she gave the summons by calling out 'JOHN, I *conceive*,' poor John was to get up, and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress's reveries." This story by itself would certainly lend color to any theory disputing the Duchess's sanity. It is not, however, well-authenticated and, if it were, must be considered in its proper connection with other events. There need not be the slightest doubt that in later life our authoress had become so peculiar as to cause the growth of unreliable material concerning her habits. That was the inevitable result of plunging into realms of imagination and leaving behind the more solid earth.

We have already seen what an extraordinary amount of work the Duchess published, besides which she is supposed to have written three folio manuscripts of poems, two of them being at one time in Mr. Thomas Richardson's library and the other in Bishop Willis's.[2] Yet not content with so much literary production, "I did many times not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions";[3] and "my fancy is quicker than the pen with which I write, insomuch as it is many times lost through the slowness of my hand, and yet I write so fast, as I stay not so long as to make perfect letters."[4] Indeed she set such store

[1] Walpole's *Catalogue*, ed. Park, 1806, III, 190, n.
[2] Ballard's *Memoirs of British Ladies*, p. 213.
[3] Firth, p. xxxvii. [4] Ibid., p. 154.

by her fancies, "as I neglect my health, for it is as great a grief to leave their society as a joy to be there in their company."[1] Medical opinion also felt that the Duchess was likely to injure her physical well-being, for Sir Theodore Mayerne, the celebrated doctor,[2] wrote Newcastle that an "occupation in writing bookes with a sedentary life is absolutely bad for her health, and if she will be a philosopher, I could wish her to be a peripatetick."[3] As this condition of ill health increased, the Duchess presumably became more unreasonable and devoted even a greater share of attention to literature. At any rate, that part of her life steadily progressed in importance, until it had usurped dominance over the remaining functions. In the fifteen years following 1645 Margaret Cavendish changed from a sweet, attractive, if unusual, girl to a self-absorbed, self-satisfied, and eccentric woman. All the pliancy, all the spring of youth had deserted her, and in its stead was left a serene complacency, more annoying than agreeable. She who could create "Blazing Worlds" was not likely to take excessive heed of this terrestrial footstool; she lived unto herself as an escape from harassing social complications.

Finally things came to such a pass that the Duchess could do nothing but write, whether she would or no. One of the *CCXI Sociable Letters* tells us that neighbors taxed her waiting-maids with idleness and the girls excused themselves,[4] "laying the blame upon me, that I did not set them to any imployment,

[1] Firth, p. 172. Compare, "Your Lordship never bid me to Work, nor leave Writing, except when you would perswade me to spare so much time from my study as to take the Air for my Health," in "To his Excellency the Lord Marquess of Newcastle," prefixed to *CCXI Sociable Letters*.

[2] He was born at Geneva in 1573, moved to London in 1611, and was royal physician to both Charleses in turn (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*).

[3] *Letters Written by Charles Lamb's "Princely Woman," etc.*, p. 4. From a manuscript at Welbeck Abbey according to R. W. Goulding, the librarian there.

[4] Letter CL.

but whereas they were ready to obey my commands, I was so slow in commanding them, as I seldom took any notice of them, or spoke to them, and that the truth was, they oftener heard of their lady, than heard, or saw her themselves, I living so studious a life, as they did not see me above once a week, nay, many times, not once in a fortnight; wherefore, upon the relation of these complaints, I sent for the governess of my house, and bid her give order to have flax and wheels bought, for I, with my maids, would sit and spin. The governess hearing me say so, smiled, I asked her the reason, she said, she smiled to think what uneven threads I would spin, for, said she, though Nature hath made you a spinster in poetry, yet education hath not made you a spinster in huswifry, and you will spoil more flax, than get cloth by your spinning, as being an art that requires practice to learn it. . . . Then I bid her leave me, to consider of some other work; and when I was by myself alone, I call'd into my mind several sorts of wrought work, most of which, though I had will, yet I had no skill to work, for which I did inwardly complain of my education, that my mother did not force me to learn to work with a needle, though she found me alwayes unapt thereto; at last I pitch'd upon making of silk flowers, for I did remember, when I was a girl, I saw my sisters make silk flowers, and I had made some, although ill-favour'dly; wherefore I sent for the governess of my house again, and told her, that I would have her buy several coloured silks, for I was resolved to imploy my time in making silk-flowers, she told me, she would obey my commands, but, said she, Madam, neither you, nor any that serves you, can do them so well, as those who make it their trade, neither can you make them so cheap, as they will sell them out of their shops, wherefore you had better buy those toyes, if you desire them, for it will be an unprofitable

employment, to wast time, with a double expense of mony. Then I told her I would preserve, for it was summer time, and the fruit fresh, and ripe upon the trees; she ask'd me for whom I would preserve, for I seldom did eat sweet meats my self, nor make banquets for strangers, unless I meant to feed my household servants with them; besides, said she, you may keep half a score servants with the mony that is laid out in sugar and coals, which go to the preserving only of a few sweet meats, that are good for nothing but to breed obstructions, and rot the teeth. . . . Besides, said she, none can . . . employ their time better, than to read, nor your Ladiship better than to write, for any other course of life would be as unpleasing and unnatural to you, as writing is delightful to you; besides, you are naturally addicted to busie your time with pen, ink, and paper."

This addiction increased the Duchess's unsociability and, as previously suggested, may have been a contributory cause of Newcastle's retirement after the Restoration. His wife was so palpably unfitted for court life, especially under Charles II, that he may have felt it the part of wisdom not to strive after political recognition. At Welbeck or Bolsover the Duchess would be much happier than in the busy haunts of men, and, personal ambition set aside, perhaps the Duke himself (now sixty-eight years old) preferred rural tranquillity. Their manner of existence in the country we must reconstruct for ourselves. Certainly it was not that ill-naturedly imagined by Walpole:[1]

> What a picture of foolish nobility was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery, on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves!

[1] Walpole's *Catalogue*, ed. Park, III, 190–191. As unfounded is Charles Whibley's remark in the *Cambridge History*, VIII, 149, that the Duke and Duchess might have inspired Lord and Lady Froth in Congreve's *The Double Dealer*.

As little can one accept Sir Egerton Brydges's idyllic account:[1]

> Welbeck opened her gates to her Lord; and the castles of the North received with joy their heroic chieftain, whose maternal ancestors, the baronial house of OGLE, had ruled over them for centuries in Northumberland. But Age had now made the Duke desirous only of repose; and her Grace, the faithful companion of his fallen fortunes, was little disposed to quit the luxurious quiet of rural grandeur, which was as soothing to her disposition, as it was concordant with her duty. To such a pair the noisy and intoxicated joy of a profligate court would probably have been a thousand times more painful than all the wants of their late chilling, but calm, poverty. They came not, therefore, to palaces and levees; but amused themselves in the country with literature and the arts.

As a matter of fact, the Duke and Duchess must have led a much more prosaic existence. Newcastle seems to have been chiefly occupied with restoring parks[2] or racing horses,[3] while his wife still plied those literary pursuits which had fastened so tightly upon her.

What is more, she began to show a decided interest in Cavendish's family. Although her maternal instinct had never been allowed to gratify itself, she now undertook the rôle of grandmother. Henry, Earl of Ogle, had one boy, Henry, Lord Mansfield, and four daughters, who sometimes came to visit at Welbeck. On January 20, 1669–1670, Newcastle wrote his son, "All your children are well, but Henry loves my wife better than any body and she him."[4] On another occasion, the Duchess addresses a letter to Ogle, showing regard for him and affection for young Henry. This missive, by the way, is quite indecorous and furnishes another instance of how plain-spoken was an age in which a respectable noblewoman

[1] Preface to Sir Egerton Brydges's reprint of the *True Relation*, pp. 6–7.

[2] Firth, p. 71.

[3] See his rules for horse racing promulgated by John Rolleston, May 26, 1662 (*Bod. Lib., Wood 276A*, 149), reprinted in Firth, pp. 218–219.

[4] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 149.

would send such a message to her grandson. The ingenuousness of this epistle adds still further to its interest:[1]

> My lord, I am glad you have reseud such sattesfaction [as] you desir[ed] when your lordship was heer at welbick, and I wish with all my sould your lordship may haue the fruesion of all your good desirs. I am allso glad my lord mansfield did kindly actseept of my letter, but sorry he hath got a knock opon his forhead; pray tell his lordship from me if he wer a marred man it would be a dangrous bumpe; but praying for his happenes as allso your lordship, I am, my lord, your lordships humbell seruant
>
> M. Newcastle

Certainly this is as friendly a letter as a stepson could wish to receive, and if there was any trouble between Ogle and the Duchess, she was not to blame for it.

Yet Newcastle's son seems to have been dissatisfied with existing conditions. In a letter of August 10, 1671, he is "very mallencholly, finding my Father more perswaded by his Wife then I could thinke it possible,"[2] and this statement forms a damning coincidence with an occurrence of the preceding July 14; for on that day there was made a "confession by John Booth before James Chadwick, a justice of the peace for Nottinghamshire, that he had written a libel against the Duchess of Newcastle for the purpose of making dissensions between the Duke and Duchess."[3] An ugly but almost an inevitable suspicion points to Ogle as inciting the libel, although his motives are not plain. They could hardly have been personal dislike of the Duchess, for no milder or more unobjectionable lady could be found. Possibly he had wished a worldly, ambitious wife for his father, but Newcastle's retirement from political activity left the son additional opportunities for advancement. After all, "stepmother" is an

[1] *Letters Written by Charles Lamb's "Princely Woman," etc.*, p. 19.

[2] S. A. Strong's *Catalogue of the Letters and other Documents exhibited at Welbeck*, p. 63.

[3] *Welbeck Mss.*, II, 149.

ill-fated word, and it may have been merely that relationship which prompted Ogle's ill will. The Duke and Duchess were so wrapped up in one another that jealousy would be an easy growth on the part of children by a former marriage, but nothing could justify the employment of these underhand means, which were defeated, as they richly deserved. The exposure precluded any further mischief from that quarter, while it probably served to unite husband and wife even more closely. So they lived on in a quiet way, busied with their possessions, their household, or their literary talents. Surely they had small cause to envy Charles's court for all its bustling intrigues and vain pursuit of pleasure.

III

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (1664–1673)

Occasionally, however, they went up to London, and on one of these trips the Duchess must have come into contact with Mrs. Katherine Philips. Our sole proof of their friendship is contained in a poem by Orinda, *To my Lady M. Cavendish, chusing the name of Policrite.* It runs:[1]

> That Nature in your frame has taken care,
> As well your Birth as Beauty do declare,
> Since we at once discover in your Face,
> The lustre of your Eyes and of your Race:
> And that your shape and fashion does attest,
> So bright a form has yet a brighter guest,
> To future times authentick fame shall bring,
> Historians shall relate, and Poets sing.
> But since your boundless mind upon my head,
> Some rays of splendour is content to shed;
> And least I suffer by the great surprize,
> Since you submit to meet me in disguise,

[1] *Poems*, 1667, p. 142.

Can lay aside what dazles vulgar sight,
And to *Orinda* can be *Policrite*.
You must endure my vows and find the way
To entertain such Rites, as I can pay:
For so the pow'r divine new praise acquires,
By scorning nothing that it once inspires:
I have no merits that your smile can win,
Nor offering to appease you when I sin;
Nor can my useless homage hope to raise,
When what I cannot serve, I strive to praise:
But I can love, and love at such a pitch,
As I dare boast it will ev'n you enrich;
For kindness is a Mine, when great and true,
Of nobler Ore than ever Indians knew,
'T is all that mortals can on Heav'n bestow
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

This poem must have been written between 1660 and 1664, the dates of "M. Cavendish's" return and Orinda's death, at a period when it was almost inevitable that these two literary ladies should meet. "The Society of Friendship" [1] had been organized some time before the Duchess could have assumed her name of Policrite — "a critic of the town" no doubt — and when she did so, it must have been merely to gain a formal identification with this literary group. By her very nature Margaret Cavendish was incapable of taking an active part in any approximation of the salon; [2] she possessed such a shy, bashful, solitary disposition as to make even the idea of conversation for conversation's sake unbearable to her. When M. Montégut writes that, "La duchesse de Newcastle fut, en date, la première de ces *bas bleus*," [3] he completely misconceives the situation. "Blue-stocking" is the last name which

[1] For some account of this organization see Edmund Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies*.

[2] "There is no suggestion of the salon about such a figure as the Duchess of Newcastle." — C. B. Tinker, *Salon and English Letters*, p. 90, n.

[3] *La Duchesse et le Duc de Newcastle*, p. 206.

should be applied to this reserved and unsociable authoress. In books she might pour forth her inmost feelings, but among people her tongue was so tied by self-consciousness that she could not have been an influential addition to Orinda's circle. From the tenor of Mrs. Philips's poem, the Duchess would seem condescendingly to have lent her name to the group as an honorary member. This would indeed be conferring a dignity, for Newcastle was such a prominent person that his wife possessed no small degree of importance. So it is that Orinda asks her to "lay aside what dazles vulgar sight" in return for a love which is "all that mortals can on Heav'n bestow." The attitude is that of an inferior who returns thanks for favors received, in this case the Duchess's deigning to enter the "Society of Friendship." Her character and the lack of any further evidence go to prove that she was only a silent partner in its workings.

The Newcastles' most famous visit to town was made, as already noted, in April and May, 1667. Regarding it, Samuel Pepys has several entries which furnish a specific tinge to our ideas of the Duchess's peculiarities. For one thing she seems to have felt the elevation of her position and was determined to impress London with the fact that, although living in the country, she was a peeress of no mean rank. On April 11 Pepys went to Whitehall "thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to Court, to make a visit to the Queene, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantick. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The Humorous Lovers*;[1] the most ridiculous thing that

[1] Here Pepys errs again, as we have seen him doing once before, in ascribing the Duke's play to the Duchess.

ever was wrote, but yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it; and she, at the end, made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba;[1] but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night." Ten days later the expected visit took place, although Pepys leaves no record of it. A newsletter dated April 22 mentions that, "last night is memorable for the Duchess of Newcastle's first appearance at Court. She came in the evening attended with three coaches, the first of her gentlemen, of two horses, the second her own of six, and the third that of her women, of four. Her train was carried by a young lady in white satin. Her first visit was to the King, who sent the Lord Chamberlain to conduct her to the Queen, where his Majesty came to her. This visit is thought extraordinary."[2]

On the 25th it is recorded:[3] "Last night the Duchess of Newcastle visited the Duchess of York in the same equipage in which she visited the Queen." Nor was this the first time that these two peeresses had met. Sir Charles Lyttelton had journeyed to York with its titular Duke and Duchess and had written thence on August 7, 1665, to Christopher Hatton:[4]

> Last night wee gott hither, having bine mightily feasted and welcomed by the appearance of the nobillity and gentlemen of the contrys with the volunteer troopes as wee passed; but more especially at S^r^ George Saville's, whose entertainment was indeed very splendid. Hard by his house mett us on the way my L^d^ of Newcastle and my Lady, whose behavior was very pleasant, but rather to be seene then told. She was dressd in a vest, and, insteed of courtesies, made leggs and bows to the ground with her hand and head.

[1] The word is "Sweden" in the original. See Wheatley's 1895 edition, VI, 254, n.

[2] *Hist. Mss. Comm., 12 Rep. App., Part VII*, p. 47. [3] Ibid.

[4] *Hatton Correspondence* ("Camden Society"), I, 47. Sir John Reresby also alludes to this visit in his *Memoirs*, p. 65.

The Duchess's reserve evidently had no connection with matters of public display. Despite her natural timidity among strangers, she seems to have enjoyed being stared at by a crowd, when she thought of it as a unit, not as individuals. This delight in attracting notice resembles the tendency towards blatant self-revelation apparent throughout her books, both of which characteristics may be laid to the same shyness that denied her more common means of self-expression. She could not talk familiarly with casual acquaintances, and to make up for that defect, she asked recognition from a larger public, the world *en masse*.

Something of the Duchess's strange manner in doing so may be laid to the ancient stately tradition, still more to her personal oddities. "I never took delight in closets, or cabinets of toys," she tells us,[1] "but in the variety of fine clothes, and such toys as only were to adorn my person." And again:[2] "I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as was invented by others. Also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits." This whim of 1656 had ten years later become an obsession, which subjected its author to severe ridicule in modish London. Pepys's second notice voices the common opinion, when on April 26 he "met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet: herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without anything about it, and a black just-au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day."

[1] Firth, p. 174. [2] Ibid., p. 175.

On May-day Pepys was not very fortunate, although he made every effort to carry out his purpose: "Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburne-way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and a number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap. . . . When we had spent half an hour in the Park, we went out again, weary of the dust, and despairing of seeing my Lady Newcastle; and so back the same way, and to St. James's thinking to have met my Lady Newcastle before she got home, but we staying by the way to drink, she got home a little before us: so we lost our labours." On the 10th this tireless novelty-seeker "drove hard towards Clerkenwell, thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her: but I could not: and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get time to see her." That time finally arrived, but the circumstances were somewhat particular and demand special consideration.

Meanwhile we may notice what impression the Duchess made upon another diarist, John Evelyn. He, it will be remembered, was the son-in-law of Sir Richard Browne, at whose chapel in Paris Newcastle had married Margaret Lucas, and to him therefore they felt under obligations. On April 18, Evelyn "went to make court to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at their house in Clerkenwell,[1] being newly come

[1] There was a dispute over whether this house was Newcastle's by virtue of the Act restoring his property lost during the Rebellion (*Hist. Mss. Comm.*, *7 Rep.*, *Part I*, p. 135 a).

out of the north. They received me with great kindnesse, and I was much pleas'd with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Dutchess." A week later he "visited again y^e^ Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had ben acquainted long before in France, where the Dutchess had obligation to my Wife's mother, for her marriage there; . . . My Wife being with me, the Duke and Dutchess both would needs bring her to the very Court."[1] By way of acknowledgment, on the 27th, "I went againe with my Wife to the Dutchess of Newcastle, who receiv'd her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humour and dresse, which was very singular." So the returned Royalists vied in showing one another courtesies, for there is no more mighty breeder of camaraderie than common adversity. Mistress Evelyn was not blind to the Duchess's feminine foibles, however, as appears in a letter from her of about this time:[2]

> I was surprised to find so much extravagance and vanity in any person not confined within four walls. Her habit particular, fantastical, not unbecoming a good shape, which she may truly boast of. Her face discovers the facility of the sex, in being yet persuaded it deserves the esteem years forbid, by the infinite care she takes to place her curls and patches. Her mien surpasses the imagination of poets, or the descriptions of a romance heroine's greatness; her gracious bows, seasonable nods, courteous stretching out of her hands, twinkling of her eyes, and various gestures of approbation, show what may be expected from her discourse, which is as airy, empty, whimsical, and rambling as her books, aiming at science, difficulties, high notions, terminating commonly in nonsense, oaths and obscenity.

In the same interview "she swore if the schools did not banish Aristotle," in favor of her writings, "they did her wrong."[3]

The Evelyns and Cavendishes seem to have continued their acquaintance, to judge from an extant letter, which is dated

[1] Entry for April 25, 1667.
[2] Introduction to Everyman edition of the *Life*, p. xvi.
[3] Ibid., p. xvii.

June 15, 1674. It is written by Evelyn to the Duchess, who died in the preceding December, so that some confusion of times and seasons has occurred, although the letter appears to be genuine in its thanks for her inevitable present of books and in its suggestion that he has reciprocated with some plans for landscape gardening:[1]

> I go not into my study without reproach to my prodigious ingratitude, whilst I behold such a pile of favours & monuments of y^r^ incomparable spirit, without having yet had the good fortune, or the good manners indeede, to make any recognitions as becomes a person so immensely oblig'd. That I presume to make this small present to y^r^ Grace (who were pleas'd to accept my collection of Architects, to whom timber and planting are subsidiaries) is not for the dignitie of the subject (tho' Princes have not disdain'd to cultivate trees & gardens with the same hands they manag'd sceptres) but because it is the best expression of my gratitude that I can returne.

Thereupon he launches forth into a comparison of the Duchess with all the women who have ever written and concludes in a burst of eloquence,[2] "What of sublime & worthy in the nature of things, dos not y^r^ Grace comprehend and explaine!" Another human touch brings this epistle to a close:[3]

> My wife (whom you have ben pleas'd to dignifie by the name of y^r^ daughter, & to tell her that you looke upon her as your owne, for a mother's sake of hers, who had so greate a veneration of y^r^ Grace) presents her most humble duty to you by, Madame,
>
> Yr Grace's &c

In this letter there seems to be something more than mere lip service, although the conventional compliments must of course be heavily discounted. Evelyn was apparently able to penetrate beneath Margaret Cavendish's superficial eccentricities to the warmly affectionate heart beating under her strange exterior.

[1] Wheatley's *Evelyn*, III, 395.
[2] Ibid., III, 397.
[3] Ibid., III, 397–398.

Not so could the court at large overlook this cause for merriment, as an episode in the *Memoirs of Count Grammont* indirectly shows. It is, of course, far from reliable, but symptomatic none the less. De Grammont arrived late for a certain ball and, in excusing himself, concludes:[1]

> I had forgot to tell you, that to increase my ill humour, I was stopped, as I was getting out of my chair, by the devil of a phantom in masquerade, who would by all means persuade me, that the queen had commanded me to dance with her; and, as I excused myself with the least rudeness possible, she charged me to find out who was to be her partner, and desired me to send him to her immediately: so that your Majesty will do well to give orders about it; for she has placed herself in ambush in a coach, to seize upon all those who pass through Whitehall. However, I must tell you, that it is worth while to see her dress; for she must have at least sixty ells of gauze and silver tissue about her, not to mention a sort of a pyramid upon her head, adorned with a hundred thousand baubles. This last account surprised all the assembly, except those who had a share in the plot. The queen assured them that all she had appointed for the ball were present; and the king, having paused some minutes: "I bet," said he, "that it is the Duchess of Newcastle." "And I," said Lord Muskerry, coming up to Miss Hamilton, "will bet it is another fool; for I am very much mistaken if it is not my wife."

Muskerry was right, but to judge from Pepys's realistic description, this costume might well have been the Duchess's, although she was never known to display such confident forwardness in action.

A more frankly fictitious anecdote is contained in Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*. Scott had edited Anthony Hamilton's book and from the passage just cited probably gained his idea of the Duchess's personality. In justice to the lady, it must be admitted that no historical basis underlies any such conception as is expressed in his novel:[2]

[1] *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, London, 1846, pp. 134–135.
[2] *Peveril of the Peak*, Border Edition, III, 228–230.

An attendant on the Court announced suddenly to their Majesties that a lady, who would only announce herself as a Peeress of England, desired to be admitted into the presence.

The Queen said, hastily, it was *impossible*. No peeress, without announcing her title, was entitled to the privilege of her rank.

"I could be sworn," said a nobleman in attendance, "that it is some whim of the Duchess of Newcastle."

The attendant who brought the message said that he did indeed believe it to be the Duchess, both from the singularity of the message, and that the lady spoke with somewhat a foreign accent.

"In the name of madness, then," said the King, "let us admit her. Her Grace is an entire raree-show in her own person — a universal masquerade — indeed a sort of private Bedlam-hospital, her whole ideas being like so many patients crazed upon the subjects of love and literature, who act nothing in their vagaries, save Minerva, Venus, and the nine Muses."

"Your Majesty's pleasure must always supersede mine," said the Queen. "I only hope I shall not be expected to entertain so fantastic a personage — The last time she came to Court, Isabella" — (she spoke to one of her Portuguese ladies of honour) — "you had not returned from our lovely Lisbon, — her Grace had the assurance to assume a right to bring a train-bearer into my apartment; and when this was not allowed, what then, think you, she did? — even caused her train to be made so long, that three mortal yards of satin and silver remained in the antechamber, supported by four wenches, while the other end was attached to her Grace's person, as she paid her duty at the upper end of the presence-room. Full thirty yards of the most beautiful silk did her Grace's madness employ in this manner."

"And most beautiful damsels they were who bore this portentous train," said the King — "a train never equalled save by that of the great comet in sixty-six. Sedley and Etherege told us wonders of them; for it is one advantage of this new fashion brought up by the Duchess, that a matron may be totally unconscious of the coquetry of her train and its attendants."

"Am I to understand, then, Your Majesty's pleasure is, that the lady is to be admitted?" said the usher.

"Certainly," said the King; "that is, if the incognita be really entitled to the honour — It may be as well to enquire her title — there are more madwomen abroad than the Duchess of Newcastle. I will walk into the anteroom myself, and receive your answer."

Impressionistically this story is successful in establishing the color after which Scott was striving. It does reflect common court opinion concerning the Duchess's eccentric foibles, but it entirely leaves out of account the lady herself. She might have demanded unconditional admittance, like the Countess of Derby in Sir Walter's novel, but one does not imagine that the episode about her train could contain a grain of truth. How little Scott knew of the historical Duchess may be seen by his crediting her with a foreign accent, while, despite many years abroad, she never learned a word of any alien speech. "I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tongue," is her admission,[1] "for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense, than remember the words, and for want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am." Unfortunately the Duchess is now best known by these highly colored inventions of Scott and Hamilton, together with Pepys's literal but prejudiced descriptions. So it is that people to-day think of Margaret Cavendish — if they think of her at all — as "the mad Duchess,"[2] an antique curiosity wandering through the Restoration court to furnish amusement for its sophisticated members. As a matter of fact, all these apparent inanities and absurdities, if reduced to their proper proportions, may be explained in the light of her natural qualities and unusual career. Moreover, these visits to London played such a small part, even in her later years, that it is neither fairness nor wisdom exclusively to accept the testimony concerning them.

Apart from the literary and social aspects of the Duchess's life in town is her interest in scientific investigations. The publication of her "philosophical" books showed a certain tendency in this direction, so that it was natural enough she should

[1] Firth, p. 174. [2] Jenkins, p. 23.

wish to affiliate herself with prominent men of science. The meeting place for such persons was "the Royal Society of London," which had been revivified with remarkable success after the Restoration; and accordingly at a meeting of the Council on May 23, 1667,[1] "it was resolved, that the duchess of Newcastle, having intimated her desire to be present at one of the meetings of the society, be entertained with some experiments at the next meeting; and that the lord BERKELEY and Dr. CHARLETON be desired to give notice of it to her Grace, and to attend her to the meeting on the Thursday following. It was ordered, that for the said entertainment there be made ready the experiments of colours formerly mentioned by Mr. BOYLE; the weighing of an air in an exhausted receiver; the dissolving of flesh with a certain liquor of Mr. BOYLE'S suggesting." On the next page we find that,[2] "the lord BERKELEY mentioned, that the duchess of Newcastle had expressed a great desire to come to the society, and to see some of their experiments; but that she desired to be invited. This was seconded by the earl of CARLISLE and Dr. CHARLETON, who pressing, that it might be put to the vote accordingly, whether the duchess of Newcastle should at her desire be invited to be present at the meeting on the Thursday following; it was carried in the affirmative. The ceremonies and the subjects for her entertainment were referred to the council." The Duchess evidently stood on her dignity at first but finally achieved the respect which she felt was due her.

On May 30, "the duchess of Newcastle was at the meeting of the Royal Society, seated at the right hand of the President."[3] The society's records state that she,[4] "coming in, the

[1] Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, II, 175. [2] Ibid., II, 176.
[3] News-letter in *Hist. Mss. Comm., 12 Rep. App., Part VII*, p. 48.
[4] Birch, II, 177–178.

experiments appointed for her entertainment were made; First, that of weighing the air, which was done with a glass receiver of the capacity of nine gallons and three pints; which being exhausted, and put into a scale, and then opened, and the air let in, weighed thereupon one ounce and seventy-one carats more than it did when exhausted. Mr. BOYLE suggested afterwards, that a gage might be employed to know how much air was left, which was ordered to be done. Next were made several experiments of mixing colour. Then two cold liquors by mixture made hot. Then the experiment of making water bubble up in the rarefying engine, by drawing out the air; and that of making an empty bladder swell in the same engine. Then the experiment of making a body swim in the middle of the water: And that of two well-wrought marbles, which were not separated but by the weight of forty-seven pounds. After the duchess was withdrawn, Mr. HOOKE was put in mind of the experiment of measuring the earth in St. James's park, to be tried there on the Monday morning following." So much for facts. John Evelyn has this mention of the occurrence:[1]

> To London to wait on the Dutchess of Newcastle (who was a mighty pretender to learning, poetrie and philosophie, and had in both published divers bookes) to the Royal Society, whether she came in great pomp, and being received by our Lord President at the dore of our meeting roome, the mace &c carried before him, had several experiments shewed to her. I conducted her Grace to her coach and return'd home.

Pepys as usual has the fullest and most lively account:[2]

> After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very nasty, the day of meeting of the Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council-day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would

[1] Entry for May 30, 1667.

[2] Entry for May 30, 1667.

come but for their attending the King at Council; where I find much company, indeed very much company, in expectation of the Duchesse of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was, after much debate, *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchesse with her women attending her; among others, the Ferabosco, of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquers: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her; as also a very pretty black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords, that were there; among others Lord George Berkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset.

At this meeting there may very well have taken place a reported dialogue between the Duchess and Dr. Wilkins, later made Bishop of Chester. Wilkins was a prominent member of the Royal Society and a man of some wit, to judge by his repartee in this instance. The episode has come down to us in several forms, but its origin is not clear. As a note to his 1806 edition of Walpole's *Catalogue*, Thomas Park writes:[1]

In a book of anecdotes this is related. The duchess of Newcastle once asked bishop Wilkins, *how* she should get up to the world in the moon, which he had discovered? "Oh, Madam, (said the prelate) your Grace has built so many castles in the air, that you cannot want a place to bait at."

[1] III, 154, n.

In 1844 Louisa Stuart Costello records the dialogue as follows:[1]

> "Doctor, where am I to find a place for bating at in the way up to that planet?" "Madam," he replied, "of all the people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may lie every night in one of your own."

The misspelling of "bating" leads one to imagine that this story's vitality may have been oral, a conjecture which is more firmly established by the change of "bating" to "waiting" in still a third version. Stanley in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* makes the Duchess ask,[2] "'Doctor, where am I to find a place for waiting in the way up to that Planet?' 'Madam,' Wilkins replied, 'of all people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may be every night at one of your own.'" The three forms of this anecdote, given in historical sequence, go to show the instability of any traditional narration, but that some repartee of the kind took place seems sufficiently well attested.

The Duchess closes the *True Relation* with an analysis of her own character, which affords us certain minor sidelights upon its composite whole. These remarks are pervaded by the naïveté, verbosity, and disorder which run throughout her entire autobiography, and which make it rather a natural confession than a work of art. Its value, like that of her other works, lies in what we learn concerning the Duchess, not in her manner of telling us the facts:[3]

> As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary and contemplating melancholy. And I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them. Also I am tender-natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also where I place a particular affection, I love

[1] *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen*, III, 219.
[2] Edition of 1868, p. 233.
[3] Firth, pp. 175–178.

extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly, not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws. Yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy — but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it. Also I am chaste, both by nature, and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought. Likewise, I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather choose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but when I am angry, I am very angry, but yet it is soon over, and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate. Neither am I apt to be exceptious or jealous, but if I have the least symptom of this passion, I declare it to those it concerns, for I never let it lie smothering in my breast to breed a malignant disease in the mind, which might break out into extravagant passions, or railing speeches, or indiscreet actions; but I examine moderately, reason soberly, and plead gently in my own behalf, through a desire to keep those affections I had, or at least thought to have. And truly I am so vain, as to be so self-conceited, or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much reason to love me as another, since none can love more sincerely than I, and it were an injustice to prefer a fainter affection, or to esteem the body more than the mind. Likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious. I repine not at the gifts that Nature or Fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for, though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto. For I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and the greatest saint in heaven; also to do my endeavour, so far as honour and honesty doth allow of, to be the highest on Fortune's wheel and to hold the wheel from turning, if I can. And if it be commendable to wish another's good, it were a sin not to wish my own; for as envy is a vice, so emulation is a virtue, but emulation is in the way to ambition, or indeed it is a noble ambition. But I fear my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious; yet 't is neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fame's tower, which is to

live by remembrance in after-ages. Likewise I am that the vulgar call proud, not out of self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a base or mean act, and disdaining rude or unworthy persons; insomuch, that if I should find any that were rude or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate, as to affront them, if I can, unless discretion should get betwixt my passion and their boldness, which sometimes perchance it might if discretion should crowd hard for place.[1] For though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a case my spirits would be all on fire. Otherwise I am so well bred, as to be civil to all persons, of all degrees, or qualities. Likewise I am so proud, or rather just to my Lord, as to abate nothing of the quality of his wife, for if honour be the mark of merit, and his master's royal favour, who will favour none but those that have merit to deserve, it were a baseness for me to neglect the ceremony thereof. Also in some cases I am naturally a coward, and in other cases very valiant. As for example, if any of my nearest friends were in danger I should never consider my life in striving to help them, though I were sure to do them no good, and would willingly, nay cheerfully, resign my life for their sakes: likewise I should not spare my life, if honour bids me die. But in a danger where my friends, or my honour is not concerned, or engaged, but only my life to be unprofitably lost, I am the veriest coward in nature, as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, or of thieves, or fire, or the like. Nay the shooting of a gun, although but a pot-gun,[2] will make me start, and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to discharge one; or if a sword should be held against me, although but in jest, I am afraid. Also as I am not covetous, so I am not prodigal, but of the two I am inclining to be prodigal, yet I cannot say to a vain prodigality, because I imagine it is to a profitable end; for perceiving the world is given, or apt to honour the outside more than the inside, worshipping show more than substance; and I am so vain (if it be a vanity) as to endeavour to be worshipped, rather than not to be regarded. Yet I shall never be so prodigal as to impoverish my friends, or go beyond the limits or facility of our estate. And though I desire to appear to the best advantage, whilst I live in the view of the public world,[3] yet I could most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature but my Lord as long as I live, inclosing myself like an anchorite, wearing a frieze

[1] It is interesting to notice how the Duchess's "philosophical" theories pervade all her mental processes. [2] Pop-gun.

[3] "Elle aimait la vie somptueuse, elle savait calculer." — M. Montégut, p. 206.

gown, tied with a cord about my waist.[1] But I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Cæsar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women, and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, why hath this Lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortunes she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of. I answer that it is true, that 't is to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again.

Such was Margaret Cavendish, first Duchess of Newcastle, as interesting and as strange a figure as is to be found in the range of English literature. She is sufficiently striking to challenge one's instant attention, and she holds it by sheer force of her humanity. Given bashfulness combined with feminine genius, their product seems almost a foregone conclusion; the incidents of her early life only heightened and accentuated an inevitable process. Reserve was the keynote of Margaret Lucas's nature, reserve cultivated at home, developed in court, dominating her subsequent career. She finally could not conquer it, nor did she wish to. Contemplation was to her so much more satisfactory than action that a state of quiet repose seemed Elysium enough. This was the surface, but underneath lay a woman's instinct for emotion, that now and again unmistakably breaks out. An intense love for her husband led towards worldly ambitions, in which she, as his wife, must have a part. These thoughts, no doubt, impelled her to join Orinda's

[1] *A True Relation* immediately follows "The She Anchoret," in *Nature's Pictures*.

circle, to visit the Royal Society, even to deck herself out (the woman still) in costumes more striking than appropriate. Above all, this was the impulse that stimulated and made public her multifarious compositions, that not only printed them but circulated the precious copies among deserving, i.e. notable, personages. Thus the Duchess manifested her sex in writing, although, except for inherent bashfulness, her genius would not have taken that exact form. There is nothing really inexplicable about what appears at first to be a unique personality, when it is considered as the natural exaggeration of the female temperament. Timidity brought out the Duchess's latent literary talent, which expressed itself not in artistry but in a simple revelation of her mind. From every point of view, then, — cause, effect, and substance all being considered, — Ward is right when he states that,[1] "if literature, arduously as she pursued it, was to her only a noble diversion, it was nevertheless an organic part of a noble life."

To gauge the moral value of Margaret Cavendish's character would be as futile as impossible, for, like all human beings, the better one comes to know her, the more difficult it is to generalize concerning her qualities. True, she was vain, pedantic, self-sufficient; but, on the other hand, her honesty, loyalty, and warmth of heart cannot be gainsaid. Although she proved the laughing stock of two courts, the Duchess had the qualifications, by no means common during Charles II's reign, for making an astute manager and a loving wife. Her surprising absurdities may be largely laid to a deficiency in any sense of humor by which she might have comprehended the normal world and her own relation to it. But high seriousness generally goes hand in hand with a powerful imagination, the conspicuous feature of Margaret Cavendish's books, the basic principle in her genius. Her excellences and defects alike depend on this

[1] *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 229.

preoccupation with unseen things at the expense of more transitory matters. She did not think it vastly important to curb her natural instincts and therefore is quite frank to admit her own failings. Indeed she glories in them, while her plays paradoxically ring with denunciations of mankind's consuming follies. This contradictory attitude is essentially a woman's, wherein perhaps lies its clear distinction, its mixture of inconsistency and noble charm. "In her personality as it stands forth from her autobiography," writes Ward again,[1] "there is something which if less than heroic is more than merely attractive." And Charles Lamb, who better than any modern has entered into the Duchess's spirit, characterizes her with finality as "a dear friend of mine, of the last century but one — the thrice noble, chaste and virtuous — but again, somewhat fantastical and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle."[2]

Perhaps the fairest way of all to survey the Duchess is through the eyes of him who knew and loved her best — the Duke himself. Being no fool, he must have soon perceived what manner of person his wife was and must have watched her eccentricities develop with the years. He could not but have noted that her childlessness offered no opportunity for affectionate expression and that her consequent need of utterance found outlet in literary production. Newcastle was the only person on whom she could lavish real feeling, as appeared in her crowning act of devotion, the *Life of William Cavendishe*. No doubt he, like Pepys, saw the absurdities in this panegyric, but innate chivalry would not admit of his spurning the Duchess's good intentions. It is hard to believe that the Duke did not realize her weaknesses here as well as in *Poems and Fancies*, *Orations*, or the "philosophical" books, where he laughs slyly in one sleeve, while the other hand extends to their authoress

[1] *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 229.

[2] See "Mackery End in Hertfordshire" in *Essays of Elia*, p. 131.

incredible compliments. Certainly his opinion that salt is the primal cause and his epigram concerning a wise woman show that Cavendish's sense of humor did not fall short in regard to his wife's idiosyncracies. Yet, at the same time, and this is the important point, he never wavered in his complete attachment to her. A woman who could inspire such permanent affection, despite her peculiar shortcomings, deserves something more than consummate scorn or supercilious ridicule. By reason of this very complexity, the first Duchess of Newcastle is not to be lightly dismissed from one's attention. On the contrary she demands an unusual share of consideration, sympathy, and respect.

CONCLUSION

Margaret and William Cavendish have up to the present time been considered as of historical rather than of literary importance, and this book can only confirm that verdict. Nevertheless, it is true that both the Duke and the Duchess of Newcastle have a place in the history of literature, a place which cannot be ignored. The Duke was a classic writer on horses, he had a share in plays by Shirley and Shadwell, and he may have given Dryden considerable aid in the composition of *Sir Martin Mar-all*; his "Little Book," addressed to King Charles, will be more appreciated as it becomes better known. On the other hand, the art of manage is an outworn subject, Newcastle's dramatic work is not of great compass or value, and the "Little Book" is comparatively inaccessible. It is therefore on his patronage of more gifted men that the larger share of the Duke's literary reputation must depend. Jonson and Hobbes, Shirley and Shadwell, Settle and Dryden are no mean names to have upon one's list of protégés, and they inevitably shed lustre upon their less talented patron. Perhaps now that the facts regarding his relations with these men are better understood, Cavendish will occupy a surer place in the world of letters. Not even then, however, would one wish to put his rank as author or patron so high as his position in history. Charles I's intimate friend, Charles II's tutor, the Commander-in-chief of the Royalist army in the north of England, he needs no doubtful glamor borrowed from the realm of literature to adorn his name; Newcastle has an assured immortality as general, cavalier, and gentleman.

So, too, the Duchess is least successful where she is most purely literary, which with her means most purely imaginative. The more vague and romantic her books are, the less form and substance they seem to have, until their value becomes directly proportional to their tangibility. The pseudo-science must give place to the plays, the plays to the poems, the poems to the narrative prose, just as all her work looks insignificant beside the *Life* of Newcastle. There for once only Margaret Cavendish treated a subject which kept her continuously occupied with affairs of this world and as a result created one lasting work of art. Yet even her acknowledged masterpiece seems unimportant compared with the all-important fact that she, a woman, in the years between 1649 and 1668, wrote thirteen books and had them published — at that period almost an unheard-of feat. The magnitude of the Duchess's achievement as a pioneer among literary women was never equalled by the excellence of any individual work which she accomplished or by the specific influence which it exerted. It makes no difference that her fantastic stories had few imitators or that the *CCXI Sociable Letters* scarcely affected the development of the letter-novel; these and the other folio volumes bear witness to her industry and initiative. Her main distinction is to have been one of the first English authoresses and, more than that, a woman of unusual characteristics and marked individuality.

Nor is all this to be taken in a derogatory way. If the Newcastles are not of supreme moment as producers of literature, yet they themselves are individual and attractive personages. And, as often happens, it is the written word which gives expression to its author's personality and reveals his inner consciousness. Indeed, the Duchess of Newcastle's writings prove themselves a new method of approach to an unexplored country of the soul, for in them the reader comes face to face

with a living, breathing woman and learns to know her as she is, without reserve and without artificiality. When, in addition, they bring us to a knowledge of her lord and master, no further justification is needed for the literary productions of Margaret Cavendish. Whatever may be their technical limitations, they have an indisputable place among those books which help us better to understand and to appreciate the puzzling intricacies of human nature.

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("The Experienced Traveller" and "The She Anchoret" appeared in "Poems on Several Subjects, both Comical and Serious. In Two Parts, By Alexander Nicol, Schoolmaster. To which are added The Experienced Gentleman, and The She Anchoret; Written in Cromwell's Time by the then Duchess of Newcastle. Edinburgh. Printed for the Author and James Stark Bookseller in Dundee; and sold by him and the other Booksellers in town and country MDCCLXVI." 12°. The separate title-page reads: "A Treasure of Knowledge; or The Female Oracle. Wherein is delineated The Experienced Traveller; likewise the She Anchoret; in which many curious Questions are resolved, put by Natural Philosophers, Physicians, Moral Philosophers, Theological Students, Preachers, Judges, Tradesmen, Masters of Families, Married Men and their Wives, Nurses, Widowers and Widows, Virgins, Lovers, Poets and Aged Persons. By the late Duchess of Newcastle.")

("A True Relation of my Birth, Breeding and Life," which constituted Book XI of the first edition of "Nature's Pictures," but which did not appear in the second edition, was published again as "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life, of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Written by herself. With a Critical Preface etc. by Sir Egerton Brydges, M.P. Kent: Printed at the private-Press of Lee Priory: By Johnson and Warwick. 1814." This is the third publication in octavo printed at the private press of Lee Priory, Kent. The impression is limited as usual to one hundred copies. "A True Relation" is also the most important reprint in "The Cavalier and His Lady. Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. Edited with an introductory essay by Edward Jenkins. London, Macmillan and Co., 1872." Golden Treasury Series.)

6. Playes. Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle. London, Printed by A. Warren for John Martyn, James Allestry and Tho. Dicas at the Bell in Saint Pauls Church Yard, 1662. Folio.
7. Orations of Divers Sorts, Accomodated to Divers Places. Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle. London, Printed Anno Dom. 1662 (some copies 1663). Folio.

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8. CCXI Sociable Letters, Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle. London, Printed by William Wilson, Anno Dom. MDCLXIV. Folio.

9. Philosophical Letters: or Modest Reflections Upon some Opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several Famous and Learned Authors of this Age, Expressed by way of Letters: By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle. London, Printed in the Year 1664. Folio.

10. Observations upon Experimental Philosophy, to which is added The Description of a New Blazing World. Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princesse, the Duchess of Newcastle. London, Printed by A. Maxwell in the Year 1666. Folio. A separate title page announces "The Description of a New World, called The Blazing World."

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11. The Life of the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince William Cavendishe, Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Newcastle, Earl of Ogle; Viscount Mansfield; and Baron of Bolsover, of Ogle, Bothal and Hepple: Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-chamber; one of His Majesties most Honourable Privy-Councel; Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; His Majesties Lieutenant of the County and Town of Nottingham; and Justice in Ayre Trent-North: who had the honour to be Governour to our most Glorious King, and Gracious Sovereign, in his Youth, when He was Prince of Wales; and soon after was made Captain General of all the Provinces beyond the River of Trent, and other Parts of the Kingdom of England, with Power, by a special Commission, to make Knights. Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, His Wife. London, Printed by A. Maxwell, in the Year 1667. Folio.

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12. Plays, Never before Printed. Written By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princesse, the Duchess of Newcastle. London, Printed by A. Maxwell in the Year MDCLXVIII. Folio.

13. Grounds of Natural Philosophy: Divided into Thirteen Parts: with an Appendix containing Five Parts. The Second Edition, much altered from the First, which went under the Name of Philosophical and Physical Opinions. Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, the Duchess of Newcastle. London, Printed by A. Maxwell in the Year 1668. Folio.

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